





T H E  
SYREN.

CONTAINING A  
COLLECTION  
O F

Four Hundred and Thirty of the  
most Celebrated

*English* SONGS.

---

The SECOND EDITION, with the  
Addition of many new Songs.

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*The Soul in Raptures feels the Song,  
And dwells upon the Sound:  
So SYRENS draw the list'ning Throng,  
And please them while they wound.*

---

L O N D O N :

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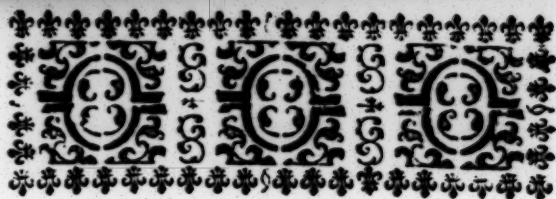
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# THE S Y R E N.

## SONG. I.



DEAR CHLOE, while thus  
beyond Measure  
You treat me with Doubts  
and Disdain,  
You rob all your Youth of its  
Pleasure,  
And hoard up an old Age of  
Pain :

Your Maxim, That Love is still founded  
On Charms that will quickly decay ;  
You'll find to be very ill grounded,  
When once you its Dictates obey.

The Passion from Beauty first drawn  
Your Kindness wou'd vastly improve ;  
Your Sighs and your Smiles are the Dawn,  
Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love :

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes  
Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,  
And Darkness possess all the Skies,  
Yet we ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old Darby, with Joan by his Side,  
You've often regarded with Wonder :

B

He's dropfical, fhe is fore-ey'd,  
 Yet they're ever uneasy afunder;  
 Together they totter about,  
 Or fit in the Sun at the Door,  
 And at Night, when old *Darby's* Pot's out,  
 His *Joan* will not smoke a Whiff more.  
 No Beauty nor Wit they poffefs,  
 Their feveral Failings to fmother;  
 Then, what are the Charms, can you guefs,  
 That make them fo fond of each other?  
 'Tis the pleafing Remembrance of Youth,  
 The Endearments which Youth did beftow;  
 The Thoughts of paft Pleasure and Truth,  
 The beft of our Bleffings below.  
 Thofe Traces for ever will laft,  
 Where Sicknefs and Time can't remove;  
 For when Youth and Beauty are paft,  
 And Age brings the *Winter of Love*:  
 A Friendfhip infenfibly grows,  
 By Reviews of fuch Raptures as thefe,  
 The Current of Fondnefs ftill flows,  
 Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

### SONG II. *King John.*

**W**HO has e'er been at *Paris* muft needs know  
 the *Greve*,  
 The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave,  
 Where Honour and Juftice moft oddly contribute  
 To eafe Herors Pains by Halter and Gibbet.  
*Derry down, down, hey derry down.*  
 There Death breks the Shackles which Force had  
 put on,  
 And the Hangman compleats what the Judge had  
 begun:



There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of  
the Post,

Find their Pains no more baulk'd, and their  
Hopes no more crost.

*Derry down, &c.*

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets  
are known;

And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has  
his own:

But my Hearers cry out, what a duce dost thou  
ail,

Put off thy Reflections, and give us the Tale.

*Derry down, &c.*

'Twas there then in civil Respect to harsh Laws,  
And for want of false Witness to back a bad  
Cause,

A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,  
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?

*Derry down, &c.*

The 'Squire whose good Grace was to open the  
Scene,

Seem'd not in great Haste that the Show shou'd  
begin:

Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart,  
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.

*Derry down, &c.*

What frightens you thus, my good Son, says the  
Priest,

You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd,  
O Father! my Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon,  
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was  
taken.

*Derry down, &c.*

Pough! prithee ne'er trouble thy Head with such  
Fancies,

Rely on the Aid you shall have from St. Francis.

If the Money you promis'd be brought to the  
Chest,  
You have only to die, let the Church do the rest.  
*Derry down, &c.*

And what will Folks say, if they see you afraid,  
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade:  
Courage, Friend; to day is your Period of Sorrow,  
And things will go better, believe me, to morrow.  
*Derry down, &c.*

To morrow? our Heroe reply'd, in a Fright,  
He that's hang'd before Noon ought to think of  
to Night.  
Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly  
truss'd up,  
For you surely to night shall in *Paradise* sup.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the  
Treat,  
*Parbleu*, I shall have little Stomach to eat:  
I shou'd therefore esteem it great Favour and  
Grace,  
Wou'd you be so kind as to go in my Place.  
*Derry down, &c.*

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you  
to boot,  
But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must  
suit:  
The Feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste,  
For this Night by our Order is mark'd for a Fast.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Then, turning about to the Hangman, he said,  
Dispatch me, I prythee, this troublesome Blade;  
For thy Cord, and my Cord both equally tie,  
And we live by the Gold for which other Men die.  
*Derry down, &c.*

SONG III. *Children in the Wood.*

**M**Y Passion is as Mustard strong,  
I sit all sober sad,  
Drunk as a Piper all Day long,  
Or, like a *March Hare*, mad,

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,  
I drink, yet can't forget her;  
For tho' as drunk as *David's Sow*,  
I love her still the better.

Pert as *Pewr-monger* I'd be,  
If *Molly* were but kind,  
Cool as a Cucumber would see  
The rest of Womankind.

Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,  
And eye her o'er and o'er,  
Lean as a Rake with Sighs and Care,  
Sleek as a Mouse before.

Plump as a Partridge I was known,  
And soft as Silk my Sink,  
My Cheeks as fat as Butter grown,  
But as a Groat now thin.

I, melancholly as a Cat,  
Am kept awake to weep,  
But she, insensible of that,  
Sound as a Top can sleep.

Hard is her Heart, as Flint or Stone,  
She laughs to see me pale;  
And merry as a Grig is grown,  
And brisk as bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,  
Is busy as a Bee;  
Hearts sound as any Bell or Roach,  
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as Hopps or Hail,  
The fine Men crowd about her,  
But soon as dead as a Door Nail,  
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears,  
O! were we join'd together,  
My Heart would soon be free from Cares,  
And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,  
No Drum was ever tighter;  
Her Glance is as a Razor keen,  
And not the Sun is brighter.

As soft as Pap her Kisses are,  
Methinks I feel them yet,  
Brown as a Berry is her Hair,  
Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,  
Her pretty Hand invites,  
Sharp as a Needle are her Words,  
Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Brisk as a Body Louse she trips,  
Clean as a Penny drest,  
Sweet as a Rose her Face and Lips,  
Round as a Globe her Breast.

Full as an Egg, was I with Glee,  
And happy as a King;  
Good lack! how all Men envy'd me,  
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as Hell, she, like the Wind,  
Chang'd, as her Sex must do,  
Tho' seeming as the Turtle kind,  
And as the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,  
Let who will take Peru,

Great as an Emp'ror I should be,  
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a Chick,  
I'm dull as any Post,  
Let us like Burrs together stick,  
As warm as any Toast.

You'll know me truer than a Die,  
And with me better sped,  
Flat as a Flounder when I lie,  
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun she'll drop a Tear,  
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,  
When I'm as rotten as a Pear,  
And mute as any Fish.

SONG IV.

CHLOE, sure the Gods above  
For our Joys did you compose,  
Graceful as the Queen of Love,  
Wanton as the billing Dove,  
Fragrant as the blowing Rose.

Wit and Beauty both we find,  
Striving which shall arm you most:  
Doubly, *Chloe*, thus you bid,  
Had not Nature made you kind,  
We, alas! were doubly lost.

SONG V.

S *Trepbon* when you see me fly,  
Let not this your Fear create,  
Maids may be as often shy  
Out of Love, as out of Hate:  
When from you I fly away,  
It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of Hatred run,  
 Less you'd be my Pain and Care;  
 But the Youth I love, to shun,  
 Who can such a Trial bear?  
 Who, that such a Swain did see,  
 Who could love and fly like me?

Cruel Duty bids me go,  
 Gentle Love commands me stay;  
 Duty's still to Love a Foe,  
 Shall I This or That obey?  
 Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles,  
 That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these Chrystal Streams  
 I could sit, and hear thee sigh;  
 Ravish'd with these pleasing Dreams,  
 Oh! 'tis worse than Death to fly:  
 But the Danger is so great,  
 Fear gives Wings instead of Hate.

*Siraphor*, if you love me, leave me,  
 If you stay, I am undone;  
 Oh! with ease you may deceive me,  
 Prithee, charming Swain, be gone:  
 Heaven decrees that we should part,  
 That has my Vows, but you my Heart.

## SONG VI.

COME hither, my Country 'Squire,  
 Take friendly Instructions from me  
 The Lords shall admire,  
 Thy Taste in Attire,  
 The Ladies shall languish for thee.

## CHORUS.

*Such Flaunting,  
 Gallanting,  
 And Jaunting,*

*Such Frolicking thou shalt see,  
Thou ne'er like a Clown  
Shalt quit London's sweet Town,  
To live in thine own Country.*

*A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,  
With little more Brim than Lace;  
Nine Hairs on a Side,  
To a Pig's Tail ty'd,  
Will set off thy jolly broad Face.  
Such Flaunting, &c.*

*Go get thee a Footman's Frock,  
A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,  
Then frizz like a Shock,  
And plaister thy Block,  
And buckle thy Shoes at thy Toes.  
Such Flaunting, &c.*

*A Brace of Ladies fair,  
To pleasure thee shall strive,  
In a Chaise and Pair  
They shall take the Air,  
And thou in the Box shalt drive.  
Such Flaunting, &c.*

*Convert thy Acres to Cash,  
And saw thy Timber Trees down,  
Who'd keep such Trash,  
And not cut a Flash,  
Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.  
Such Flaunting, &c.*

SONG VII.

**G**AY Bacchus, liking *Estcourt's* Wine,  
A noble Meal bespoke;  
And for the Guests that were to dine,  
Brought *Comus*, Love, and Joke.



The God near *Cupid* drew his Chair,  
 And *Joke* near *Comus* plac'd;  
 Thus *Wine* makes *Love* forget its Care,  
 And *Mirth* exalts a Feast.

The more to please each sprightly God,  
 Each sweet engaging Grace  
 Put on some Cloaths to come abroad,  
 And took a Waiter's Place.

Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glas  
 A Lady of the Sky,  
 While *Bacchus* swore he'd drink the Lads,  
 And had it Bumper high.

Fat *Comus* tost his Brimmer o'er,  
 And always got the most;  
 For *Joke* took care to fill him more,  
 Whene'er he mis'd the Toast.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch,  
 Then fill'd and drank again;  
 And if the Gods can take too much,  
 'Tis said, they did so then.

Free Jests run all the Table round,  
 And with the Wine conspire,  
 (While they by sly Reflection wound)  
 To set their Heads on fire.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* stung  
 By reck'ning his Deceits;  
 And *Cupid* mock'd his stamm'ring Tongue,  
 With all his staggr'ing Gaits.

*Joke* droll'd on *Comus'* greedy Ways,  
 And Tales without a Jest,  
 While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays  
 But Waggeries at best.

Such Talk soon set them all at Odds,  
 And had I *Homer's* Pen



I'd sing ye how they drank like Gods,  
And how they fought like Men.

To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,  
Who make them soon agree ;  
And had the *Furies* selves been nigh,  
They still were three to three.

*Bacchus* appear'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,  
And gave him back his Bow,  
But kept some Dart to stir the Cup  
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

*Joke*, taking *Comus*'s rosiest Crown,  
In Triumph wore the Prize,  
And thrice in Mirth he push'd him down,  
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then *Cupid* sought the Myrtle Grove  
Where *Venus* did recline,  
And *Beauty*, close embracing *Love*,  
They join'd to rail at *Wine*.

And *Comus*, loudly cursing *Wit*,  
Roll'd off to some Retreat,  
Where boon Companions gravely sit  
In fat unweildly State.

*Bacchus* and *Joke*, who stay behind,  
For one fresh Glass prepare ;  
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,  
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear,  
This our instructive Song :  
For tho' such Friendships may be dear,  
They can't continue long.

S O N G VII. Sally in our Alley.

O F all the Girls that e'er were seen,  
There's none so fine as *Nelly*,  
For charming Face, and Shape, and Mien,  
And what's not fit to tell ye :

Oh ! the turn'd Neck, and smooth white Skin  
Of lovely dearest *Nelly* !

For many a Swain it well had been  
Had she ne'er past by *Calai*——

For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,  
(Invited by her Cousins)  
Across the *Tuilleries* each Glance  
Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens:  
The King, as he at Dinner sat,  
Did beckon to his Hussar,  
And bid him bring his Tabby Cat,  
For charming *Nell* to buss her.

The Ladies were with Rage provok'd,  
To see her so respected ;  
The Men 'look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd,  
And Puss her Tail crested :  
But not a Man did Look employ,  
Except on pretty *Nelly* ;  
Then said the *Duc de Villeroy*,  
*Ah ! quelle est bien jolie !*

But who's that grave Philosopher  
That carefully looks a'ter ?  
By his Concern it shou'd appear  
The fair one is his Daughter.  
*Ma foy !* (quoth then a Courtier sly)  
He on his Child does leer too :  
I wish he has no Mind to try  
What some Papa's will here do.

The Courtiers all with one Accord  
Brok out in *Nelly's* Praises,  
Admir'd her *Rose*, and *Lys sans Farde*,  
(Which are your *Termes Francoises*)  
Then might you see a painted Ring  
Of Dames that stood by *Nelly* ;  
She like the Pride of all the Spring,  
And they like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In *Marli Gardens*, and *St. Clon*,  
 I saw this charming *Nelly*,  
 Where shameless Nymphs, expos'd to View,  
 Stand naked in each *Allee*:  
 But *Venus* had a brazen Face,  
 Both at *Verjailles* and *Mendon*,  
 Or else she had resign'd her Place,  
 And left the Stone she stood on.  
 Were *Nelly's* Figure mounted there,  
 'T would put down all th'*Italian*:  
 Lord! how those Foreigners would stare,  
 But I shou'd turn *Pygmalion*:  
 For spite of Lips, and Eyes, and Mien,  
 Me nothing can delight so,  
 As does that Part that lies between  
 Her left Toe and her right Toe.

## S O N G IX.

FOR haughty *Phillis Thyrsis* pines,  
 In his pale Cheeks the *Roses* fade;  
 The gaily-cheerful *Sports* resigns,  
 And seeks the sweetly-soothing Shade.  
 Now by the Stream supine he lies,  
 Or o'er the Mead does frantick stray;  
 Or to the rocky Mountain hies,  
 As Love directs the various Way.  
 To Groves, to Streams, to Wilds, alone,  
 The Fire that thrills his Veins reveals,  
 Nor to the Rock pours forth his Moan,  
 Since babling *Echo* ne'er conceals.  
 At length the Nymph for *Thyrsis* burns,  
 And cools his swift-consuming Flame:  
 Pleas'd *Thyrsis* smiles, sad *Phillis* mourns,  
 And rising Blushes speak her Shame.

To mute Abodes the perjur'd Youth  
 No more repeats a Passion feign'd;  
 The Village rings with the sad Truth,  
 For *Thyrsis* boasts a Conquest gain'd.

If only to the Field or Stream,  
 When the kind Maid his Passion eas'd,  
 Had *Thyrsis* told the golden Dream,  
 Then *Phyllis* had not been displeas'd.

## SONG X.

**W**AFT me, some soft and cooling Breeze,  
 To *Windsor's* shady, kind Retreat,  
 Where sylvan Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,  
 Repel the raging Dog-star's Heat:

Where tufted Grass, and mossy Beds,  
 Afford a rural calm Repose;  
 Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,  
 And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

Old oozy *Thames* that flows fast by,  
 Along the smiling Valley plays;  
 His glassy Surface cheers the Eye,  
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadow strays.

His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,  
 His Vales with smiling Plenty swell;  
 Where'er his purer Stream is seen,  
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave  
 With naked Arm once more divide;  
 In thee my glowing Bosom lave,  
 And stem thy gently rolling Tide.

Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd  
 Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade;  
 Where Water-Lilies paint the Ground,  
 And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let chaste *Clarinda* too be there,  
 With azure Mantle lightly drest;  
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her silken Hair,  
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.

O haste away, fair Maid, and bring  
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love,  
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,  
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

SONG XI.

AH stay! ah turn! ah! whither would you flie,  
 Too charming, too relentless Maid!  
 I follow not to conquer, but to die;  
 You of the fearful are afraid.

In vain I call; for she like fleeting Air,  
 When prest by some tempestuous Wind,  
 Flies swifter from the Voice of my Despair,  
 Nor cast one pitying Look behind.

SONG XII.

THE Sun had just with drawn his Fires,  
 And *Phœbus* shone with milder Ray,  
 When *Thyrsis* to the Grove retires,  
 As Love had pointed out the Way.

His trembling Knees the Turf receives,  
 His aching Head the Cowslips press;  
 His Breast, that Sighs alone had eas'd,  
 At last gave Way to this Address.

O Queen, that guid'st the silent Hours,  
 If e'er *Endymion* sooth'd thy Pain,  
 By all thy Joys in *Carian* Bow'rs,  
 Restore me *Rosalind* again.

To thee my mournful Plaint I send,  
 Protectress of the virtuous Mind,

Do thou thy chaste Assistance lend,  
*Venus* is lewd, and *Cupid* blind.

Behold those Cheeks, how pale, how wan?  
 That once were grac'd with roſie Pride:  
 Dim are my Eyes, their Luſtre gone,  
 My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,  
 That *Phæbus* ſelf has ſtrung my Lyre,  
 Since *Plutus*, worthleſs God, prevails,  
 And only ſordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale, that pines with Love,  
 With melting Notes does Grief ſuſpend;  
 Me Verſe, nor ſweeteſt Sound can move,  
 My Torments ſhe alone can end.

But hark! the Raven's direful Croak,  
 Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Shrick,  
 In frightful Conſort Fate have ſpoke;  
 Alas! my Love-ſick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haſte, haſte away,  
 And ſee your Viſtim proſtrate lye;  
 I faint, I can no longer ſtay,  
 O *Rosalind*, for thee I die!

### S O N G XIII.

THE Sun was ſunk beneath the Hill,  
 The weſtern Clouds were lin'd with Gold,  
 The Sky was clear, the Winds were ſtill,  
 The Flocks were pent within the Fold:  
 When from the Silence of the Grove  
 Poor *Damon* thus deſpair'd of Love.

Who ſeeks to pluck the fragrant Roſe  
 From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach:  
 Who from each barren Weed that grows,  
 Expects the Grape, or bluſhing Peach:

With equal Faith may hope to find  
The Truth of Love in Womankind.

I have no Herds, no fleecy Care,  
No Fields that wave with golden Grain,  
No Pasture green, nor Garden fair,  
A Damsel's venal Heart to gain:  
Then all in vain my Sighs must prove,  
For I, alas! have nought but Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,  
Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold!  
They ask not Vows of sacred Truth,  
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold;  
Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove,  
But I, alas! have nought but Love.

To buy the Gems of *India's* Coast,  
What Wealth, what Treasure can suffice?  
Not all their Fire can ever boast  
The living Lustre of her Eyes:  
For these the World too cheap would prove,  
But I, alas! have nought but Love.

O *Sivva*, since nor Gems nor Ore  
Can with your brighter Charms compare,  
Consider that I profer more,  
More seldom found, a Heart sincere:  
Let Treasure meaner Beauties move,  
Who pays thy Worth, must pay in Love.

## S O N G XIV.

ALEXIS flunn'd his fellow Swains,  
Their rural Sports and jocund Strains,  
Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid's* Bow!  
He lost his Crook, he left his Flocks,  
And wand'ring thro' the lonely Rocks,  
He nourish'd endless Woe.



The Nymphs and Shepherds round him came,  
His Grief some pity, others blame ;

The fatal Cause all kindly seek ;  
He mingled his Concern with theirs,  
He gave them back their friendly Tears,  
He sigh'd, but could not speak.

*Clorinda* came among the rest,  
And she too kind Concern express'd,  
And ask'd the Reason of his Woe ;  
She ask'd, but with an Air and Mien  
That made it easily foreseen,  
She fear'd too much to know.

The Shepherd rais'd his mournful Head,  
And will you pardon me, he said,  
While I the cruel Truth reveal ;  
Which nothing from my Breast should tear,  
Which never should offend your Ear,  
But that you bid me tell ?

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,  
Since you appear'd upon the Plain,  
You are the Cause of all my Care ;  
Your Eyes ten thousand Dangers dart,  
Ten thousand Torments vex my Heart,  
I love, and I despair !

Too much, *Alexis*, I have heard,  
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I fear'd ;  
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd :  
But you shall promise ne'er again  
To break your Vows, or speak your Pain ;  
He bow'd, obey'd and dy'd.

### S O N G XXV.

**W**HAT tho' they call me Country Lass,  
I read it plainly in my Glass,  
That for a Duchess I might pass  
O! could I see the Day !



Would Fortune but attend my Call,  
At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,  
I'd brave the proudest of them all,  
With a stand by! ——— Clear the Way!

Surrounded by a Crowd of Beaus,  
With smart Toupets, and powder'd Clothes,  
At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose,  
Oh! could I see the Day!  
I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,  
Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,  
And then, Oh! how I'll tyrannize!  
With a stand by ——— Clear the Way!

O then for Grandeur and Delight,  
For Equipage and Di'monds bright,  
And Flambeaus that outshine the Light;  
Oh! could I see the Day!  
Thus ever easy, ever gay,  
*Quadrille* shall wear the Night away,  
And Pleasures crown the growing Day!  
With a stand by! ——— Clear the Way!

S O N G X V.

**T**HE Play of Love is now begun,  
And thus the Actions do go on:  
*Strephon* enamour'd courts the Fair,  
She hears him with a careless Air,  
And smiles to find him in Love's Snare.

The Act-Tune play'd, they meet again,  
Her pity moves her for his Pain,  
Which she evades for some Pretence,  
And thinks she can with Love dispense,  
But pants to hear a Man of Sense.

The Third Approach her Lover makes,  
She colours up whene'er he speaks,

But with feign'd Slights still puts him by,  
And faintly cries, she can't comply,  
Altho' she gives her Heart the Lie.

Now the Plot rises, he seems shy,  
As if some other Fair he'd try:

At which she swells with Spleen and Fear,  
Lest one more wife his Love should share,  
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The last Act now is wrought so high,  
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy:  
She does no more his Passion shun,  
He strait into her Arms does run,  
The Curtain falls—the Play is done.

*The SEQUEL.*

**N**OW come Love's Plagues, the Fair enjoy'd,  
And with the Pleasure *Strepson* cloy'd,  
A feign'd Content the Lover wears,  
And with false Raptures soothes her Fears,  
While his Retreat employs her Cares.

Next Time they meet, a forc'd Respect  
Makes the Fair dread a cold Neglect;  
Strait her full Bosom heaves with Sighs,  
Yet tho' distracting Fears arise,  
Fond Love forbids to trust her Eyes.

Tortur'd with Doubts she next complains,  
And asks if hers are fancy'd Pains?  
With well-tim'd Rage he swears he'll rove,  
Vows, tho' he burns, he'll never prove  
The curst Fatigue of Jealous Love.

To bring him back all Arts she tries,  
And bids his jealous Fury rise,  
Pleas'd, he that Stratagem disdains,  
Vows that no Fair shall give him Pains,  
That o'er a Fop contented reigns.

With Grief distracted, now she burns,  
And to stern Rage her Passion turns,  
On the whole Sex her Fury bends,  
And the first Blockhead that attends,  
Marries, and jilts, to gain her Ends.

## SONG XVII. Grim, King, &amp;c.

**D**Espairing beside a clear Stream,  
A Shepherd forsaken was laid,  
And whilst a false Nymph was his Theme,  
A Willow supported his Head:  
The Wind that blew over the Plain  
To his Sighs with a Sigh did reply,  
And the Brook, in Return to his Pain,  
Ran mournfully murmuring by.  
Alas! silly Swain that I was,  
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,  
When first I beheld that fair Face,  
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:  
She talk'd, and I blest'd the dear Tongue,  
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great;  
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,  
Was Nightingale ever so sweet!  
How foolish I was to believe,  
She could doat on so lowly a Clown!  
Or that her fond Heart would not grieve  
To forsake the fine Folks of the Town:  
To think that a Beauty so gay,  
So kind and so constant would prove,  
To go clad like our Maidens in Grey,  
And live in a Cottage on Love.  
What tho' I have Skill to complain,  
Tho' the Muses my Temples have crown'd?  
What tho' when they hear my soft Strain,  
The Virgins sit weeping around?  
Ah *Collin*! thy Hopes are in vain,  
Thy Pipe and thy Laurel resign,

Thy fair one inclines to a Swain,  
Whose Musick is sweeter than thine.

And you my Companions so dear,  
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,  
Whatever I suffer, forbear,

Forbear to accuse the false Maid:

If thro' the wide World I should range,

'Tis in vain from my Fortune to fly,

'Twas her's to be false, and to change,

'Tis mine to be constant, and die.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,

In her Breast any Pity is found,

Let her come with the Nymphs of the Plain,

And see me laid low in the Ground:

The last humble Boon that I crave,

Is to shade me with Cypress and Yew,

And when she looks down on my Grave,

Let her own that her Shepherd was true.

Then to her new Love let her go,

And deck her in golden Array,

Be finest at ev'ry fine Show,

And frolick it all the long Day.

While *Collin* forgotten and gone,

No more shall be heard of, or seen,

Unless when beneath the pale Moon

His Ghost shall glide over the Green.

## SONG XVII.

U Pbraid me not, capricious Fair,  
With drinking to Excess;

I should not want to drown Despair,

Were your Indiff'rence less.

Love me, my Dear, and you shall find,

When that Excuse is gone,

That all my Bliss, when *Chloe's* kind,

Is fix'd on her alone.

The God of Wine the Victory  
To Beauty yields with Joy ;  
For *Bacchus* only drinks like me,  
When *Ariadne's* coy.

## SONG XIX.

**C**HLOE, a Coquet in her Prime,  
The vaniest, ficklest Thing alive,  
Behold the strange Effects of Time!  
Marries, and doats at Forty Five.  
So Weathercocks, that for a while  
Have ver'd about with every Blast,  
Grown old, and destitute of Oil,  
Rust to a Point, and fix at last.

## SONG XX.

**A**LL in the Downs the Fleet, was moor'd,  
The Streamers waving in the Wind,  
When black-ey'd *Susan* came on board,  
O where shall I my true Love find !  
Tell me, ye jovial Sailors, tell me true,  
If my sweet *William* sails among the Crew ?  
*William*, who high upon the Yard,  
Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,  
He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below :  
The Cord flies swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,  
And quick as Lightning on the Deck he stands.  
So the sweet Lark, high-pois'd in Air,  
Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast,  
(If chance his Mate's shrill Voice he hear)  
And drops at once into her Nest :  
The noblest Captain in the *British* Fleet  
Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.  
O *Susan*, *Susan*, lovely Dear!  
My Vows shall ever true remain ;  
Let me wipe off that falling Tear,  
We only part to meet again ;

Change as ye list, ye Winds, my Heart shall be  
The faithful Compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the Landmen say,

Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind:

They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,

In ev'ry Port a Mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,

For thou art present where'soe'er I go.

If to fair *India's* Coast we sail,

Thine Eyes are seen in Di'monds bright;

Thy Breath is *Afric's* spicy Gale,

Thy Skin is Ivory so white:

Thus e'vry beauteous Object that I view

Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely *Sue*.

Tho' Battle calls me from thy Arms,

Let not my pretty *Susan* mourn;

Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms

*William* shall to his Dear return.

Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,

Lest precious Tears should fall from *Susan's* Eye.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,

The Sails their swelling Bosoms spread,

No longer must she stay on Board:

They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head.

Her leav'ning Boat unwilling rows to Land,

Adieu she cry'd, and wav'd her Lily Hand.

### SONG XXI.

**D**IOGENES, surly and proud,

Who snarl'd at the *Macedon* Youth:

Delighted in Wine that was good,

Because in good Wine there is Truth:

But growing as poor as was *Job*,

And unable to purchase a Flask,

He chose for his Mansion a Tub,

And liv'd by the Scent of the Cask.

*Hera-*

*Heraclitus* ne'er would deny  
To tipple and cherish his Heart,  
And when he was maudling, wou'd cry,  
Because he had empty'd his Quart:  
Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
He wept at Mens Follies and Vice,  
When 'twas only his Custom to drink,  
Till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

*Democritus* always was glad  
Of a Bumper to chear up his Soul,  
And would laugh like a Man that was Mad,  
When over a full flowing Bowl:  
As long as his Cellar was stor'd,  
The Liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
And when he was drunk as a Lord,  
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

*Copernicus* too, like the rest,  
Believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,  
And thought that a Cup of the best  
Made Reason the brighter to shine;  
With Wine he replenish'd his Veins,  
And made his Philosophy reel,  
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains,  
Turn'd round like a Chariot Wheel.

*Aristotle*, that Master of Arts,  
Had been but a Dunce without Wine;  
And what we ascribe to his Parts,  
Is due to the Juice of the Vine:  
His Belly, some Authors agree,  
Was big as a watering Trough;  
He therefore leap'd into the Sea,  
Because he'd have Liquor enough.

Old *Plato*, that learned Divine,  
He fondly to Wisdom was prone;  
But had it not been for good Wine,  
His Merits we ne'er should have known:



By Wine we are generous made,  
 It furnishes Fancy with Wings,  
 Without it we ne'er should have had  
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

## SONG XXII.

**R**ING, ring the Bar-bell of the World,  
 Great *Bacchus* calls for Wine;  
 Haste, pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,  
 To whet him ere he dine.

Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,  
 When first you've poured forth,  
 The Globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,  
 To brood such Sons of Worth.

When this World's out, more Worlds we'll have,  
 Who dare oppose the Call?  
 If we had twice ten thousand Worlds,  
 Ere Night we'd drink them all.

See, see our Drawer *Atlas* comes,  
 His Cask upon his Back;  
 Haste! drink and swill, let's booze amain,  
 'Till all our Girdles crack.

*Apollo* cry'd, lets drink amain,  
 Lest *Time* should go astray;  
 We'll make *Time* drunk, the rest reply'd,  
 We Gods can make a Day.

Brave *Hercules*, who took the Hint,  
 Required *Time* to drink,  
 And made him gorge such Potions down,  
 That *Time* forgot to think.

Unthinking *Time* thus overcome,  
 And nonpluss'd in the Vast,  
 Dissolv'd in the Æthereal World,  
 Sigh'd, languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now *Time's* no more, let's drink away;  
 Hang flinching, make no Words;  
 Like true born Bacchanalian Souls,  
 We'll get as drunk as Lords.

SONG XXIII. *City Ramble.*

**S**Ays my Uncle, I pray now discover  
 What has been the Cause of your Woes,  
 That you pine and you whine like a Lover?  
 I've seen *Molly Mogg* of the *Rose*!

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,  
 In Town you may find better Progg,  
 Half a Crown there will get you a *Molly*,  
 A *Molly* much better than *Mogg*.

The School-boys delight in a Play-day,  
 The School-master's Joy is to flogg,  
 Fop is the Delight of a Lady,  
 But mine is in sweet *Molly Mogg*.

*Will o' Wisp* leads the Trav'ler a-gadding  
 Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bogg;  
 But no Light can e'er set me a-madding,  
 But the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

For Guineas in other Mens Breeches  
 Your Gamesters will paum and will cogg,  
 But I envy them none of theit Riches,  
 So I paum my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

The Heart that's half-wounded is ranging;  
 It here and there leaps like a Frogg,  
 But my Heart can never be changing,  
 'Tis so fix'd on my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,  
 That Women, at best are a Clogg;  
 But I'm not so easily frightened  
 From loving my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

A Letter when I am inditing,  
 Comes *Cupid*, and gives me a Jogg;  
 And I fill all my Paper with writing  
 Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mogg*.

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,  
 My Senses are lost in a Fogg;  
 And in nothing can find Satisfaction,  
 But in Thoughts of my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

If I would not give up the Three Graces,  
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,  
 And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,  
 For a Glance at my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

For those Faces want Nature and Spirit,  
 And seem as cut out of a Log;  
*Juno*, *Venus*, and *Pallas's* Merit  
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,  
 And writing another Eclogue,  
 Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amarillis*  
 He'd give for my sweet *Molly Mogg*.

When *Molly* comes up with the Liqueur,  
 Then Jealousy sets me a-gog,  
 To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,  
 And so I shall lose *Molly Mogg*.

*The Answer to the foregoing Verses.*

**W**HEN to Women you make your Address,  
 Sir,  
 Remember the old Decalogue,  
 And take heed that you never transgress, Sir,  
 With that beautiful Toast, *Molly Mogg*.

SONG XXIV. *Lucky Minute.*

**A**S *Chloris*, full of harmless Thought,  
 Beneath a Willow lay,  
 Kind Love a youthful Shepherd brought,  
 To pass the Time away.  
 She blush'd to be encounter'd so,  
 And chid the am'rous Swain;  
 But as she strove to rise and go,  
 He pull'd her down again.  
 Ah! Gods, said she, what Charms are these,  
 That conquer and surprize?  
 Oh! let me, ——— for unless you please,  
 I have no Pow'r to rise.  
 She fainting spoke, and trembling laid,  
 For Fear she should comply;  
 Her lovely Eyes her Heart betray'd,  
 And gave her Tongue the Lie.  
 A sudden Passion seiz'd her Heart,  
 In spite of her Disdain;  
 She found a Pulse in ev'ry Part,  
 And Love in ev'ry Vein.  
 Thus she, who Princes had deny'd,  
 With all their Pomp and Train,  
 Was in the lucky Minute try'd,  
 And yielded to the Swain.

## SONG XXV.

**S**EE from the silent Grove *Alexis* sits,  
 And seeks with every pleasing Art,  
 To ease the Pain which lovely Eyes  
 - Created in his Heart.  
 To shining Theatres he now repairs,  
 To learn *Camilla's* moving Air,  
 While thus to Musick's Pow'r the Swain ad-  
 dress'd his Pray'rs:

*Charming Sounds that sweetly languish,  
Musick, oh compose my Anguish!*

*Ev'ry Passion yields to thee:*

*Phœbus, quickly then relieve me,*

*Cupid shall no more deceive me;*

*I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.*

*Apollo heard the foolish Swain;*

*He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,*

*How weak t'assuage an amorous Pain,*

*His own harmonious Art had prov'd,*

*And all his healing Herbs how vain.*

*Then thus he strikes the speaking Strings,*

*Preluding to his Voice, and sings:*

*Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee;*

*Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee;*

*Musick is the Voice of Love.*

*If the tender Maid believe thee,*

*Soft Relenting,*

*Kind Consenting,*

*Will alone thy Pain remove.*

### SONG XXVI.

**S**END home my long-stray'd Eyes to me,

Which oh! too long have dwelt on thee,

But if they there have learn't such ill,

Such forc'd Fashions,

And false Passions,

That they be

Made by thee

Fit for no good Sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless Heart again,

Which no unworthy Thought could stain;

But if it has been taught by thine

To make Jestings

Of Protestings,

And break both  
Word and Oath ;  
Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.  
Yet send me back my Heart and Eyes,  
That I may know and see thy Lies,  
And may laugh and joy, when thou  
Art in Anguish,  
And dost languish  
For some one  
That will none,  
Or prove as false as thou art now.

SONG XXVII.

FROM native Stalk the Province Rose  
I pluckt with green Attire,  
But oh! upon its Graces hung  
A Flatus to Desire.

A vile, destroying, preying Worm,  
Who shelter'd in the Leaf,  
Had robb'd me of the pristine Joy,  
And prov'd the lucky Thief.

So beauteous Nymphs too oft are found  
The vilest Man to trust ;  
While constant Lovers plead in vain,  
And die for being just.

SONG XXVIII.

IF *Phyllis* denies me Relief,  
If she's angry, I'll seek it in Wine:  
Tho' she laughs at my amorous Grief,  
At my Mirth why should she repine ?

The sparkling Champaign shall remove  
All the Grief my dull Soul has in Store :  
My Reason I lost when I lov'd,  
By drinking what can I do more ?

Would *Phillis* but pity my Pain,  
 Or my amorous Vows would approve,  
 The Juice of the Grape I'd disdain,  
 And be drunk with nothing but Love.

## SONG XXIX.

**L**Ately on yonder swelling Bush,  
 Big with many a coming Rose,  
 This early Bud began to blush,  
 And did but half it self disclose:  
 I pluck'd it, tho' no better grown,  
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,  
 With such a purple Light they shone,  
 As if they had been made of Fire,  
 And spreading so, would flame anon;  
 All that was meant by Air or Sun,  
 To the young Flow'r my Breath has done.  
 If our loose Breath so much can do,  
 What may the same in Forms of Love,  
 Of purest Love and Musick too,  
 When *Flavia* it aspires to move?  
 When that which lifeless Buds persuades  
 To wax more soft, her Youth invades!

## SONG XXX.

**G**O, lovely Rose,  
 Tell her that wastes her Time and me,  
 That now she knows,  
 When I resemble her to thee,  
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,  
 And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,  
 That hadst thou sprung  
 In Desarts, where no Men abide,  
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.



Small is the Worth  
Of Beauty from the Light retir'd :  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer herself to be desir'd,  
And not blush to be admir'd.

## SONG XXXI.

**Y**OUNG *Corydon* and *Phyllis*  
Sat in a lovely Grove,  
Contriving Crowns of Lilies,  
Repeating Toys of Love——

But as they were a playing,  
She ogled to the Swain,  
It sav'd her plainly saying,  
Let's kiss to ease our Pain.

A thousand Times he kiss'd her,  
Laying her on the Green;  
But as he further press'd her,  
A pretty Leg was seen.

So many Beauties viewing,  
His Ardour still increas'd,  
And greater Joys pursuing,  
He wander'd o'er Breast.

A last Effort she trying,  
His Passion to withstand,  
Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,  
Pray take away your Hand.

Young *Corydon* grown bolder,  
The Minutes would improve;  
This is the Time he told her,  
To shew you how I love.

The Nymph seem'd almost dying,  
Dissolv'd in amorous Heat,  
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,  
My Dear your Love is great.

But *Phillis* did recover  
 Much sooner than the Swain:  
 She, blushing, ask'd her Lover,  
 Shall we not kiss again?

Thus Love his Revels keeping,  
 'Till Nature at a stand;  
 From Talk they fell to sleeping,  
 Holding each other's Hand.

## SONG XXXII.

**M**Y Name is honest *Harry*,  
 And I love little *Mary*,  
 In spite of *Ciss*, or jealous *Bess*,  
 I'll have my own *Fegary*.

My Love is blithe and bucksome,  
 And sweet and fine as can be,  
 Fresh and gay as the Flow'r's in *May*,  
 And looks like *Jack-a-Dandy*.

And if she will not have me,  
 That am so true a Lover,  
 I'll drink my Wine, and ne'er repine,  
 And down the Stairs I'll shove her.

But if that she will love, Sir,  
 I'll be as kind as may be,  
 I'll give her Rings, and pretty things;  
 And deck her like a Lady.

Her Petticoat like Sattin,  
 Her Gown of Crimson Tabby,  
 Lac'd up before, and spangl'd o'er,  
 Just like a *Barthol'mew* Baby.

Her Waistcoat shall be scarlet,  
 With Ribbands ty'd together;  
 Her Stockings of a cloudy Blue,  
 And her Shoes of *Spanish* Leather.

Her Smock of finest *Holland*,  
And lac'd in every Quarter,  
Side and wide, and long enough  
To hang below her Garter.

Then to the Church I'll have her,  
Where we will wed together,  
And so come home when we have done,  
In spite of Wind and Weather.

The Fiddlers shall attend us,  
And first play *John come kiss me*,  
And when that we have danc'd around,  
Then strike up, *Hit or miss me*.

Then hey for little *Mary*,  
'Tis she I love alone, Sir;  
Let any Man do what he can,  
I will have her, or none, Sir.

S O N G XXXIII.

O F all the simple things we do  
To rub over a whimsical Life,  
There's no one Folly is so true  
As that very bad Bargain a Wife:  
We're just like a Mouse in a Trap,  
Or Vermin caught in a Gin,  
We sweat and fret, and try to escape,  
And curse the sad Hour we came in.

I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the Fool,  
And a Thousand mad Frolicks more;  
I rov'd and rang'd, despis'd all Rule,  
But I never was marry'd before:  
This was the worst Plague cou'd ensue,  
I'm mew'd in a smoaky House;  
I us'd to tope a Bottle or two,  
But now 'tis small Beer with my Sponse.

My darling Freedom crown'd my Joys,  
And I never was vex'd in my Way;

If now I cross her Will, her Voice  
 Makes my Lodging too hot for my Stay;  
 Like a Fox that is hamper'd, in vain  
 I fret at my Heart and Soul;  
 Walk to and fro the Length of my Chain,  
 Then am forc'd to creep into my Hole.

## SONG XXXIV.

**Y**oung I am, and yet unskill'd,  
 How to make a Lover yield;  
 How to keep, or how to gain;  
 When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,  
 While I yet am young and true;  
 Ere I can my Soul disguise,  
 Fleave my Breasts, and rouse my Eyes.

Stay not till I learn the Way,  
 How to lie and to betray;  
 He that has me first is blest,  
 For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming Youth,  
 Full of Love and full of Truth;  
 Brisk, and of a janty Mien,  
 I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

## SONG XXXV.

**S**EE, see my *Seraphina* comes,  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;  
 Look, Gods, from your celestial Domes,  
 And view her charming Face.

Then search, and see if you can find  
 In all your sacred Groves,  
 A Nymph, or Goddess, so divine,  
 As she whom *Strepson* loves.

## S O N G   X X X V I .

**T**'WAS when the Seas were roaring  
With hollow Blasts of Wind,

A Damsel lay deploring,  
All on a Rock reclin'd ;  
Wide o'er the foaming Billows  
She cast a wishful Look,  
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,  
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months were gone and over,  
And nine long tedious Days ;  
Why didst thou, vent'rous Lover,  
Why didst thou trust the Seas !  
Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,  
And let my Lover rest,  
Ah ! what's thy troubled Motion  
To that within my Breast ?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,  
Views Tempests in Despair ;  
But what's the Loss of Treasure,  
To losing of my Dear !  
Shou'd ~~you~~ some Coast be laid on,  
Where Gold and Di'monds grow,  
You'd find a richer Maiden,  
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature  
Hath nothing made in vain ?  
Why then beneath the Water  
Do hideous Rocks remain ?  
No Eyes those Rocks discover,  
That lurk beneath the Deep,  
To wreck the wand'ring Lover,  
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,  
Thus wail'd she for her Dear,

Repaid each Blast with Sighing,  
 Each Billow with a Tear,  
 When o'er the wide Waves stooping,  
 His floating Corps she spy'd ;  
 Then, like a Lily drooping,  
 She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

## SONG XXXVII.

**T**O all ye Ladies now at Land  
 We Men at Sea indite ;  
 But first would have ye understand  
 How hard it is to write ;  
 The Muses now, and Neptune too  
 We must implore to write to you,  
*With a fal, la, la.*

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,  
 And fill our empty Brain,  
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the Wind,  
 To wave the azure Main,  
 Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we  
 Roul up and down our Ships at Sea.  
 Then if we write not by each Post,  
 Think not we are unkind,  
 Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost  
 By Dutchmen, or by Wind ;  
 Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,  
 The Tide shall bring them twice a Day.

The King, with Wonder and Surprise,  
 Will swear the Seas grow bold,  
 Because the Tides will higher rise,  
 Than e'er they did of old,  
 But let him know, it is our Tears,  
 Brings Floods of Grief to Whitehall Stairs.  
 Shou'd foggy Opdam chance to know  
 Our sad and dismal Story ;  
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a Foe,  
 And quit their Fort at Goree ;

For what Resistance can they find  
From Men who've left their Hearts behind?

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,  
Be you to us but kind;  
Let *Dutchmen* vapour, *Spaniards* curse,  
No Sorrow we shall find;  
'Tis then no matter how things go,  
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.

To pass our tedious Hours away,  
We throw a merry Main;  
Or else at serious *Ombre* play  
But why should we in vain;  
Each other's Ruin thus pursue!  
We were undone when we left you!

But now our Fears tempestuous grow,  
And cast our Hopes away,  
Whilst you regardless of our Woe,  
Sit careless at a Play;  
Perhaps permit some happier Man  
To kiss your Hand, or flirt your Fan.

When any mournful Tune you hear,  
That dies in ev'ry Note,  
As if it sigh'd with each Man's Care,  
For being so remote;  
Think then how often Love we've made  
To you, when all those Tunes were play'd.

In Justice you cannot refuse  
To think of our Distress,  
When we for Hopes of Honour lose  
Our certain Happiness;  
All those Designs are but to prove  
Ourselves more worthy of your Love.

And now we've told you all our Loves,  
And likewise all our Fears;  
In hopes this Declaration moves  
Some Pity for our Tears;



Let's hear of no Inconstancy,  
We have too much of that at Sea.

## S O N G XXXVIII.

**C**ome, Neighbours, now we've made our Hay,  
The Sun in Haste  
Drives to the West,  
With Sports conclude the Day.  
Let every Man chuse out his Lass,  
And then salute her on the Grass;  
And when you find,  
She's coming kind,  
Let not that Moment pass.

## C H O R U S.

*We'll toss off our Bowls to true Love and Honour,  
To all kind loving Girls and the Lord of the Manor.*  
At Night when round the Hall we're sat  
With good brown Bowls,  
To cheer our Souls,  
And raise a merry Chat;  
When Blood grows warm, and Love runs high,  
And Jokes about the Table fly;  
Then we retreat,  
And that repeat,  
Which all would gladly try.  
Let lazy Great ones of the Town  
Drink Night away,  
And sleep all Day,  
Till Gouty they are grown:  
Our nightly Sports such Vigour give,  
That oftentimes we do revive,  
And kiss our Dames  
With stronger Flames  
Than any Prince alive.

## SONG XXXIX.

W Hen mighty Roast Beef was the *English-*  
*man's Food,*

It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood,  
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were  
*Oh the Roast Beef of Old England,* [good,  
*And Old English Roast Beef.*

But since we have learn'd from all-conqu'ring  
 To eat their Ragoufts as well as to dance [*France,*  
 We are fed up with nothing but vain Complai-  
*Oh the Roast Beef, &c.* [sance,

Our Fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,  
 And kept open House with good Chear all Day  
 long,

Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this  
*Oh the Roast Beef, &c.* [Song,

But now we are dwindled to what shall I name,  
 A sneaking poor Race, half begotten and tame,  
 Who sully those Honours that once shone in fame.  
*Oh the Roast Beef, &c.*

When good Queen *Elizabeth* sat on the Throne,  
 Ere *Coffee* and *Tea*, and such Slip-slops were known,  
 The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown,  
*Oh the Roast Beef, &c.*

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,  
 They seldom or never return'd back again,  
 As Witness the vaunting Armada of *Spain*,  
*Oh the Roast Beef, &c.*

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,  
 And when Wrongs were a cooking, to do them-  
 selves right,

But now we're a——I could, but good Night;  
*Oh the Roast Beef of Old England,*  
*And Old English Roast Beef.*

## SONG XL.

**W**HEN *Fanny* blooming fair,  
 First met my ravish'd Sight,  
 Caught with her Shape and Air,  
 I felt a strange delight:  
 Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,  
 Admiring ev'ry Part,  
 And ev'ry Feature prais'd,  
 She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes,  
 Young smiling Loves appear,  
 There *Cupid* basking lies,  
 His shafts are hoarded there:  
 Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd  
 With Colour all their own,  
 Excelling far the Pride  
 Of Roses newly blown.

Her well turn'd Limbs confess  
 The lucky hand of *Jove*,  
 Her Features all express  
 The beauteous Queen of Love:  
 What Flames my Nerves invade,  
 When I behold the Breast,  
 Of that too lovely Maid,  
 Rise suing to be prest.

*Venus* round *Fanny's* Waist  
 Hath her own *Cestus* Bound,  
 With Guardian *Cupids* grac'd,  
 Who sport the circle round:  
 How happy will he be,  
 Who shall her Zone unloose,  
 That Bliss to all but me  
 May Heav'n and she refuse.

*The* S Y R E N.  
S O N G XLI.

43

**H**OW happy a State does the Miller possess,  
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be less.  
On his Mill and himself he depends for Support,  
Which is better than servilely cringing at Court.

What tho' he all dusty, and whiten'd does go,  
The more he is powder'd, the more like a Beau;  
A Clown in this Dress may be honestest far,  
Than a Courtier who struts in a Garter and Star.  
*Than, &c.*

Tho' his Hands are so daub'd they're not fit to be  
The Hands of his Betters are not very clean; [seen,  
A Palm more Polite may as dirtily deal, [Meal.  
Gold in Handling will stick to the Fingers like

What if then a Pudding for Dinner he lacks,  
He cribs without scruple from other Men's Sacks,  
In this of right noble Examples he brags,  
Who borrow as freely from other Men's Bags.

Or shou'd he endeavour to heap an Estate,  
In this too he mimicks the Tools of the State;  
Whose Aim is alone their Coffers to fill,  
As all his Concern's to bring Grist to his Mill.

He Eats when he's Hungry, he Drinks when he's  
Dry,  
And down when he's weary contented does lye;  
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing,  
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King.

S O N G XLII.

**T**HE Charms of *Florimel*  
No Force of Time or Art,  
Shall sever from my Heart;  
But ever to the World I'll tell,  
The Charms of Beauteous *Florimel*.

Each Rock, and Sunny Hill,  
 The flow'ry Meads and Groves,  
 Shall say *Myrtilla* Loves;  
 And *Echo* shall be taught to tell,  
*The Charms, &c.*

Each Tree within the Vale,  
 That on its Banks doth wear  
 The Triumphs of my Fair;  
 To future Times in Verse shall tell  
*The Charms, &c.*

Each Brook and purling Rill,  
 Shall on its bubbling Stream,  
 Convey the Virgin's Name;  
 And as it rolls in murmurs tell  
*The Charms, &c.*

The Sylvan Gods that dwell,  
 Amidst this Sacred Grove,  
 Shall wonder at my Love;  
 Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell,  
 The Charms of Beauteous *Florimel*.

## SONG XLIII.

**G** Hosts of ev'ry Occupation,  
 Ev'ry Rank, and ev'ry Nation,  
 Some with Crimes all foul and spotted,  
 Some to happier Climes allotted,  
 Press the *Stygian* Lake to pass.

Here a Soldier roars like Thunder,  
 Prates of Wenches, Wine, and Plunder:  
 Statesmen here the Times accusing;  
 Poets Sense for Rhimes abusing;

Lawyers chatt'ring,  
 Courtiers flatt'ring,  
 Bullies ranting,  
 Zealots canting,  
 Knaves and Fools of e'ry Class!

SONG XLIV.

THUS *Damon* knock'd at *Celia's* Door,  
 The Sign was so:  
 She answered, No,  
 No, no, no.  
 Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd;  
 No, *Damon*, no, I am afraid;  
 Consider, *Damon*, I'm a Maid:  
 Consider,  
 No;  
 I'm a Maid,  
 No, &c.

At last, his Sighs and Tears made way,  
 She rose, and softly turn'd the Key:  
 Come in, said she, but do not stay;  
 I may conclude  
 You will be rude,  
 But if you are, you may.

SONG XLV.

Y OUNG *Philoret* and *Celia* met  
 In an old shady Grove,  
 The Nymph was coy  
 The amorous Boy  
 Still sigh'd, and talk'd of Love.

He prais'd her Face, her Air, her Grace,  
 Her lovely charming Mien,  
 And swore she was the brightest Lass  
 That tripp'd it on the Green.

With artful Tongue the Shepherd sung,  
 And told a melting Tale;  
 But all his Art  
 Cou'dn't touch her Heart,  
 Nor all his Skill prevail.

Th' insulting Fair, with scornful Air,  
 Still mock'd the love-sick Swain,  
 And while he sigh'd,  
 She still reply'd,  
 Sh'ad Pleasure in his Pain.

## SONG XLVI.

**Y**oung Cupid, one Day wily,  
 With well dissembled Art,  
 Let fly an Arrow flily,  
 And pierc'd me to the Heart:  
 A while I sigh'd, grew stupid;  
 But to quit Scores with *Cupid*,  
 I found a Way, which soon I'll try,  
 Since Reason takes my Part.  
 I'll steal away his Arrows,  
 And sweet Revenge pursue:  
 With Womens Hearts I'll head 'em,  
 And then they'll ne'er fly true.

## SONG XLVII.

**F**rom roscie Bowers, where sleeps the God of  
 Hither ye little waiting *Cupids* fly; (Love:  
 Teach me in soft melodious Song to move  
 With tender Passion my Heart's darling Joy  
 Ah! let the Soul of Musick tune my Voice,  
 To win dear *Strephon*, who my Soul enjoys.  
 Or if more influencing  
 Is to be brisk and airy,  
 With a Step and a Bound,  
 And a Frisk from the Ground,  
 I'll trip like any Fairy.  
 As once on *Ida* dancing  
 Were three celestial Bodies,  
 With an Air and a Face,  
 And a Shape and a Grace,  
 I'll charm like Beauty's Goddess.



Ah! ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis all in vain,  
 Death and Despair must end the fatal Pain;  
 Cold Despair disguis'd like Frost and Snow and  
 Rain, [blow,  
 Falls on my Breast; bleak Winds in Tempests  
 My Veins all freeze, and my Fingers, flow.  
 My Pulse beats a dead March for lost repose,  
 And to a solid Lump of Ice my poor fond Heart  
 is froze.

Or say, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,  
 Shall I thaw my self, or drown  
 Amongst the foaming Billows,  
 Increasing all with Tears I shed  
 On Beds of Ooze and Chrystal Pillows,  
 Lay down my love-sick Head.

No, no, I'll strait run mad,  
 That soon my Heart will warm;  
 When once the Sense is fled,  
 Love has no Pow'r to charm:  
 Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,  
 Robes, Locks shall thus be tore,  
 A thousand Deaths I'll die,  
 Ere thus in vain adore.

## S O N G XLVIII.

**A**T Noon on a sultry Summer's Day,  
 The brighter Lady of the May,  
 Young *Chloris* innocent and gay,  
 Sat knotting in a Shade.

Each slender Finger plaid its Part  
 With such Activity and Art,  
 As would inflame a youthful Heart,  
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain by chance came by,  
 He saw no Anger in her Eye;  
 Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,  
 She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her Ivory Needle fall,  
 And hurl'd away the twisted Ball:  
 But strait gave *Strepson* such a Call,  
 As wou'd have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee?  
 With Innocence I dare be free:  
 By so much Truth and Modesty  
 No Nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy Head upon my Lap,  
 While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,  
 Thou may'st securely take a Nap:  
 Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,  
 And found him fast asleep all o'er:  
 She sigh'd, and could endure no more,  
 But starting up, she said,

Such Virtue shall rewarded be;  
 For this thy dull Fidelity,  
 I'll trust thee with my Flocks, not me:  
 Pursue thy grazing Trade.

Go, milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,  
 And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep;  
 Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep  
 By me, mistaken Maid.

## S O N G XLIX.

From grave Lessons and Restraint,  
 I'm stole out to revel here,  
 Yet I tremble and I pant,  
 In the Middle of the Fair.

Oh! wou'd Fortune in my Way  
 Throw a Lover kind and gay,  
 Now's the Time he soon may move  
 A young Heart unus'd to Love.

Shall I venture? no, no, no;  
 Shall I from the Danger go?  
 Oh! no, no, no, no, no;  
 I must not try, I cannot fly.

Help me, Nature, help me Art,  
 Why should I deny my Heart?  
 If a Lover will pursue,  
 Like the wisest let me do,  
 I will fit him if he's true,  
 If he's false I'll fit him too.

## SONG L.

**C**HLOE be kind, no more perplex me,  
 Slight not my Love at such a Rate;  
 Should I your Scorn return, 'twou'd vex ye,  
 Love much abus'd will turn to Hate.

How can you, lovely charming Creature,  
 Put on the Look of cold Disdain?  
 Women were first design'd by Nature,  
 To give a Pleasure, not a Pain:

Kindness creates a Flame that's lasting,  
 When other Charms are fled away;  
 Think on the Time we now are wasting,  
 Throw off those Frowns, and Love obey.

## SONG LI.

**T**WAS on a River's verdant Sid  
 About the close of Day,  
 A dying Swan with Musick try'd  
 To chase her Cares away:

And tho' she ne'er had strain'd her Throat,  
 Or tun'd her Voice before,  
 Death, ravish'd with so sweet a Note,  
 A while the Stroke forbore.

D

Farewel, the cry'd, ye silver Streams,  
 Ye purling Waves, adieu,  
 Where *Phæbus* us'd to dart his Beams,  
 And blest both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds,  
 Soft Scenes of happy Love;  
 Farewel, ye bright enamell'd Meads,  
 Where I was wont to rove.

With you I must no more converse,  
 Look, yonder setting Sun  
 Waits, while I these last Notes rehearse,  
 And then he must be gone.

Mourn not, my kind and constant Mate,  
 We'll meet again below:  
 It is the kind Decree of Fate,  
 And I with Pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a Tree  
 Within th' adjacent Wood,  
 To hear her mournful Melody  
 A Stork attentive stood:

From whence, thus to the Swan she spoke:  
 What means this Song of Joy?  
 Is it, fond Fool, so kind a Stroke  
 That does thy Life destroy?

Turn back, deluded Bird, and try-  
 To keep thy fleeting Breath,  
 It is a dismal thing to die;  
 And Pleasure ends in Death.

Base Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er,  
 Thy Arguments are vain;  
 If after Death we are no more,  
 Yet we are free from Pain.

But there are soft *Elysian* Shades,  
 And Bow'rs of kind Repose,  
 Where never any Storm invades,  
 Nor Tempest ever blows.

There in cool Streams, and shady Woods,  
 I'll sport the Time away;  
 Or, swimming down the Chrystal Floods,  
 Among young Halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee cease, or tell me why  
 I have such Cause to grieve,  
 Since 'tis a Happiness to die,  
 And it's a Pain to live.

## SONG LII.

**B** Right was the Morning, cool was the Air,  
 Serene was all the Sky,  
 When on the Waves I left my Dear,  
 The Center of my Joy;  
 Heaven and Nature smiling were,  
 And nothing sad but I.

Each rose Field did Odours spread,  
 All fragrant was the Shore;  
 Each River-God rose from his Bed,  
 And sigh'd, and own'd her Pow'r;  
 Curling their Waves they deck'd their Heads,  
 As proud of what they bore.

So when the fair *Egyptian* Queen  
 Her Heroe went to see,  
*Cidnus* swell'd o'er her Banks with Pride,  
 As much in Love as he.

Glide on, ye Waters, bear these Lines,  
 And tell her how distress'd;  
 Bear all my Sighs, ye gentle Winds,  
 And waft 'em to her Breast:  
 Tell her, if e'er she proves unkind,  
 I never shall have Rest.

## SONG LIII.

**Y**E twice ten hundred Deities  
 To whom we daily sacrifice;  
 Ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below,  
 And see what Men are doom'd to do;  
 Where Elements in Disorder dwell,  
 Thou God of Sleep, arise, and tell,  
 Tell great *Zempoalla* what strange Fate  
 Must on her dismal Vision wait.

By the croaking of the Toad,  
 In their Caves that make abode;  
 Earthly *Dan* that pants for Breath,  
 With her swell'd Sides full of Death;  
 By the crested Adder's Pride,  
 That along the Cliffs do glide;  
 By thy Visage fierce and black;  
 By the Death'-Head on thy Back;  
 By the twisted Serpents, plac'd  
 For a Girdle round thy Waist;  
 By the Hearts of Gold, that deck  
 Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck:  
 From thy sleepy Mansion rise,  
 And open thy unwilling Eyes;  
 While bubbling Springs their Musick keep,  
 That use to lull thee in thy sleep.

SONG LIV. *To you fair Ladies, &c.*

**W**HEN as Corruption hence did go,  
 And left the Nation free,  
 When Ay said Ay, and No said No,  
 Without a Place or Fee;  
 Then *Satan*, thinking things went ill,  
 Sent forth his Spirit call'd *Quadrille*;  
*Quadrille, Quadrille, Quadrille.*

Kings, Queens, and Knaves, made up his Pack,  
And four fair Suits he wore,  
His Troops they were with Red and Black  
All blotch'd and spotted o'er :  
And ev'ry House, go where you will,  
Is haunted by this Lnp, *Quadrille*.

Sure Cards he has for ev'ry thing,  
Which well Court-Cards they name,  
And, Statesman-like, calls in the Kings,  
To help out a bad Game ;  
But if the Parties manage ill,  
The King is forc'd to lose *Codille*.

When two and two were met of old,  
Tho' they ne'er meant to marry,  
They were in *Cupid's* Books enroll'd,  
And call'd a Party *Quare* ;  
But now, meet when and where you will,  
A Party *Quare* is *Quadrille*.

The Commoner, the Knight and Peer,  
Men of all Ranks and Fame,  
Leave to their Wives the only Care  
To propagate their Name ;  
And well that Duty they fulfil,  
While the good Husband's at *Quadrille*.

When Patient lies in piteous Case,  
In comes th' Apothecary,  
And to the Doctor cries, alas !  
*Non debes Quadrillare !*

The Patient dies without a Pill,  
For why ? the Doctor's at *Quadrille*.

Should *France* and *Spain* again grow loud,  
The *Muscovite* grow louder,  
*Britain*, to curb her Neighbours proud,  
Would want both Ball and Powder ;  
Must want both Sword and Gun to kill,  
For why ? the Gen'ral's at *Quadrille*.



The King of late drew forth his Sword,  
 (Thank God, 'twas not in Wrath)  
 And made of many a 'Squire and Lord,  
 An unwash'd Knight of *Bath*;  
 What are these Feats of Arms and Skill?  
 They're but Nine Parties at *Quadrille*.

A Party late at *Cambray* met,  
 Which drew all *Europe's* Eyes;  
 'Twas call'd, in *High-Loy* and *Gazette*,  
 The *Quadruple Allies*:  
 But somebody took something ill,  
 So broke this Party at *Quadrille*.

And now God save this noble Realm,  
 And God save eke *Hanover*,  
 And God save those who hold the Helm,  
 When as the King goes over;  
 But let the King go where he will,  
 His Subjects must play at *Quadrille*.

#### SONG LV. *Chevy Chase*.

TO Lordlings proud I tune my Song:  
 Who feast in Bow'r or Hall;  
 Tho' Dukes they be, yet Dukes shall see  
 That Pride will have a Fall.

Now that this fame it is right sooth,  
 Full plain it doth appear,  
 From what befel the Duke of *Guise*,  
 And *Nic* of *Lancastere*.

When *Richard cœur de Lyon* reign'd,  
 (Which means a *Lyon's Heart*)  
 Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd,  
 Each play'd a *Lyon's Part*.

A Word and Blow was then enough,  
 Such Honour did them prick,  
 You but turn'd yout Cheek, a Cuff,  
 And if your A——e, a Kick.

Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Nose,  
At ev'ry Turn fell to't:  
Come near, they trod upon your Toes;  
They fought from Head to Foot.

Of these, the Duke of *Lancasters*  
Stood Paramount in Pride;  
He kick'd and cuff'd, and tweak'd and trod  
His Foes and Friends beside.

Firm on his Front his Beaver sat,  
So broad, it hid his Chin;  
For why? he thought no Man his Mate,  
And fear'd to tan his Skin.

With *Spanish* Wooll he dy'd his Cheek,  
With Essence oil'd his Hair;  
No vixen Civet-Cat more sweet,  
Nor more could scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,  
Tho' made full short by G——d;  
And when all other Dukes did bow,  
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair  
To *Guise's* Duke was he;  
Never was such a loving Pair,  
Why did they disagree?

Oh! thus it was, he lov'd him dear,  
And cast how to requite him;  
And having no Friend left but this,  
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate Quill,  
And thus he did invite:  
This Eve at Whisk ourself will play,  
Sir Duke, be here to Night.

Ah no! ah no; the guileless *Guise*  
 Demurely did reply;  
 I cannot go, nor yet can stand,  
 So sore the Gout have I.

The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,  
 And fiercely drove them on;  
 Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy Stones,  
 O Kingly *Kensington*!

All in a trice on *Guise* he rush'd,  
 Thrust out his Lady dear;  
 He tweak'd his Nose, trod on his Toes,  
 And smote him on the Ear.

But mark! how 'midst of Victory,  
 Fate shews an old Dog-trick;  
 Up leap'd Duke *John*, and knock'd him down,  
 And so down fell Duke *Nic*.

Alas, oh *Nic*! oh *Nic*, alas!  
 Right did thy Gossip call thee;  
 As who shall say, alas! the Day,  
 When *John* of *Guise* shall maul thee:

For on thee did he clap his Chair,  
 And on that Chair did sit;  
 And look'd as if he meant therein  
 To do what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woful Duke!  
 Thy Mouth yet durst not ope,  
*Certes*, for fear of finding there  
 A T——d instead of Trope.

“ Lie there, thou Caitiff vile (quoth *Guise*)  
 “ No Sheet is here to save thee,  
 “ The Casement it is shut likewise,  
 “ Beneath my Feet I have thee.

“ If thou hast aught to say, now speak,  
 “ Then *Lancashire* did cry,

- “ Know’st thou not me, nor yet thy self,  
 “ Who thou, and whom am I?  
 “ Know’st thou not me, who (God be prais’d)  
 “ Have bawl’d and quarrell’d more  
 “ Than all the Line of *Lancastere*  
 “ That battled heretofore?  
 “ In Senates fam’d for many a Speech,  
 “ And what some Awe must give ye,  
 “ Tho’ laid thus low beneath thy Breech,  
 “ Still of the Council Privy.  
 “ Still of the Duchy Chancellor,  
 “ *Durante* Life I have it,  
 “ And turn (as now thou do’st on me)  
 “ Mine A———e on them that gave it.

But now the Servants they rush’d in,  
 And Duke *Nic* up leap’d he;  
 “ I will not cope against such Odds,  
 “ But *Guise*, I’ll fight with thee.  
 “ To morrow with thee will I fight  
 “ Under the Green-wood-tree;  
 “ No, not to morrow, but to night  
 “ (Quoth *Guise*) I’ll fight with thee.

And now the Sun declining low,  
 Bestreak’d with Blood the Skies,  
 When with his Sword at Saddle-bow  
 Rode forth the valiant *Guise*.

Full gently praunc’d he on the Lawn,  
 Oft roul’d his Eyes around,  
 And from his Stirrup stretch’d to find  
 Who was not to be found.

Long brandish’d he the Blade in Air,  
 Long look’d the Field all o’er,  
 At length he spy’d the merry Men brown,  
 And eke the Coach and Four.

From out the Boat bold *Nicholas*  
 Did wave his Wand so white,  
 As pointing out the gloomy Glade  
 Whereat he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful Hour so calm  
 Was *Lancaster* to see,  
 As if he meant to take the Air,  
 Or only take a Fee.

And so he did; for to *New Court*  
 His trowling Wheels they run,  
 Not that he shunn'd the doubtful Strife,  
 But Business must be done.

Back in the dark, by *Brompton Park*,  
 He turn'd up thro' the *Gore*,  
 So slunk to *Camden-House* so high,  
 All in his Coach and Four.

Mean while Duke *Guise* did fret and fume,  
 A Sight it was to see,  
 Benumin'd beneath the Ev'ning Dew  
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

Then wet and weary home he far'd,  
 Sore mutt'ring all the way,  
 The Day I met *Nic*, he shall rue  
 The Cudgel of that Day.

Mean time on ev'ry Pissing-Post  
 Paste we this Recreant's Name,  
 So that each Pisser-by shall read,  
 And piss against the same.

Now God preserve our gracious King,  
 And grant his Nobles all  
 May learn this Lesson from Duke *Nic*,  
 That Pride will have a Fall.

SONG LVI.

**W**HEN *Chloe* we ply,  
 We swear we shall die,  
 Her Eyes do our Hearts so enthrall;  
 But 'tis for her Pelf,  
 And not for her self:  
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

The Maidens are coy,  
 They'll pish and they'll fie!  
 And swear if you're rude they will call:  
 But whisper so low,  
 By which you may know,  
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

My Dear, the Wives cry,  
 If ever you die,  
 'To marry again I ne'er shall;  
 But less than a Year  
 Will make it appear,  
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

In Matters of State,  
 And Party Debate,  
 For Church and for Justice we brawl:  
 But if you'll attend,  
 You'll find in the End,  
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

SONG LVII.

**T**Ransported with Pleasure,  
 I gaze on my Treasure,  
 And ravish my Sight;  
 While she gaily smiling,  
 My Anguish beguiling,  
 Augments my Delight.

How blest is the Lover  
 Whose Torments are over,

His Fears and his Pains :  
 When Beauty relenting  
 Repays with consenting  
 Her Scorn and Disdain.

## SONG LVIII.

**L**AST Sunday at St. James's Pray'rs,  
 The Prince and Princess by,  
 I, dress'd in all my Whale-bone Airs,  
 Sat in a Closet nigh.

I bow'd my Knees, I held my Book,  
 Read all the Answers o'er ;  
 But was prevented by a Look,  
 Which pierc'd me from the Door.

High Thoughts of Heav'n I came to use,  
 With the devoutest Care,  
 Which gay young *Strephon* made me lose,  
 And all the Raptures there.

He went to hand me to my Chair,  
 And bow'd with courtly Grace ;  
 But whisper'd Love into mine Ear,  
 Too warm for that grave Place.

Love, Love, said he, by all ador'd,  
 My tender Heart has won :  
 But I grown peevish at the Word,  
 Desir'd he might be gone.

He went quite out of Sight, while I  
 A kinder Answer meant ;  
 Nor did I for my Sins, that Day,  
 By half so much repent.

## SONG LIX.

**W**HEN bright *Aurelia* tript the Plain,  
 How chearful then was seen  
 The Looks of ev'ry jolly Swain,  
 That strove *Aurelia's* Heart to gain,  
 With Gambols on the Green ?



Their Sports were innocent and gay,  
 Mixt with a manly Air;  
 They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,  
 Each strove to please some different way  
 This dear enchanting Fair.

Th' ambitious Strife she did admire,  
 And equally approve,  
 'Till *Phaon's* tuneful Voice and Lyre  
 With softest Musick did inspire  
 Her Soul to gen'rous Love.

Their wonted Sport the rest declin'd,  
 Their Arts prov'd all in vain;  
*Aurelia's* constant now they find,  
 The more they languish and repine,  
 The more she loves the Swain.

## SONG LX.

LET's be jovial, fill our Glasses,  
 Madness 'tis for us to think  
 How the World is rul'd by Asses,  
 And the Wise are sway'd by Chink.

Let not such vain Thoughts oppress us,  
 Riches are to us a Snare:  
 We are all as rich as *Cresus*,  
 Drink away, and drive off Care.

Wine makes us as fresh as Roses,  
 And our Sorrows quite forget;  
 Come, let's fuddle all our Noses,  
 Drink our selves quite out of Debt.

When grim Death is looking for us,  
 We're carousing o'er our Bowls,  
*Bacchus* joining in the Chorus,  
 Cries, *Death, begone, here's none but Souls.*

God-like *Bacchus* thus commanding,  
 Trembling Death away shall fly,  
 Ever after understanding,  
 Drinking Souls can never die.

## SONG LXI.

**C**OME, fair one, be kind,  
 You never shall find  
 A Fellow so fit for a Lover;  
 The World shall view  
 My Passion for you,  
 But never my Passion discover.

I still will complain  
 Of Frowns and Disdain,  
 Tho' I revel thro' all your Charms;  
 The World shall declare  
 I die with Despair,  
 When only I die in your Arms.

I still will adore,  
 And love more and more;  
 • But, by *fore*, if you chance to prove cruel,  
 I'll get me a Miss,  
 That freely will kiss,  
 Tho' after I drink Water-gruel.

## SONG LXII.

**W**ould you know how we meet o'er our jolly  
 full Bowls?  
 As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls:  
 'The sharp melts the sweet, the kind smooths the  
 strong,  
 And nothing but Friendship grows all the Night  
 long:  
 We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Desire;  
 Love only remains our unquenchable Fire.

## SONG LXIII.

**W**Hat shall I do to shew how much I love her?  
 How many Millions of Sighs can't suffice?  
 That which wins other Hearts can never move her;  
 Those common Methods of Love she'll despise.

I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,  
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night;  
'Till for her own sake, at last she'll implore me  
To love her less, to preserve our Delight.  
Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving,  
Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys:  
I wish my Love could be always improving,  
Tho' eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.  
In fair *Aurelia's* Arms leave me expiring,  
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath;  
To the last Moment I'll still be desiring,  
Never had Heroe so glorious a Death.

## S O N G LXIV.

A Stippling *John* was jogging on,  
Upon the Riot Night;  
With tott'ring Pace, and fiery Face,  
Suspicious of high Flight:  
The Guards who took him by his Look,  
For some chief Firebrand,  
Ask'd whence he came, what was his Name,  
Who are you? stand, Friend, stand!  
I'm going home, from Meeting come!  
Ay, says one, that's the Case,  
Some Meeting he has burnt, you see,  
The Flame's still in his Face.  
*John* thought 'twas time to purge his Crime,  
And said, my chief Intent  
Was to allwage my thirsty Rage  
I th' Meeting that I meant.  
Come, Friend, be plain, you trifle in vain,  
Says one, pray let us know,  
That we may find how you're inclin'd,  
Are you High Church or Low?  
*John* said to that, I'll tell you what,  
To end Debates and Strife,  
All I can say, this is the Way  
I steer my Course of Life.

I ne'er to Bow, nor Burgeſſs go,  
 To Steeple-house nor Hall;  
 The brisk Bar-bell beſt ſuits my Zeal,  
 With, *Gentlemen*, d'ye call?  
 Gueſſs then am I Low Church or High,  
 From that Tow'r or no Steeple,  
 Whoſe merry Toll exalts the Soul,  
 And muſt make high-flown People.  
 The Guards came on, and look'd at *John*,  
 With Countenance moſt pleaſant:  
 By Whiſper round they all ſoon ſound,  
 He was no damag'd Peaſant:  
 Thus while *John* ſtood, the beſt he cou'd,  
 Expecting their Deciſion,  
 Damn him, ſays one, let him be gone,  
 He's of our own Religion.

## S O N G LXV.

A Quire of bright Beauties in Spring did ap-  
 pear,  
 To chuſe a *May-Lady* to govern the Year;  
 All the Nymphs were in white, and the Shep-  
 herds in green,  
 The Garland was given, and *Phillis* was Queen;  
 But *Phillis* refus'd it, and ſighing did ſay,  
 I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.  
 While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* are fled from the Shore,  
 The Graces are baniſh'd, and Love is no more:  
 The ſoft God of Pleaſure that warm'd our Deſires,  
 Has broken his Bow, and extinguiſh'd his Fires;  
 And vows that himſelf and his Mother will  
 mourn,  
 Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.  
 Forbear your Addreſſes, and court us no more,  
 For we will perform what the Deity ſwore:

But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,  
Away with your Sheep-hooks, and take to your  
Arms :

Then Laurels and Myrtles your Brows shall adorn,  
When *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

## SONG LXVI.

W Hilst I foundly view the Charmer,  
Thus the God of Love I sue ;  
Gentle *Cupid*, pray disarm her,  
*Cupid*, if you love me, do :  
Of a Thousand Smiles bereave her,  
Rob her Neck, her Lips, her Eyes ;  
The Remainder still will leave her  
Pow'r enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Passion  
Still in ev'ry Breast will move ;  
More is Supererogation,  
Mere Idolatry of Love ;  
You may dress a World of *Chloe's*  
In the Beauty she can spare ;  
Hear him *Cupid*, who no Foe is  
To your Altars, or the Fair.

Foolish Mortal, pray be easy,  
Angry *Cupid* made Reply ;  
Do *Florella's* Charms displease ye ?  
Die then, foolish Mortal, die :  
Fancy not that I'll deprive her,  
Of the captivating Store ;  
Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her  
Twenty Thousand Beauties more.

Were *Florella* proud and soure,  
Apt to mock a Lover's Care,  
Justly then you'd pray, that Power  
Should be taken from the Fair ;

But tho' I spread a Blemish o'er her,  
 No Relief in that you'll find,  
 Sill, fond Shepherd, you'd adore her  
 For the Beauties of her Mind.

## SONG LXVII.

**Y** Oung Cupid I find  
 To subdue me inclin'd,  
 But at length I a Stratagem found,  
 That will rid me of him,  
 For I'll drink to the Brim,  
 And unless he can swim,  
 He like other Puppies will drown.

## SONG LXVIII.

**W** H E N the bright God of Day  
 Drove to westward each Ray,  
 And the Evening was charming and clear,  
 The Swallows amain  
 Nimble skim o'er the Plain,  
 And our Shadows like Giants appear.  
 In a Jessamine Bow'r,  
 When the Bean was in Flow'r  
 And Zephyr breath'd Odours around;  
 Lovely *Sylvia* was sat,  
 With a Song and Spinnet  
 To charm all the Grove with the Sound.  
*Rosie Bowers* she sung,  
 While the Harmony rung,  
 And the Birds they all flutt'ring strive;  
 Th' industrious Bees,  
 From the Flowers and Trees,  
 Gently hum with the Sweets to their Hive.  
 The gay God of Love,  
 As he rang'd o'er the Grove,

By Zephyr conducted along ;  
 As she touch'd o'er the Strings,  
 He beat Time with his Wings,  
 And Echo repeated the Song.

Oh ! ye Rovers, beware  
 How ye venture too near,  
 Love is doubly arm'd for to wound ;  
 Your Fate you can't shun,  
 And you're surely undone,  
 If you rashly approach near the Sound.

## S O N G LXIX.

SEE, Sirs, see here ! a Doctor rare,  
 Who travels much at home !  
 Here take my Pills, they cure all Ills,  
 Past, present, and to come ;  
 The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,  
 The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,  
 The Mulligrubs, the bonny Scrubs,  
 And all *Pandora's* Pox.  
 Thousands I've distillected,  
 Thousands new erected,  
 And such Cures effected,  
 As none e'er can tell ;  
 Let the Palsy shake ye,  
 Let the Cholick rake ye,  
 Let the Crinkums break ye,  
 Let the Murrain take ye,  
 Take this, take this, and you are well.  
*Thousands, &c.*

Come Wits so keen, devour'd with Spleen,  
 And Beaus who've sprain'd your Backs,  
 Big belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,  
 And pepper'd Vizard Cacks ;  
 I soon remove the Pains of Love,  
 And cure the love-sick Maid,



The Young, the Old, the Hot, the Cold,  
 The Living and the Dead ;  
 I clear the Lads with Waincoat Face,  
 And from Pimgennets free,  
 Plump Ladies red like *Saracen's Head*  
 With toping *Ratafie*.  
 This with a Jirk will do your Work,  
 And scour ye o'er and o'er ;  
 Read, judge, and try ; and if you die,  
 Never believe me more.

SONG LXX. *Nonsensical Folks, &c.*

A Trifling Song you shall hear,  
 Begun with a *Trifle*, and ended :  
 All *trifling* People draw near,  
 And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for *Trifles* a few,  
 That lately have come into Play,  
 The *Men* would want something to do,  
 And the *Women* want something to say.

What makes Men *trifle* in dressing ?  
 Because the Ladies, they know,  
 Admire, by often possessing,  
 That eminent *Trifle* a *Beau*.

When the Lover his Moments has *trifled*,  
 The *Trifle* of *Trifles* to gain,  
 No sooner the Virgin is *rifled*,  
 But a *Trifle* shall part them again.

What mortal Man would be able  
 At *White's* half an Hour to sit ?  
 Or who could bear a Tea-Table,  
 Without talking *Trifles* for *Wit* ?

The Court is from *Trifles* secure,  
 Gold Keys are no *Trifles*, we see ;  
 White Rods are no *Trifles* I'm sure,  
 Whatever their Bearers may be.

But if you will go to the Place  
Where *Trifles* abundantly breed,  
The *Levee* will shew you his *Grace*  
Makes Promises *Trifles* indeed.

A *Coach* with *Six Footmen* behind,  
I count neither *Trifle* nor *Sin*,  
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find  
A *scandalous Trifle* within?

A *Flask of Champaign*, People think it  
A *Trifle*, or something as bad;  
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,  
You'll find it no *Trifle*, by Gad.

A *Parson's* a *Trifle* at Sea,  
A *Widow's* a *Trifle* in Sorrow;  
A *Peace* is a *Trifle* to Day,  
Who knows what may happen to morrow.

A *Black-Coat* a *Trifle* may cloak,  
Or to hide it a *Red* may endeavour;  
But if once the *Army* is broke,  
We shall have more *Trifles* than ever.

The *Stage* is a *Trifle*, they say,  
The *Reason* pray carry along,  
Because at every new *Play*,  
The *House* they with *Trifles* so throng.

But with *People's* Malice to *trifle*,  
And to set us all on a *Foot*,  
The *Author* of this is a *Trifle*,  
And his *Song* is a *Trifle* to boot.

## SONG LXXI.

I N spite of Love, at length I find  
A *Mistress* that will please me,  
Her *Humour* free and unconfin'd,  
Both *Night* and *Day* she'll ease me;

No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,  
 Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind;  
 Then drink and never spare it,  
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you, thro' all her naked Charms  
 Her little Mouth discover,  
 Then take her blushing to your Arms,  
 And use her like a Lover;  
 Such Liquor she'll distill from thence,  
 As will transport your ravish'd Sense,  
 Then kiss and never spare it,  
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

But best of all! she has no Tongue,  
 Submissive she obeys me,  
 She's fully better old than young,  
 And still to smiling sways me;  
 Her Skin is smooth, Complexion black,  
 And has a most delicious Smack;  
 Then kiss and never spare it,  
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

If you her Excellence would taste,  
 Be sure you use her kind, Sir;  
 Clap your Hands about her Waist,  
 And raise her up behind, Sir;  
 As for her Bottom never doubt,  
 Push but home, and you'll find it out;  
 Then drink and never spare it,  
 'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

## S O N G LXXII.

**M**Y Days have been so wond'rous free,  
 The little Birds that fly  
 With careless Ease from Tree to Tree,  
 Were but as blest as I.

Ask gliding Waters, if a Tear  
 Of mine increas'd their Stream;  
 Or ask the flying Gales, if e'er  
 I lent a Sigh to them.

But now my former Days retire,  
 And I'm by Beauty caught:  
 The tender Chains of sweet Desire  
 Are fixt upon my Thought.

An eager Hope within my Breast  
 Does every Doubt controul;  
 And lovely *Nancy* stands confest  
 The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisting Pines,  
 Ye Swains that haunt the Grove,  
 Ye gentle Echo's, breezy Winds,  
 Ye close Retreats of Love;

With all of Nature, all of Art,  
 Assist the dear Designs;  
 O teach a young unpractis'd Heart,  
 To make her ever mine.

The very Thought of Change I hate,  
 As much as of Despair,  
 And hardly covet to be great,  
 Unless it be for her.

'Tis true, the Passion in my Mind  
 Is mixt with soft Distress;  
 Yet while the Fair I love is kind,  
 I cannot wish it less.

### S O N G LXXIII.

**C** *Hloe* blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,  
 And push'd me rudely from her;  
 I call'd her faithless jilting Whore,  
 To talk to me of Honour.

But when I rose, and would be gone,  
 She cry'd, nay, whither go ye?  
 Young *Damon*, stay, now we're alone,  
 Do what you will with *Chloe*.

## SONG LXXIV.

**T**He Charms of bright Beauty so powerful  
 are,  
 For that we make Peace, and for that we make  
 War;  
 Then tell me no more of Religion and Laws,  
 Your Cant of Injustice, the good and bad Cause;  
 Your Conquests and Triumphs, your Captives and  
 Spoils,  
 Shall never incite me to hazardous Toils;  
 To be great, wise, and wealthy, I never would  
 chuse,  
 Should the Nymph I adore, her Favour refuse;  
 But let my *Eugenia* prove faithful and kind,  
 I'll weather the Winter, and weary the Wind;  
 I'll ravage the Seas, the Earth and the Air,  
 And combat for her, even Death and Despair.

## SONG LXXV.

**A** Nymph of the Plain  
 By a jolly young Swain  
 Was address'd to be kind:  
 But relentless I find  
 To his Prayr's she appear'd,  
 Tho' himself he endear'd  
 In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.  
 How much he ador'd her,  
 How oft he implor'd her,  
 I cannot express;  
 But he lov'd to Excess,  
 And swore he should die  
 If she would not comply,  
 In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
 As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

While Blushes like Roses,  
Which Nature composes,  
Vermilion'd her Face,  
With an Ardour and Grace,  
Which her Lover improv'd,  
When he found he had mov'd,  
In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

When wak'd from the Joy  
Which their Souls did employ,  
From her Ruby warm Lips  
Thousand Odours he sips,  
At the Sight of her Eyes,  
He faints and he dies,  
In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet,

But how they shall part  
Now becomes all their Smart,  
'Till he vow'd to the Fair,  
That to ease his own Care,  
He would see her again,  
And till then be in Pain,  
In a Manner so soft, so engaging and sweet,  
As soon might persuade her his Passion to meet.

## S O N G LXXVI.

**W**Hen all was wrapt in dark Midnight,  
And all was fast asleep,  
In glided *Marg'ret's* grimly Ghost,  
And stood at *William's* Feet.

Her Face was like the *April* Morn,  
Clad in a wint'ry Clond,  
And Clay-cold was her Lily Hand,  
That held the sable Shroud.

E

So shall the fairest Face appear,  
When Youth and Years are flown;  
Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,  
When Death has rest their Crown.  
Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r,  
That sips the silver Dew;  
The Rose was budded in her Cheek,  
And op'ning to the View.  
But Love had, like the Canker-worm,  
Consum'd her early Prime:  
The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek,  
She dy'd before her Time.  
Awake, she cry'd, thy true Love calls,  
Come from her Midnight Grave;  
Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,  
Thy Love refus'd to save.  
This is the mirk and fearful Hour,  
When injur'd Ghosts complain;  
Now dreary Graves give up their Dead,  
To haunt the faithless Swain.  
Bethink thee, *William*, of thy Fault,  
Thy Pledge and broken Oath,  
And give me back my Maiden Vow,  
And give me back my Troth.  
How could you say my Face was fair,  
And yet that Face forsake!  
How could you win my Virgin Heart,  
Yet leave that Heart to break!  
How could you promise Love to me,  
And not that Promise keep!  
Why did you swear mine Eyes were bright,  
Yet leave those Eyes to weep!  
How could you say my Lips were sweet,  
And made the Scarlet pale!  
And why did I, young witless Maid,  
Believe thy flatt'ring Tale!



That Face, alas! no more is fair,  
 These Lips no longer red;  
 Dark are mine Eyes, now clos'd in Death,  
 And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is,  
 This Winding-sheet I wear;  
 And cold and weary lasts our Night,  
 'Till that last Morn appear.

But hark! the Cock has warm'd me hence:  
 A long and last Adieu!  
 Come see, false Man, how low she lies,  
 That dy'd for Love of you.

Now Birds did sing, and Morning smile,  
 And shew her glist'ring Head;  
 Pale *William* shook in ev'ry Limb,  
 Then, raving, left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place  
 Where *Marg'ret's* Body lay,  
 And stretch'd him on the green Grass Turf,  
 That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on *Marg'ret's* Name,  
 And thrice he wept full sore;  
 Then laid his Cheek to the cold Earth,  
 And Word spake never more.

## S O N G LXXVII.

**A** *Pollo* I will not implore,  
 For he in Fables deals;  
 And eke that Man I do abhor,  
 Who wrote the *Persian Tales*.

Whoe'er, of *February* last,  
 Of *Flying-Post* the News saw,  
 Did read with Terror much aghast  
 The Monster of *Ragusa*.

How *Proteus* left his wat'ry Couch,  
The *Pagan* Poets tell;  
He had more Shapes than *Scaramouch*,  
And in the Deep did dwell.  
Their *Proteus* and his flock so fair,  
Their *Neptune* and their *Triton*,  
If with this Giant you compare,  
Are Monsters you may sh—on.  
His Stature it is wond'rous high,  
High as the Tow'r of *Babel*;  
So that his Head propt up the Skie,  
Is most high-ly probable.  
On a Whale's Back he sat full fast,  
A Dolphin was his Dog;  
With Cable-Rope ty'd to a Mast,  
His Whale he oft did slog.  
Beneath his Arms did Muffles cling,  
And Congers suck each Pap:  
Behind his Buttocks hung two Ling,  
That always went *flip-flap*.  
Oysters about him stuck like Warts,  
Eels twisted round his Tail,  
Crabs clamber'd up his privy Parts,  
Which he crack'd on his Nail.  
His very sneezing shook the Shore,  
He cough'd the Ground asunder;  
His Voice was like the Cannons Roar,  
And he broke Wind like Thunder.  
None did him see, that stood him near,  
Or knew the Words he said;  
For few could see, and few could hear,  
Since all the Folks were dead.  
O Monster! Monster! who could know  
The Words that from thee came?  
*Rome* and *Jerusalem* also  
Both heard and told the same.

Much he of *Antichrist* held forth,  
And much of the *Pretender*;  
Much of a Monarch in the *North*,  
That once did lodge at *Bender*.

He talked of the King of *France*,  
Of *English Whig* and *Tory*;  
And how their Jars do much advance  
*Great-Britain's Pow'r* and *Glory*!

The Pope's the Whore of *Babylon*,  
The *Turk* he is a *Jew*;  
The Christian is an Infidel,  
That sitteth in a *Pew*.

And yet the Pope shall Christian turn,  
In Hopes of his Salvation.  
*Asgill* likewise, and *Toland* burn  
At Stake for Revelation.

'Gainst Paint and Play-houses he spoke,  
Hoop-petticoats and Tea,  
And Vintners vile, that poison Folk,  
And Snuff, and Sodomy.

This said, he back to Sea did slip,  
( But first eat fifty Muttons )  
And of his Tail cock'd up the Tip,  
Long as the Worm at *Button's*,

O *Button*! do not advertise,  
Nor thy huge Worm-so brag on;  
This Giant voided, of vast Size,  
A mighty flying Dragon.

And tho' his Belly made great Roar,  
And rais'd the Tempest louder,  
'Tis said he never knew *John Moor*,  
Nor swallow'd his Worm-powder.

The SYREN;  
SONG LXXVIII.

**A**T *Winchester* was a Wedding,  
The like was never seen,  
*Twixt* lusty *Ralph* of *Reading*,  
And bonny black *Bess* of the *Green* :  
The *Fiddlers* were crowding before,  
Each *Lass* was as fine as a *Queen* :  
There was a *Hundred* and more,  
For all the whole *Country* came in ;  
*Brisk Robin* led *Rose* so fair,  
She look'd like a *Lily* of the *Vale*,  
And ruddy-fac'd *Harry* led *Mary*,  
And *Roger* led bouncing *Nell*.  
With *Tommy* came smiling *Katy*,  
He help'd her over the *Stile*,  
And swore there was none so pretty,  
In forty and forty long *Mile* :  
*Kit* gave a green *Gown* to *Betty*,  
And lent her his *Hand* to rise ;  
But *Jenny* was jcer'd by *Watty*,  
For looking blue under the *Eyes* :  
Thus merrily chatting all,  
They pass to the *Bride-house* along,  
With *Johnny* and pretty-fac'd *Nancy*,  
The fairest of all the *Throng*.  
The *Bridegom* came out to meet 'em,  
Afraid the *Dinner* was spoil'd,  
And usher'd 'em in to treat 'em,  
With bak'd, and roasted, and boil'd.  
The *Lads* were so frolick and jolly,  
For each had his *Love* by his *Side* ;  
But *Willy* was melancholly,  
For he had a *Mind* to the *Bride* :  
Then *Philip* begins her *Health*,  
And turns a *Beer-glass* on his *Thumb*,  
But *Fenkin* was reckon'd for drinking,  
The best in *Christendom*.

And now they had din'd, advancing  
Into the midst of the Hall,  
The Fiddlers struck up for Dancing,  
And *Jeremy* led up the Brawl ;  
But *Margaret* kept a Quarrel,  
A Lais that was proud of her Pelf,  
'Cause *Arthur* had stoln her Garter,  
And swore he would tie it himself :  
She struggl'd, and blush'd, and frown'd,  
And ready with Anger to cry,  
'Cause *Arthur* in tying her Garter,  
Had slipt his Hand too high.

And now for throwing the Stocking,  
The Bride away was led ;  
The Bridegroom got drunk, and was knocking  
For Candles to light 'em to Bed :  
But *Robin* finding him silly,  
Most friendly took him aside,  
The while that his Wife with *Willy*  
Was playing at Hooper's-hide :  
And now the warm Game begins,  
The critical Minute was come,  
And Chatting, and Billing, and Kissing,  
Went merrily round the Room.

Pert *Stephen* was kind to *Betty*,  
And blithe as a Bird in the Spring ;  
And *Tommy* was so to *Katy*,  
And wedded her with a Rush-Ring :  
*Sukie*, that danc'd with the Cushion,  
An Hour from the Room had been gone,  
And *Barnaby* knew by her blushing,  
That some other Dance had been done :  
And thus of fifty fair Maids,  
That came to the Wedding with Men,  
Scarce five of the fifty were left ye,  
That so did return again.

## SONG LXXIX.

**P**EGGY in Devotion  
 Bred from tender Years,  
 From my loving Motion  
 Still was call'd to Pray'rs.

I made muckle Baffle  
 Love's dear Fort to win;  
 But the Kirk Apostle  
 Told her 'twas a Sin.

Fasting and Repentance,  
 And such whining Cant,  
 With the Domesday Sentence,  
 Frighted my young Saint.

He taught her the Duty  
 Heav'nly Joys to know;  
 I, who lik'd her Beauty,  
 Taught her those below.

Nature took my Part still,  
 Sense did Reason blind,  
 That, for all his Art still,  
 She to me inclin'd.

Strange Delights hereafter  
 Did so dull appear,  
 She, as I had taught her,  
 Vow'd to share 'em here.

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,  
 'Mong'st the canting Race,  
 Neither Son nor Daughter  
 Ever yet had Grace.

*Peggy on the Sunday*  
 With her Daddy vent,  
 Came to me on *Monday*,  
 And forgot his Text.

S O N G LXXX.

**G**entle Love, this Hour befriend me,  
To my Eyes resign thy Dart;  
Notes of melting Musick lend me,  
To dissolve a frozen Heart.

Chill as Mountain Snow her Bosom,  
Tho' I tender Language use;  
'Tis by cold Indifference frozen  
To my Arms, and to my Muse.

See my dying Eyes are pleading  
Where a broken Heart appears,  
For thy Pity interceding  
With the Eloquence of Tears.

While the Lamp of Life is fading,  
And beneath thy Coldness dyes,  
Death, my ebbing Pulse invading,  
Take my Soul into thy Eyes.

S O N G. LXXXI.

**I**T is not *Calia*, in our Pow'r  
To say how long our Love will last;  
It may be we, within this Hour,  
May lose those Joys we now do taste:  
The blessed that immortal be,  
From Change of Love are only free.

Then, since we mortal Lovers are,  
Ask not how long our Love will last;  
But while it does, let us take care  
Each Minute be with pleasure past:  
Were it not Madness to deny  
To live, because we're sure to die.

Fear not, tho' Love and Beauty fail,  
My Reason shall my Heart direct;  
Your Kindness now shall then prevail,  
And Passion turn into Respect;



*Calia*, at worst, you'll in the End  
But change a Lover for a Friend.

## SONG LXXXII.

**S**MOOTH was the Water, calm the Air,  
The Evening Sun deprest,  
Lawyers dismiss'd the noisy Bar,  
The Labourer at rest,  
When *Strepson*, with his charming Fair,  
Cross'd the proud River *Thames*,  
And to a Garden did repair,  
To quench their mutual Flames.

The crafty Waiter soon espy'd  
Youth sparkling in her Eyes:  
He brought no Ham, no Neat-Tongues dry'd,  
But Cream and Strawberries:  
The am'rous *Strepson* ask'd the Maid,  
What's whiter than this Cream?  
She blush'd, and could not tell, she said:  
Thy Teeth, my pretty Lamb.

What's redder than these Berries are?  
I know not, she reply'd;  
Those Lips which I'll no longer spare,  
The burning Shepherd cry'd.  
And strait began to hug her:  
This Kiss, my Dear,  
Is sweeter far,  
Than Strawberries, Cream, and Sugar.

## SONG LXXXIII.

**W**HILE the Lover is thinking,  
With my Friend I'll be drinking,  
And with Vigour pursue my Delight;  
While the Fool is designing  
His fatal Confining,  
With *Bacchus* I'll spend the whole Night.

With the God I'll be jolly,  
 Without Madnefs and Folly,  
 Fickle Woman to marry implore;  
 Leave my Bottle and Friend  
 For fo foolish an End!  
 When I do, may I never drink more.

SONG LXXXIV. *A Soldier and a Sailor.*

**A** *Dean and Prebendary*  
 Had late a new Vagary,  
 and were at doubtful Strife, Sir,  
 Who led the better Life, Sir,  
*And was the better Man,*  
*And was the better Man.*

The *Dean* he said that truly,  
 Since *Bluff* was so unruly,  
 He'd prove it to his Face, Sir,  
 That he had the most Grace, Sir,  
*And so the Fight began, &c.*

Then *Preb.* reply'd like Thunder,  
 And roar'd out, 'twas no Wonder,  
 Since Gods the *Dean* had three, Sir,  
 And more by two than he, Sir,  
*For he had got but one, &c.*

Now whilst these two were raging,  
 And in Disputes engaging,  
 The Master of the *Charter*  
 Said both had caught a *Tartar*,  
*For Gods, Sir, there were none, &c.*

That all the Books of *Moses*  
 Were nothing but Supposes;  
 That he deserv'd Rebuke, Sir,  
 Who wrote the *Pentateuch*, Sir,  
*'Twas nothing but a Sham, &c.*

That as for Father *Adam*,  
 And Mrs. *Eve*, his Madam,

And what the Serpent spoke, Sir,  
 'Twas nothing but a Joke, Sir,  
*And well invented Flaw, &c.*

Thus in this Battle-royal,  
 As none would take Denial,  
 The Dame for which they strove, Sir,  
 Could neither of them love, Sir,  
*Since all had giv'n Offence, &c.*

She therefore slyly waiting,  
 Left all three Fools a prating,  
 And being in a Fright, Sir,  
 Religion took her Flight, Sir,  
*And ne'er was heard of since, &c.*

## SONG LXXXV.

**F**AIR Iris and her Swain  
 Were in a shady Bower,  
 Where *Thyrsis* long, in vain  
 Had sought the happy Hour!  
 At length his Hand advancing  
 Upon her snowy Breast,  
 He said, O kiss me longer,  
 If you will make me blest.

*Ir.* An easy yielding Maid  
 By trusting is undone;  
 Our Sex is oft betray'd  
 By granting Love too soon:  
 If you desire to gain me,  
 Your Sufferings to redress,  
 Prepare to love me longer yet, and longer,  
 Before you shall possess.

*Th.* The little Care you show  
 Of all my Sorrows past,  
 Makes Death appear too slow,  
 And Life too long to last:

Fair *Iris* kiss me kindly,  
In Pity of my Fate,  
And kindly still, and kindly still,  
Before it be too late.

*Ir.* You fondly court your Bliss,  
And no Advantage make;  
'Tis not for Maids to give,  
But 'tis for Men to take:  
So you may kiss me kindly,  
And kindly still, and kindly,  
But do not kiss and tell,  
No never kiss and tell.

*Th.* And may I kiss you kindly?  
*Ir.* Yes, you may kiss me kindly.  
*Th.* And kindly still, and kindly?  
*Ir.* And kindly still, and kindly.  
*Th.* And will you not rebel?

*Ir.* And I will not rebel:  
But do not kiss and tell.  
But do not kiss and tell.

*Th.* No, no, I'll never kiss and tell.  
No, no, I'll never kiss and tell.

*Both.* Thus at the Height we love and live,  
And fear not to be poor:  
We give and we give, we give and we give,  
'Till we can give no more:  
But what the Day will take away  
To Morrow will restore.  
But what, &c.

SONG LXXXVI.

*W.* **T**O me you made a Thousand Vows,  
A Thousand tender Things you've said;  
I gave you all that Love allows,  
The Pleasures of the nuptial Bed:

But now my Eyes have lost their Charms,  
 Or you abate in your Desire;  
 You wish another in your Arms,  
 And burn with an unhallow'd Fire.

H. That charming *Celia* I admire  
 I must with Pleasure own is true;  
 But had I ten times the Desire,  
 How would the Passion injure you?

W. Love is a sacred Tree of Life,  
 That up to Heaven its Branches rears;  
 But Admiration's but the Leaf,  
 Enjoyment is the Fruit it bears.

H. Thus, while you raise a vain Dispute,  
 Your Passion but it self deceives,  
 While you yourself have all the Fruit,  
 Why need you envy me the Leaves?

Both. Away then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain  
 For Wives, when neglected, to sigh and complain,  
 We raise the loose Wishes we strive to restrain.  
 'Tis a Folly to whine, to languish and grieve,  
 Let us rather endeavour ourselves to deceive;  
 What we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.  
 Time, Reason, or Change, at last will relieve;  
 'Tis a Folly to whine, to languish and grieve.

### S O N G LXXXVII.

A POX on the Times,  
 Let 'em go as they will,  
 Tho' the Taxes are grown so heavy,  
 Our Hearts are our own,  
 And shall be so still,  
 Drink about, my Boys, and be merry.

Let no Man despair,  
 But drive away Care,

And drown all our Sorrow with Claret:  
We'll never repine,  
So they give us good Wine,  
Let 'em take all our Dross, we can spare it,

We value not Chink,  
Unless to buy Drink,  
Or purchase us innocent Pleasure;  
When 'tis gone, we ne'er fret,  
So we Liquor can get,  
For Mirth of itself is a Treasure.

No Miser can be  
So happy as we,  
Tho' compass'd with Riches he wallow;  
Day and Night he's in Fear,  
And ne'er without Care,  
While nothing disturbs the good Fellow.

Come fill up the Glafs,  
And round let it pass,  
For Nature doth *Vacuum* decline;  
Drown the spruce formal Ass,  
That's afraid of his Face,  
We'll drink till our Noses do *Phœbus* outshine.

While we've Plenty of this,  
We can ne'er do amiss,  
'Tis an Antidote 'gainst our Ruin;  
And the Lad that drinks most,  
With Honour may boast,  
He fears neither Death nor Undoing.

S O N G LXXXVIII.

**T**WAS Fancy first made *Celia* fair,  
'Twas Fancy gave her Shape and Air;  
It robb'd the Sun, stript ev'ry Star  
Of Beauties to bestow on her;

And when it had the Goddess made,  
Down it fell, and worshipped,  
Creator first, and then a Creature ;  
*Narcissus*, and a Pail of Water.

## SONG LXXXIX.

**S***ilvia*, methinks you are unfit  
For your great Lord's Embrace ;  
For tho' we all allow you Wit,  
We can't a handsome Face,  
Then where's the Pleasure, where's the Good,  
Of spending Time and Cost ?  
For if your Wit ben't understood,  
Your Keeper's Bliss is lost.

## SONG XC.

**W**HAT art thou, Love ! whence are those  
Charms !  
That thus thou bear'st an universal Rule ?  
For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,  
The King turns Slave, the wise Man Fool.  
In vain we chase thee from the Field,  
And with cool Thoughts resist thy Yoke ;  
Next Tide of Blood, alas ! we yield,  
And all those high Resolves are broke.  
In vain our Nature we accuse,  
And doat because she says we must :  
This for a Brute were an Excuse,  
Whose very Soul and Life is Lust.  
To get our Likeness, what is that ?  
Our Likeness is but Misery :  
Why should I toil to propagate  
Another thing as vile as I ?  
From Hands divine our Spirit came,  
And God that made us did inspire  
Something more noble in our Frame,  
Above the Dregs of earthly Fire.



## S O N G XCI.

**T**HE Danger is over, the Battle is past,  
The Nymph had her Fears, but she ven-  
tur'd at last:

She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,  
She smil'd at her Folly, and own'd she had won.

By her Eyes we discover the Bride has been  
pleas'd,

Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd ;  
She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down,  
She sighs, 'tis for Sorrow 'tis ended so soon.

Appear all ye Virgins, both aged and young,  
And you that have carry'd that Burthen too long,  
Who've lost precious Time, and you who are  
losing,

Betray'd by your Fears 'twixt doubting and chu-  
sing,

Draw near, and learn what will settle your Mind,  
You'll find your selves happy, when once you  
are kind ;

Do but wisely resolve the sweet Venture to run,  
The Loss will be little, and much to be won,

## S O N G XCII.

**W**ERE I to chuse the greatest Bliss  
That e'er in Love was known,  
'Twould be the highest of my Wish,  
T'enjoy her Heart alone !

Kings might possess their Kingdoms free,  
And crowns unenvy'd wear,

They should no Rival have of me,  
Might I reign Monarch there :

Hear *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Ais  
But whisper out my Love,  
And prove but half so kind as fair,  
My Sorrow you'll remove :

*Cynthia*, Oh! let us happy be,  
 Unite our Hearts in Love,  
 I'd change not such Felicity  
 For all the Joys above.

## S O N G X C I I I.

**T**HE wakeful Nightingale, that takes no Rest,  
 While *Cupid* warms his little Breast;  
 All Night how sweetly he complains,  
 And makes us fear that Love has Pains:  
 No, no, no, no, 'tis no such thing,  
 For Love that makes him wakeful, makes him  
 sing.

## S O N G X C I V.

**F**LY from *Olinda*, young and fair,  
 Fly from her soft engaging Air,  
 And Wit, in Woman found so rare:  
 Altho' her Looks to Love advise,  
 Her yet unconquer'd Heart denies,  
 And breaks the Promise of her Eyes.

## S O N G X C V.

**O**bserve the num'rous Stars which grace  
 The fair expanded Skies,  
 So many Charms has *Lesbia's* Face,  
 A thousand more her Eyes.

Whene'er the beauteous Maid appears,  
 We cannot but admire;  
 But when she speaks, she charms our Ears,  
 And set our Souls on fire.

What Pity 'tis, a Creature,  
 By Nature form'd so fair  
 Divine in ev'ry Feature,  
 Should give Mankind Despair.

She gazes all around her,  
And gains a thousands Hearts ;  
But *Cupid* cannot wound her,  
For she has all his Darts.

SONG XCVI.

**F**LA VIA's Eyes, like Fires suppress'd,  
More fiercely flame again,  
Nor can her Beauty be decreas'd,  
Or alter'd by her Pain.

Those various Charms which round her play,  
And do her Face adorn,  
Still as they ripen, fall away,  
Fresh Beauties still are born.

So doth it with the Lovers fare,  
Who do the Dame adore ;  
One Fit of Love, kill'd by Despair,  
Another rages more.

SONG XCVII.

**S**AY, lovely *Sylvia*, lew'd and fair,  
*Venus* in Face and Mind,  
Why must not I that Bounty share  
You pour on all Mankind ?

That Sun that shines promiscuously  
On Prince and Porter's Head,  
Why must it now leave only me  
To languish in the shade ?

In vain you cry, you'll sin no more,  
In vain you pray and fast ;  
You'll ne'er persuade us, 'till threescore,  
That *Sylvia* can be chaste.

When thus affectedly you cant,  
You're such a young Beginner,  
You make at best an aukward Saint,  
That are a charming Sinner.

## S O N G XCVIII.

**W**HILST the Town's brim full of Folly,  
 And runs gadding after Polly,  
 Let us take a chearful Glas;  
 Tell me, *Damon*, where's the Pleasure,  
 Of bestowing Time and Treasure,  
 For to make one's self an Ass?  
 I'm for Joys are less expensive,  
 Where the Pleasure's more extensive,  
 And from dull Attention free;  
 Where *my Calia* o'er a Bottle,  
 Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,  
 Sing old Songs as well as she.

## S O N G XCIX.

**F**reedom is a real Treasure,  
 Love a Dream, all false and vain;  
 Short, uncertain is the Pleasure,  
 Sure and lasting is the Pain.  
 A sincere and tender Passion  
 Some ill Planet over-rules;  
 Ah, how blind is Inclination!  
 Fate and Women doat on Fools.

## S O N G C.

**S**o num'rous *Flavia's* Charms appear .  
 As may her Form display  
 In all the Dresses of the Year,  
 And Beauties of the Day.  
 Calm and serene like *Spring*, her Air;  
 Like *Autumn*, soft her Mold;  
 Her Face, like *Summer*, blooming fair;  
 Her Heart, like *Winter*, cold.  
 Her Bosom, *Cynthia's* full orb'd Light;  
 Her Cheeks *Noon's* Rays adorn;  
 Her Tresses shew the falling *Night*;  
 Her Eyes, the rising *Morn*.

S O N G C I.

**T**O love and to languish,  
To sigh and complain,  
How killing's the Anguish,  
How tormenting the Pain!

Suing,  
Pursuing,  
Flying,  
Denying,

O the Curse of Disdain,  
How tormenting's the Pain!  
To love, &c.

S O N G C II.

**A**H! bright *Belinda*, hither fly,  
And such a Light discover,  
As may the absent Sun supply,  
And cheer the drooping Lover.

Aise, my Day, with Speed arise,  
And all my Sorrows banish;  
Before the Sun of thy bright Eyes  
All gloomy Terrors vanish.

No longer let me sigh in vain,  
And curse the hoarded Treasure:  
Why should you love to give us Pain,  
When you were made for Pleasure.

The petty Pow'rs of Hell destroy,  
To save's the Pride of Heaven;  
To you the first, if you prove coy,  
It kind, the last is given.

The Choice then sure's not hard to make  
Betwixt the Good and Evil;  
Which Title had you rather take,  
My Goddess, or my Devil?

## S O N G C H I.

**I** Burn, my Brain consumes to Ashes:  
 Each Eye-ball too like Lightning flashes,  
 Within my Breast there glows a solid Fire,  
 Which in a thousand Ages can't expire.

Blow the Winds, great Ruler blow;  
 Bring the *Po* and the *Ganges* hither,  
 'Tis sultry Weather.  
 Pour them all on my Soul,  
 It will hiss like a Coal,  
 But never be the cooler.

'Twas Pride hot as Hell  
 That first made me rebel;  
 From Love's awful Throne a curs'd Angel I fell:  
 And mourn now my Fate,  
 Which myself did create,  
 Fool, Fool, that consider'd not when I was well.

Adieu, transporting Joys;  
 Off, ye vain fantastick Toys,  
 That dress their Face and Body to allure.  
 Bring me Daggers, Poison, Fire,  
 Since Scorn is turn'd into Desire,  
 All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I,  
 endure.

## S O N G C I V.

**L** O V E, the Sweets of Love,  
 Are the Joys I must admire,  
 Kind and active Fire  
 Of a fierce Desire,  
 Indulge my Soul, compleat my Bliss:  
 But th'affected Coldness  
 Of *Calia* damps my Boldness;  
 I must bow,  
 Protest and vow,

And swear aloud,  
I wou'd be proud,  
When she with equal Ardour longs to kiss.

Bring a Bowl, then bring a jolly Bowl,  
I'll quench foud Love within it,  
With flowing Cups I'll raise my Soul,  
And here's to the happy Minute;  
For flush'd with brisk Wine,  
When she's panting and warm,  
And Nature, unguarded, lets loose her Mind,  
In the amorous Moment the Gypsie I'll find,  
Oblige her, and take her by Storm.

SONG CV.

SWAIN, thy hopeless Passion smother,  
Perjur'd *Calia* loves another;  
In his Arms I saw her lying,  
Panting kissing, trembling, dying;  
There the fair Deceiver swore,  
As she had done to you before.

Oh! said you, when she deceives me,  
When that constant Creature leaves me,  
*Isis'* Waters back shall fly,  
And leave their oozy Channels dry,  
Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore,  
For perjur'd *Calia* loves no more.

SONG CVI.

A Maxim this, amongst the Wise,  
That *Absence* cures a Love-sick Mind:  
And others who philosophize,  
Gravely pronounce, That *Love* is blind.  
Alas! too well do Lovers see,  
And separated best agree.



Banish me from *Belinda's* Sight,  
 Or the fond Maid far hence remove:  
 Our Bodies part, our Souls unite  
 The more we grieve, the more we love.  
 Believe the Youth you wrongly blame,  
 Absence adds Fuel to the Flame.

Between us burning Desarts place,  
 Or trackless Mountains hid in Snow:  
 Or let the wide unfathom'd Space  
 Of roaring Seas between us flow:  
 Place, or not place them, 'tis all one,  
 Empires have Bounds, but Love has none.

Secure us, if you can secure,  
 On distant Rocks, in Tow'rs of Brass:  
 When faithful Lovers must endure,  
 Sill most improv'd their Minutes pass.  
 Imprison her, imprison me,  
 In spite of Prisons, Thought is free.

Cease then your idle cruel Arts,  
 Recall your harsh Command:  
 A Destiny rules over Hearts,  
 And who can Destiny withstand?  
 In vain, alas! is human Skill:  
 Love will be Love, do what you will.

## SONG CVII.

ARCH Cupid gathering a Rose,  
 Awak'd a Bee from her Repose;  
 The Bee provok'd, his Finger gor'd,  
 He ran, and to his Mother roar'd.

Undone; ah, Mother! I'm undone,  
 By a small Serpent rudely stung:  
 A thing with Wings they call a Bee,  
 A naughty Bee has slain your Son:  
 See, see the Wound, O Mother, see.

The Goddess then embrac'd the Lad,  
She sooth'd his Pain, and smiling said:

*The Anguish from so small a Dart  
Is not like that which Lovers feel;  
Each Lover feels thy pointed Steel,  
Not in his Finger, but his Heart.*

## SONG CVIII.

**I**N vain by Parallels you strive  
Panthea's Eyes to praise;  
Perfection, which we can't conceive,  
It self alone displays.

Gaze on them only, if you'd know  
What dazling Rays they dart;  
But if what piercing Darts they throw,  
Then view my wounded Heart.

## SONG CIX.

**W**HEN love-sick Mars, the God of Wars,  
Sat fighting in a Shade,  
The willing, willing Goddess bath'd  
Those Wounds herself had made.

All Rapture he, all charming she,  
Gave Kifs for ev'ry Scar;  
Thus ravish'd he with the Deity,  
Swore Love was the nobler War.

Thus fighting he would for ever die,  
Melting in Calia's Arms,  
And pawn an Immortality  
For her diviner Charms.

## SONG CX.

**T**ELL me, Hamilla, tell me why,  
Thou do'st from him that loves thee run?  
Why from his soft Embraces fly,  
And all his kind Endearments shun?

So flies the Fawn with Fear oppress'd,  
 Seeking its Mother ev'ry where;  
 It starts at every empty Blast,  
 And trembles when no Danger's near.

And yet I keep thee but in View,  
 To gaze the Glories of thy Face;  
 Nor with a hateful Step pursue,  
 As Age, to rifle ev'ry Grace.

Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,  
 But haste all Rivals to out-shine,  
 And grown mature, and ripe for Joy,  
 Leave Mamma's Arms, and come to mine.

## S O N G CXI.

**I**F she be not kind as fair  
 But peevish and unhandy,  
 Leave her, she's only worth the Care  
 Of some spruce Jack-a-dandy.

I would not have thee such an Ass,  
 Had'st thou ne'er so much Leisure,  
 To sigh and whine for such a Lass  
 Who's Pride's above her Pleasure.

## S O N G CXII.

**S**OME hoist up Fortune to the Skies,  
 Others debase her to a Bubble:  
 I nor her Frowns nor Favours prize,  
 Nor think the Chang'ling worth my Trouble.

If at my Door she chance to light,  
 I civilly my Guest receive:  
 The Visit paid, I bid good Night;  
 Nor murmur when she takes her Leave.

Tho' prosp'rous Gales my Canvass crowd,  
 Tho' smooth the Waves, serene the Sky,  
 I trust not Calms, they Storms forebode,  
 And speak th' approaching Tempest nigh.

Then, *Virtue*, to the Helm repair  
 Thou, *Innocence*, shalt guide the Oar;  
 Now rage, ye Winds, Storms, rend the Air,  
 My Bark, thus mann'd, shall gain the Shore.

## SONG CXIII.

**P**Rithee Friend, leave off thy Thinking,  
 Cast thy Cares and Love away;  
 'Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,  
 Do not, do not then delay;  
*Bacchus* cares not for thy Will,  
 But will have us drinking still.

Do but view this Glass of Claret,  
 How invitingly it looks;  
 Drink it quickly, or you'll marr it.  
 Pox of Fighting, or of Books:  
 Let us have good Store of Wine,  
 Hang him then that does repine.

Call the Drawer, bid him fill it,  
 As full as ever it can hold:  
 O take heed you do not spill it,  
 'Tis more precious far than Gold;  
 Let us drink, and then 'twill prove,  
 Drink is better Sport than Love.

## SONG CXIV.

**C**OME follow, follow me,  
 Ye Fairy Elves that be,  
 Light tripping o'er the Green;  
 Come follow *Mab* your Queen:  
 Hand in Hand we'll dance around,  
 For this Place is Fairy Ground.

When Mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their Nest;

Unheard and unesp'y'd,  
Thro' Key holes we glide,  
Over Tables, Stools and Shelves,  
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the House be foul,  
With Platter, Dish, or Bowl,  
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the Sluts asleep;  
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs:  
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the House be swept,  
And from Uncleaness kept,  
We praise the Household Maid,  
And surely she is paid:  
Every Night before we go,  
We drop a Tester in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Mushroom's Head  
Our Table-cloath we spread,  
A Grain of Rye or Wheat  
The Diet that we eat;  
Pearl Drops of Dew we drink,  
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,  
With unctuous Fat of Snails,  
Between two Cockles stew'd,  
Is Meat that's eas'ly chew'd,  
And Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,  
Do make a Feast that's wondrous nice.

The Grasshopper, Gnat and Fly,  
Serve for our Mintirelsey;  
Grace said, we dance awhile,  
And so the Time beguile;  
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,  
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.



O'er Tops of dewy Grass  
 So nimbly we do pass,  
 The young and tender Stalk  
 Ne'er bends where we do walk;  
 Yet in the Morning may be seen  
 Where we the Night before have been.

## SONG CXV.

**A**S *Calia* in her Garden stray'd,  
 Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,  
 A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,  
 And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,  
 To taste the tempting Bloom;  
 But, with a Thousand Sweets in View,  
 It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd  
 The daring little Thing,  
 But first the snowy Arm receiv'd,  
 And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting surprise,  
 Once be injurious found:  
 Not so the Darts of *Calia's* Eyes,  
 They never cease to wound.

Oh! wou'd the short-liv'd burning Smart  
 The Nymph to Pity move,  
 And teach her to regard the Heart  
 She fires with endless Love!

## SONG CXVI.

**G**ENTLE Zephyrs, silent Glades,  
 Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,  
 Senses pleating,  
 Pains appeasing,  
 Love: each tender Breast invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,  
 Here the warbling Choirists sing;  
     Love inspiring,  
     All desiring  
 To adorn the infant Spring.  
 Here behold the am'rous Swains,  
 Free from Anguish, free from Pains;  
     Nymphs complying,  
     Cares defying,  
 Venus smiling glads the Plains.  
 Let us not, too charming Fair,  
 Be the only hapless Pair:  
     O relieve me!  
     Cease to grieve me;  
 Ease your anxious Lover's Care.  
 Kindly here indulge my Love;  
 'Tis, my Dear, no tattling Grove,  
     Not revealing,  
     But concealing;  
 All to Love propitious prove.  
 In thy Air and charming Face  
 Dwells an irresistible Grace,  
     Ever charming,  
     Love alarming,  
 To pursue the blissful Chase.  
 Let me touch this panting Breast;  
 Here for ever let me rest,  
     Bliss enjoying,  
     Never cloying,  
 Ever loving, ever blest.

## SONG CXVII.

YE Sons of the Platter, give Ear,  
     *Venter habet Aures*, they say,  
 The Praise of good Eating to hear,  
 You'll never be out of the Way,



*But with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,*

*Stand ready to cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean,  
Thro' Fat and thro' Lean;*

*Stand ready to cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean.*

The Science of Eating is old,

Its Antiquity no Man can doubt :

Tho' Adam was squeamish, we're told,

Ever soon found a dainty Bit out.

*Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,*

*Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*

Thro' the World from the West to the East,

Whether City or Country, or Court,

There's none, whether Layman or Priest,

But with Pleasure confesses the Sport ;

*When with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,*

*Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*

At fair London the chief Magistrate,

From a Sermon at holy St. Paul,

Strait rides in a great Coach of State

To a Dinner at Fishmongers Hall ;

*Where with Knife sharp as Razor, and Stomach as keen,*

*His Passage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*

There come Aldermen wrapt up in Fur,

And Sword-bearer too at that Call ;

Or how were he able to bear

The Sword—and the Scabbard all ?

*There with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,*

*Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean,  
&c.*

Common Council, and Livery-Men,  
 The Rulers of every Street,  
 There come to cut and come again ;  
 A Magistrate lives but to eat.  
*Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs  
 as keen,*  
*Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*

At the Sound of the good College-Bell,  
 On a Gawday the Doctors descend,  
 With a Grace all in Latin, to tell  
 The Founder to Eating a Friend.  
*Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs  
 as keen,*  
*Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*

At the Horn's most untuneable Notes  
 The Judges replenish their Maw,  
 And with Napkins tuck'd up to their Throats,  
 Shew good Eating's according to Law.  
*Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs  
 as keen,*  
*Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*

At the Knock at the Buttery-Hatch,  
 The rosy-gill'd Chaplain comes down ;  
 And my Lord himself makes such Dispatch,  
 That his Gout at that Sound is quite flown.  
*Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs  
 as keen,*  
*Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*

Neither Horns, neither Knockers, nor Bells  
 Hath the Plowman to give him his Cue :  
 His Stomach his Dinner-time tells,  
 And he whets his Case-Knife on his Shoe ;  
*Then with Edge sharp as Razor, and Stomach as  
 keen,*  
*His Passage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*

The Squire makes the Chace all his Care,  
 O'er Hills and thro' Valleys his Course;  
 And after a Whet of fresh Air,  
 He as hungry returns, as his Horse;  
*Then with Knife sharp as Razor, and Stomach as  
 keen,*  
*His Passage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*  
 Here the Doctor, the Lawyer, Divine,  
 The Courtier, the Tradesman, all meet:  
 Their Care and their Toil is to Dine;  
 — 'Tis all—to be able to Eat;  
*Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs  
 as keen,*  
*Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.*  
 A Feast is an Emblem of Life,  
 Where no sooner we taste, but we're gone;  
 Few can say, I have play'd a good Knife,  
 Few or None, Life's so short, Few or None.  
*Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs  
 as keen,*  
*Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean;*  
*Thro' Fat and thro' Lean,*  
*Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean.*

## SONG CXVIII.

WHO wou'd not gaze away his Heart  
 On Mariana's Eyes,  
 Did not her high and just Disdain  
 The bold Delight chastise?  
 Mirth and Joy she spreads around,  
 Like the Sun's chearful Light,  
 When his returning Beams destroy  
 The Empire of the Night.  
 Her Beauty with Amazement strikes,  
 (If with no more) the old;  
 Her Virtue tempers with Despair  
 The youthful and the bold.

Her Goodness so disarms her Wit  
Of the offensive part,  
Whilst others only charm the Ear,  
She steals the very Heart.

Let us no more defame the Fair,  
But learn to praise again ;  
Bright *Mariana's* Worth demands  
A new and nobler Strain.

So to the feather'd Kind the Spring  
Restores their wonted Voice ;  
On ev'ry Bough they sit and sing,  
And court their new-made Choice.

## S O N G CXIX.

C O M E Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs, and  
Musicians,  
Away, and in Troops to the *Jubilee* jog ;  
Leave Discord and Death to the College-Physicians,

Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the Impotent  
flog :  
Already *Rome* opens her Arms to receive ye,  
And of ev'ry Transgression her Lord will forgive  
ye.

Indulgences, Pardons, and such holy Lumber '  
As cheap are there now as our Cabbages grown ;  
Whilst musty old Relicks of Saints without Number,

For barely the looking upon shall be shown :  
These, were you an Atheist, wou'd needs overcome ye,  
That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards  
Mummy.

They'll shew ye the River so sung by the Poet,  
With the Rock from whence Mortals were  
knock'd on the Head :

They'll shew ye the Place too, as some will avow  
it,

Where once a She-Pope was brought fairly to  
Bed:

For which, ever since, to prevent Interloping,  
In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groping.

What a Sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accouter'd  
With Mitre and Cope, and two Keys by his Side.

Be his Inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his out-  
ward

Shew *Servus Servorum* no Hater of Pride.

Those Keys into Heaven will as surely admit ye,  
As the Clerk's of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

What a Sight 'tisto see the Old Man in Procession,  
Thro' *Rome*, in such Pomp as her *Cæsars* did  
ride!

Here scatt'ring her Pardons, there crossing and  
blessing,

With all his shav'd spiritual Train-band by his  
Side,

As Confessors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacons,  
From rev'rend Arch-bishops, to rolie Arch-dea-  
cons.

There, for your Diversion, the more to regale ye,  
Fine Musick you'll hear, and high dancing  
you'll see;

Men who much shall out-warble your am'rous  
*Fideli*,

And make you meer Fools of *Balloon* and  
*L'Aibee*:

And to shew you how fond they're to kiss *Vestras*  
*Manus*,

Each *Padre* turns Pimp, and all Nuns *Courtez a-*  
*na's*.

And when you've some Months at old *Babylon*  
been-a,

And on Panders and Punks all your Rhino is  
spent;

And when you've seen all that's there to be seen-a,  
 You'll return, not so rich, tho' as wise as you  
 went:  
 And 'twill be but small Comfort, after so much  
 Expence-a,  
 That your He<sup>rs</sup> will do so just a Hundred Years  
 hence-a.

## SONG CXX.

ON the Brow of *Richmond Hill*,  
 Which *Europe* scarce can parallel,  
 Every Eye such Wonders fill,  
 To view the Prospect round;  
 Where the silver *Thames* does glide,  
 And stately Courts are edify'd,  
 Meadows deck'd in Summer's Pride,  
 With verdant Beauties crown'd.

Lovely *Cynthia* passing by,  
 With brighter Glories blest my Eye;  
 Ah! then in vain, in vain, said I,  
 The Fields and Flow'rs do shine;  
 Nature in this charming Place  
 Created Pleasure in Excess;  
 But all are poor to *Cynthia's* Face,  
 Whose Features are divine.

## SONG CXXI.

STILL *Chloe*, ply thy courtly Art,  
 Touch and retouch thy Face,  
 Till the cosmetick Pow'rs impart  
 A Bloom to ev'ry Grace.

What tho' the home-bred Country Maid  
 To modest Rules a Slave,  
 Disdains all Use of White and Red,  
 But what plain Nature gave;

Yet if to vie with thee she dare,  
 Whoe'er the Umpire be,  
 He must be blind, or must refer,  
 The Palm entire to thee.

For whilst her aukward Cheeks display  
 Pale Rage, or blushing Shame,  
 No Change thy steady Looks betray,  
 They always shine the same.

## S O N G CXXII.

**W** Inter thy Cruelty extend,  
 Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea,  
 In vain let sinking Pilots pray;  
 Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend:  
 Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,  
 Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow!

Yet we, unmov'd, will sit and smile,  
 While you these lesser ills create,  
 These we can bear! but gentle Fate,  
 And thou blest Genius of our Isle,  
 From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,  
 At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

May that celestial Sound each Day  
 With Extasy transport our Souls,  
 Whilst all our Passions it controuls,  
 And kindly drives our Care away;  
 Let no ungentle Cold destroy  
 All Taste we have of heav'nly Joy.

## S O N G CXXIII.

**F**ROM *White's* and *Will's*  
 To purling Rills  
 The love-sick *Strepson* flies;  
 There full of Woe,  
 His Numbers flow,  
 And all in Rhyme he dies.



The fair Coquet,  
 With feign'd Regret,  
 Invites him back to Town,  
 But when in Tears  
 The Youth appears,  
 She meets him with a Frown.  
 Full oft the Maid  
 This Prank had play'd,  
 'Till angry *Strophon* swore,  
 And what is strange,  
 Tho' loath to change,  
 Wou'd never see her more.

## SONG CXXIV.

**I**N vain you tell your parting Lover  
 You wish fair Winds may waft him over;  
 Alas! what Winds can happy prove  
 That bear me far from what I love?  
 Alas! what Dangers on the Main  
 Can equal those that I sustain,  
 From slighted Vows and cold Disdain?  
 Be gentle, and in Pity chuse  
 To wish the wildest Tempest loose,  
 That, thrown again upon the Coast  
 Where first my shipwreck'd Heart was lost,  
 I may once more repeat my Pain,  
 Once more in dying Notes complain  
 Of slighted Vows and cold Disdain.

## SONG CXXV.

**W**HY cruel Creature, why so bent  
 To vex a tender Heart?  
 To Gold and Title you relent,  
 Love throws in vain his Dart.  
 Let glit'ring Fools in Courts be great,  
 For Pay let Armies move;  
 Beauty shou'd have no other Bait  
 But gentle Vows and Love.

If on those endless Charms you lay  
The Value that's their Due,  
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,  
A Thousand Worlds too few.

But if a Passion without Vice,  
Without Disguise or Art,  
Ah *Calia*! if true Love's your Pride,  
Behold it in my Heart.

S O N G CXXVI.

SOME liken Man to brittle Glass,  
Some to a burning Taper,  
To Garden Flow'rs, or Meadow Grass,  
Or to a rising Vapour.

But doubtless Beer in Barrel tunn'd,  
Or close in Bottle pent,  
Does human Life thro' all its Round  
Most clearly represent.

The Infant Drink will driv'ling dose,  
And cry like Child in Cradle;  
You must let neither lie too loose,  
Nor yet too closely swaddle.

New Ale, we know, is full of Wind,  
Wanting due Time to stale it,  
The Dregs, not yet by Age refin'd,  
Are nauseous to the Palate.

Fresh Hopps sometimes our Art employs,  
To rectify the Liquor;  
And who believes, but that the Boy's  
Correction is a Bitter?

At length, improv'd by rip'ning Age,  
Both Man and Beer grow bright;  
To Conversation they engage,  
And ev'ry Friend delight.

But if the Cork be naught in one,  
 And weak the Head in t'other;  
 The Liquor's flat, and Duncce the Man,  
 And neither can recover.

## SONG CXXVII.

**B**Ehold I fly on Wings of soft Desire,  
 Whilst gentle Zephyrs waft me on;  
 Eager as when a Bridegroom all on Fire,  
 Longs from the Company to be gone:  
 She blushing flies the Pleasure,  
 He rushing grasps his Treasure,  
 'Till with mutual Tenderneſs each other they  
 warm:  
 Since *Phœbe's* my Guide,  
 And Love does preſide,  
 Each Monarch, tho' great,  
 Wou'd envy my State,  
 For ſhe, ſhe alone has the Power to charm.

## SONG CXXVIII.

**S**TELLA and *Flavia* ev'ry Hour  
 Do various Hearts ſurprize:  
 In *Stella's* Soul lies all her Pow'r,  
 And *Flavia's* in her Eyes.  
 More boundleſs *Flavia's* Conqueſts are,  
 And *Stella's* more confin'd;  
 All can diſcern a Face that's fair,  
 But few a lovely Mind.  
*Stella* like *Britain's* Monarch reigns  
 O'er cultivated Lands;  
 Like *Eastern Tyrants*, *Flavia* deigns  
 To rule o'er barren Sands.  
 Then boaſt, fair *Flavia*, boaſt thy Face  
 Thy Beauty's only Store;  
 Thy Charms will ev'ry Day decreaſe,  
 Each Day gives *Stella* more.

S O N G. CXXIX.

**B**Y the Mole on your Bubbies, so round and  
so white,  
By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms  
would unite:

By whatever Mole else you have got out of  
Sight;

*I beseech thee to bear me, dear Molly.*

By the Kifs just a starting from off your moist  
Lips,

By the delicate up-and-down Jutt of your Hips,

By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues

*I beseech, &c.* [far out-tips;

By the Down on your Bosom, on which my  
Soul dies,

By the Things of all things, which you love as  
your Eyes,

By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those  
when you rise;

*I beseech, &c.*

By all the soft Pleasures a Virgin can share,

By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,

By the Question I burn for to ask, but don't

*I beseech thee to bear me, dear Molly. [dare:*

S O N G CXXX.

**W**HAT care I for Affairs of State?

Or who is rich, or who is great,

How far abroad th' Ambitious roam,

To bring or Gold or Silver Home?

What is't to me, if *France* or *Spain*

Consent to Peace, or War maintain?

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,

And wish all well at *Gibraltar*;

But mind a Cardinal no more

Than any other scarlet Whore:

Grant me, ye Pow'rs but Health and Rest,  
And let who will the World contest.

Near some smooth Stream, oh, let me keep  
My Liberty, and feed my Sheep;  
A shady Walk well lin'd with Trees,  
A Garden, with a Range of Bees;  
An Orchard which good Apples bears,  
Where Spring along green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are severe,  
Good Barley-Land to make good Beer;  
With Entertainment for a Friend,  
To spend in Peace my latter End;  
In honest Ease and home-spun Grey,  
And let the Evening crown the Day.

## S O N G CXXXI.

**I** Am a Jolly Toper,  
I am a ragged *Soph*,  
Known by the Pimples in my Face,  
With taking Bumpers off,  
*And a toping we will go, &c.*

Come let's sit down together,  
And take our Fill of Beer,  
Away with all Disputes,  
For we'll have no wrangling here,  
*And a toping, &c.*

With Clouds of Tobacco  
We'll make our Noddies clear,  
We'll be as great as Princes  
When our Heads are full of Beer,  
*And a toping, &c.*

With Jugs, Mugs, and Pitchers,  
And Bellarmine of Stale,  
Dash'd lightly with a little,  
A very little Ale,  
*And a toping, &c.*

A Fig for the *Spaniards*,  
And for the King of *France*;  
Kind Heav'n preserve our Juggs and Muggs,  
And Q——n from all Mischance,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Against the *Presbyterians*  
Pray give me leave to rail,  
Who ne'er had thirsted for Kings Blood,  
Had they been drunk with Stale,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Against the Low-Church Saints,  
Who sily play their Parts,  
Who rail at the Dissenters,  
Yet love 'em in their Hearts,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Here's a Health to the Queen,  
Let's Bumpers take in Hand,  
And may Prince G——'s Roger  
Grow stiff again and stand,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Oh! how we tofs about  
The never-failing Cann,  
We drink and pifs, and pifs and drink,  
And drink to pifs again,  
*And a toping, &c.*

O that my Belly  
It were a Tun of Stale,  
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap  
To run when I did call,  
*And a toping, &c.*

Of all sorts of Topers,  
A *Soph* is far the best;  
'Till he can neither go nor stand,  
By *Jove*, he's ne'er at rest,  
*And a toping, &c.*

We fear no Wind or Weather,  
 When good Liquor dwells within,  
 And since a *Soph* does live so well,  
 Then who would be a King?  
*And a toping, &c.*

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys,  
 And reel into our Tombs,  
 That jollier *Sophs* (if such there be)  
 May march into our Rooms,  
*And a toping, &c.*

## SONG CXXXII.

**T**R O Y had a Breed of brave stout Men,  
 Yet *Greece* made shift to rout her,  
 Cause each Man drank as much as Ten,  
 And thence grew ten times stouter:  
 Tho' *Hector* was a *Trojan* true  
 As ever pist 'gainst Wall, Sir,  
*A—chilles* bang'd him black and blue,  
 For he drank more than all, Sir.

Let *Bacchus* be our God of War,  
 We shall fear nothing then, Boys;  
 We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,  
 And if they wake not conquered,  
 We'll drink 'em dead again, Boys:  
 Nor were the *Grecians* only fam'd  
 For Drinking and for Fighting:  
 For he that drank, and wan't asham'd,  
 Was ne'er asham'd o's Writing.

He that will be a Soldier then,  
 Or Wit, must drink good Liquor,  
 It makes base Cowards fight like Men,  
 And roving Thoughts fly quicker:  
 Let *Bacchus* be both God of War,



And God of Wit, and then, Boys;  
We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,  
And if the Sun set with his Light,  
We'll drink him up again, Boys.

## S O N G CXXXIII.

**C** R O W N your Bowls,  
Loyal Souls,  
*Cæsar* to his home returns;  
From the Shore  
Cannons roar,  
*England* smiles, and *Holland* mourns.  
Malecontents in Mischief failing,  
Changing Notes, now leave of railing;  
Now the Vipers hide their Stings.  
Fill, fill then high,  
Proclaim your Joy,  
And now in a Chorus sing,  
Welcome, best of Kings:  
Noble Boy, here's to thee,  
Look on my Glass and me,  
Here's the Way  
We this happy Day  
Make as fam'd as the *Jubilee*.

## S O N G CXXXIV.

**B** A C C H U S one Day gayly striding  
On his never-failing Tun,  
Sneaking empty Pots deriding,  
Thus address'd each toping Son:  
Praise the Joys that never vary,  
And adore the liquid Shrine;  
All things noble, gay and airy,  
Are perform'd by gen'rous Wine.  
Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,  
Owe their noble Rise to me;  
Poets wrote the flaming Story,  
Fir'd by my Divinity:

If my Influence is wanting,  
 Musick's Charms but slowly move;  
 Beauty too in vain lies panting,  
 'Till I fill the Swain with Love.

If you crown the lasting Pleasure,  
 Mortals this way bend your Eyes;  
 From my ever-flowing Treasure  
 Charming Scenes of Bliss arise.  
 Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,  
 Sole Dispeller of your Pain,  
 Gloomy Souls from Care releasing:  
 He who drinks not, lives in vain.

SONG CXXXV. *Ye Commons and  
 Peers.*

**F**ROM good Liquor ne'er shrink,  
 In Friendship we'll drink,  
 And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow:  
 Let us husband to Day,  
 For Time flies swift away,  
 And no one's assur'd of to morrow.

Of all the gay Sages  
 That grac'd the past Ages,  
 Dad *Noah* the most did excel;  
 He first planted the Vine,  
 First tasted the Wine,  
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.

Say, why should not we  
 Get as bosky as he,  
 Since here's Liquor as well will inspire?  
 Then fill up my Glass,  
 I'll see that it pass  
 To the *Manes* of that good old Sir.

## SONG CXXXVI.

**H**ERE all People and Sports,  
 Of all Sizes and Sorts,  
 Coach'd *Damsel* and *Squire*,  
 And *Mob* in the *Mire*,  
*Tarpaulins*, *Trugmallions*,  
 Lords, Ladies, Sows Babies,  
 And *Loobies* in Scores;  
 Some hawling, some bawling,  
 Some leering, some fleeing,  
 Some loving, some shoving,  
 With Legions of furbelow'd *Whores*.

To the Tavern some go,  
 And some to the Show,  
 See Poppets and Moppets,  
 Jack-Puddens for Cuddens,  
 Rope-dancing, Mares prancing,  
 Boats flying, *Quacks* lying,  
 Pick-Pockets, Pick-Plackets,  
 Beast, *Butchers* and *Beans* :  
*Fops* prattling, *Dice* rattling,  
*Rooks* shamming, *Putts* damning,  
*Whores* painted, *Masks* tainted  
 In Tally-mens furbelow'd Clothes.

The Mobs Joys wou'd you know,  
 To yon Musick-House go,  
 See *Taylors* and *Sailors*,  
*Whores*, *Molly* and *Dolly*,  
 Hear Musick makes you sick ;  
 Some skipping, some tripping,  
 Some smoking, some joking,  
 Like Spigget and Tap ;  
 Short Measure, strange Pleasure,  
 Thus swilling and billing,  
 Some yearly get fairly  
 For Fairings, Pig, Pork, and a Clap.

## SONG CXXXVII.

**W**ould you have a young Virgin of Fifteen  
Years,

You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears,  
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly

Sing a Love-Sonnet, and charm her Ears ;

Wittily, prettily talk her down,

Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown ;

Sooth her, and smooth her,

And tease her, and please her,

And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man,

With a Front of Assurance come boldly on ;

Be at her each Moment, and briskly, briskly

Put her in Mind how her Time iteals on ;

Rattle, and prattle, altho' she frown,

Rouze her, and touze her from Morn to Noon,

And shew her some Hour

You'll answer her Dow'r,

And get but her Writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,

That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,

You must rail at her Kceper, and tell her, tell her,

That Pleasure's best Charm is Variety :

Swear her much fairer than all the Town,

Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone,

Dog her, and jog her,

And meet her and treat her,

And kiss with a Guinea, and all's your own.

## SONG CXXXVIII.

*He.* **O**f all Comforts I miscarry'd,  
When I play'd the Sot and marry'd ;  
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,  
Those that are in would fain get out on't.

*She.* Fie! my Dear, pray come to Bed,  
That Napkin take and bind your Head,  
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,  
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

*He.* Oons! 'tis all one, if I'm up or lie down,  
For as soon as the Cock crows I'll be gone.

*She.* 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me,  
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

*He.* From your Arms my self divorcing,  
I this Morn must ride a coursing,  
A Sport that far excels a Madam,  
Or all the Wives have been since *Adam*.

*She.* I, when thus I've lost my Due,  
Must hug my Pillow, wanting you;  
And whilst you tope it all the Day,  
Regale in Cups of harmless Tea.

*He.* Poz, what care I? drink your S'tops till you  
die,  
Yonder's Brandy will keep me a Month from  
home.

*She.* If thus parted, I'm broken hearted;  
When I, when I send for you, my Dear, pray  
come.

*He.* Ere I'll be from Rambling hinder'd,  
I'll renounce my Spouse and Kindred;  
To be sober I've no Leisure,  
What's a Man without his Pleasure;

*She.* To my Grief then I must see,  
Strong Wine and *Nantz* my Rivals be;  
Whilst you carouse it with your Blades,  
Poor I sit stitching with my Maids.

*He.* Oons! you may go to your Gossips you  
know,  
And there, if you meet with a Friend, pray do.

*She.* Go, you Joker, go, Provoker,  
Never, never shall I meet a Man like you.

## SONG CXXXIX.

**T**H O' cruel you seem to my Pain,  
And hate me because I am true;  
Yet, *Phyllis*, you love a false Swain,  
Who has other Nymphs in his View:  
Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,  
To me what a Heav'n it would be;  
To him but a Woman you seem,  
But ah! you're an Angel to me.

Those Lips which he touches in Haste,  
To them I for ever could grow,  
Still clinging around that dear Waist,  
Which he spans as beside him you go;  
That Arm, like a Lily so white,  
Which over his Shoulders you lay,  
My Bosom could warm it all Night,  
My Lips they would press it all Day.

Were I like a Monarch to reign,  
The Graces my Subjects to be,  
I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,  
To dwell in a Cottage with thee:  
But if I must feel thy Disdain,  
If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,  
O! let me not live in this Pain,  
But give me my Death in a Frown.

## SONG CXL.

**T**H E R E was and a Swain full fair,  
Was tripping it over the Grass;  
And there he spy'd with her Nut-brown Hair,  
A pretty tight Country Lass:  
Fair Damsel, says he,  
With an Air brisk and free,

Come, let us each other know:  
 She blush'd in his Face,  
 And reply'd with a Grace,  
 Pray forbear, Sir; No, no, no, no, &c.

The Lad being bolder grown,  
 Endeavour'd to steal a kiss;  
 She cry'd, pish——let me alone,  
 But held up her Nose for the Bliss:  
 And when he begun,  
 She would never have done,  
 But into his Lips she did grow;  
 Near smother'd to Death  
 As soon as she'd Breath,  
 She stammer'd out, No, no, no, no, &c.

Come, come, says he, pretty Maid,  
 Let's walk to yon private Grove;  
*Cupid* always delights in the cooling Shade,  
 There I'll read thee a Lesson of Love:  
 She mends her Pace,  
 And hastes to the Place;  
 But if her Lecture you'd know,  
 Let a bashful young Muse  
 Plead the Maiden Excuse,  
 And answer you, No, no, no, no, &c.

SONG CXLI.

**A**mongst the Willows on the Grass,  
 Where Nymphs and Shepherds lie,  
 Young *Willy* courted bonny *Bess*,  
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by:  
 Says *Will*, we will not tarry  
 Two Months before we marry.  
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,  
 For a Maid I'll live and die.  
 Says *Nell*, So shall not I,  
 Says *Nell*, &c.



Long time betwixt Hope and Despair,  
 And Kisses mixt between,  
 He with a Song did charm her Ear,  
 Thinking she chang'd had been ;  
 Says *Will*, I want a Blessing,  
 Substantialler than Kissing.  
 No, no, fie no, never never tell me so,  
 For I'll never change my Mind:  
 Says *Nell*, *She'll prove more kind*,  
 Says *Nell*, &c.

Smart Pain the Virgin finds,  
 Altho' by Nature taught,  
 When she first to Man inclines :  
*Quoth Nell*, I'll venture that.  
 Oh! who wou'd lose a Treasure,  
 For such a puny Pleasure?  
 Not I, not I, no, a Maid I'll live and die,  
 And to my Vow be true,  
*Quoth Nell*, *The more Fool you*,  
*Quoth Nell*, &c.

To my Closet I'll repair,  
 And read on godly Books,  
 Forget vain Love, and worldly Care.  
*Quoth Nell*, *That likely looks!*  
 You Men are all perfidious,  
 But I will be religious,  
 Try all, fly all, and while I breathe, defy all,  
 Your Sex I now despise.  
 Says *Nell*, *By Jove, she lies*,  
 Says *Nell*, &c.

## SONG CXLII.

JOY to great *Cesar*,  
 Long Life, Love, and Pleasure,  
 'Tis a Health that divine is,  
 Fill your Glass full as mine is:

Let none fear a Fever,  
But take it off thus Boys.  
Let the King live for ever,  
'Tis no Matter for us Boys.  
Try all the Loyal,  
Defy all, give Denial,  
Sure none thinks his Glass too big here,  
Nor any Prig here,  
Or sneaking *Whig* here  
Of Cripple *Tony's* Crew,  
That now looks blue,  
His Heart akes too,  
The Tap won't do,  
His Zeal so true,  
And Projects new,  
Ill Fate does now pursue.

Let *Tories* guard the King,  
Let *Whigs* in Halter swing,  
Let *Pilk* and *Shute* be shammi'd,  
Let bugg'ring *Oates* be damni'd.  
Let cheating *Play'rs* be nick'd,  
The Turn-coat *Scribe* be kick'd,  
Let Rebel City *Dons*  
Ne'er beget their Sons,  
Let every *Whiggish* Peer  
That rapes a Lady fair,  
And leaves his only Dear  
The Sheets to gnaw and tear,  
Be punish'd out of Hand,  
And forc'd to pawn his Land,  
T' attone the grand Affair.  
Great *Charles*, like *Jehovah*,  
Spares Foes would unking him,  
And warms with his Graces  
The *Vipers* that sting him.

'Till crown'd with just Anger  
 The Rebel he seizes,  
 Thus Heaven can thunder  
 Whenever it pleases.

Then to the Duke fill fill up the Glass,  
 The Son of our Martyr, belov'd of the King,  
 Envy'd and lov'd,  
 Yet bless'd from above,  
 Secur'd by an Angel safe under his Wing.  
 Faction and Folly,  
 And State Melancholy,  
 With *Tony* in *Whigland* for ever shall dwell.  
 Let Wit, Wine, and Beauty  
 Then teach us our Duty,  
 For none e'er can love, or be wise and rebel.

## SONG CXLIII.

**B**USY, curious, thirsty Fly,  
 Drink with me, and drink as I.  
 Freely welcome to my Cup,  
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up:  
 Make the most of Life you may,  
 Life is short, and wears away,  
 Life is, &c.

Both alike are, mine and thine  
 Hasten quick to their Decline.  
 Thine's a Summer, mine no more,  
 Tho' repeated to Threescore;  
 Threescore Summers, when they 're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one,  
 Will appear, &c.

## SONG CXLIV.

**L**ET us revel and roar,  
 Let us revel roar,  
 Brisk Wine is our Store,

And the Gods too will club to our Pleasure:  
When we wallow all Night  
In an unknown Delight,  
*Aurora* discovers our Treasure.

Thus we're free from all Care,  
Thus we're free from all Care,  
From Taxes and War;  
Nay, we know not the Name of dull Sorrow:  
Ev'ry Purse is our Prey,  
Which we spend in one Day,  
And the Devil take care for To-morrow.

Let us never repine,  
Let us never repine,  
Brisk Women and Wine  
Make the Eyes of our Love to run over:  
Leave the *How* and the *What*  
To the Politick Sot,  
And the *When* to the Fool of a Lover.

## S O N G CXLV.

**W**INE, Wine in a Morning,  
Makes us frolick and gay,  
That like Eagles we soar  
In the Pride of the Day,  
Gouty Sots of the Night  
Only find a Decay.

'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape,  
And to drinking gives Light;  
We imitate him,  
When by Noon we're at height;  
They steal Wine, who take it,  
When he's out of Sight.

Boy, fill all the Glasses,  
Fill them up now he shines,

The higher he rises,  
 The more he refines ;  
 For Wine and Wit fall,  
 As their Maker declines.

## S O N G CXLVI.

**N**OW the hungry Lions roar,  
 And howling Wolves behold the Moon ;  
 Now the heavy Ploughmen snore,  
 After daily Labour's done.  
*Trip it, trip it, trip it, softly round,*  
*Ever sacred be this Ground.*

Now the Brands of Fire do glow,  
 Whilst the Screech-Owl, screeching loud,  
 Puts the Wretch that lies in Woe,  
 In remembrance of a Shroud.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Now it is the Time of Night,  
 That the Graves are gaping wide,  
 Ev'ry one lets forth his Spright,  
 In the Church-way Paths to guide.  
*Trip it, &c.*

And we Fairies that do run,  
 By the triple *Hecate's* Team,  
 From the Presence of the Sun,  
 Following Darkness like a Dream.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Tho' we frolick, let no Mouse,  
 Or boding Bird, or Beast of Prey,  
 Disturb the Quiet of this House,  
 But downy Sleep bring on the Day.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Weaving Spiders come not here,  
 Spotted Snakes do no Offence:

Beetles black, approach not here ;  
 Worm, and Snail, be far from hence.  
*Trip it, &c.*

By the dead and drowfy Fire,  
 Ev'ry Elf and fairy Spright,  
 Hop, as little Bird from Bry'r,  
 Nimbly, nimbly, and as light.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Now join all your warbling Notes  
 In Chorus of sweet Harmony,  
 Strain aloud your fairy Throats,  
 Sing and dance it trippingly.  
*Trip it, &c.*

Hand in Hand, with fairy Grace  
 We will sing, and bless this Place,  
 May Plenty, Pastime, and sweet Peace,  
 Daily in this House increase.  
*Trip it, trip it, trip it softly round  
 Ever sacred be this Ground.*

## SONG CXLVII.

**A** Very pretty Fancy, a brave gallante Show ;  
 A very pretty Fancy, a brave gallante Show ;  
 E juste come from France, a very pretty Fancy,  
 E just come from France, *toute nouzau.*

De first ting be de true Picture of de great mag-  
 nificent City of Londre,  
 Dat fill every Part of de World wid Surprise,  
 Pleasure, and Wonder,  
 Here de cunning French, de wise Italian, and Spa-  
 niard runne,  
 And vere can dey go else, morbleu, to get quar-  
 ter of de Money.

And for de diversions, dat make a de Pleasure for  
dis great Town,

Dey be so many, so fine, so pleasant, so cheap  
as never was known ;

Here be de *Hay-Market*, vere de *Italian Opera*  
do sweetly sound,

Dat cost a de brave Gentry no more as two hun-  
dred thousand Pound.

Here be de famous Comediens of de World, de  
troupe *Italien*,

Dat make a de poor *English* weep, because dey vil  
troupe home agen ;

De toder Place be *Mademoiselle Violante* shew a  
thousand trick,

She jump upon de rope ten storie and never break  
her Neck.

Here be de wise Managers shew all de wisdom of  
deir brain,

Dat make a de fine ting of *Wagner & Abericock*  
in *Drury Lane*,

See how dey turn about, for deir own Diversion,  
in the Flying Chair,

So prodigious Entertainment vil never be dis  
thousand Year.

### S O N G CXLVIII.

**S** A Y, good Master *Bacchus*, astride on your  
Butt,

Since our *Champagne's* gone, and our *Claret's*  
run out ;

Which of all the brisk Wines in your Empire  
that grow,

Will serve to delight your poor Drunkards below ?

Resolve us, grave Sir, and soon send it over,

Lest we die, lest we die of the Sin of be'ng sober.



## SONG CXLIX.

HARK! the bonny *Christ-Church* Bells  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

They sound so woundy great,  
So wond'rous sweet,  
And they troul so merrily merrily.

Hark the first and second Bell,  
That every Day at Four and Ten,  
Cries come to Pray'rs,  
And the Virger troops before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small Bell at Nine,  
To call the Beersers home,  
But the Dev'l a Man  
Will leave his Cann,  
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

## SONG CL.

I'LL tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,  
Where I the rarest Things have seen;  
Oh Things without Compare!  
Such Sights again cannot be found  
In any Place on *English* Ground,  
Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the Way,  
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,  
There is a House with Stairs;  
And there did I see coming down  
Such Folk as are not in our Town,  
Vorty at least in Pairs.

Among the rest one peff'lent fine  
(His Beard no bigger though than thine,)  
Walk'd on before the rest:

Our Landlord looks like nothing to him:  
 The King (God bless him) 'twould undo him,  
     Should he go still so drest.

At Courfe a Park, without all Doubt,  
 He should have first been taken out,  
     By all the Maids i' th' Town:  
 Though lusty Roger there had been,  
 Or little George upou the Green,  
     Or *Vincent* of the *Crown*.

But wot you what? The Youth was going  
 To make an End of all his Wooing;  
     The Parson for him staid:  
 Yet by his Leave (for all his Haste)  
 He did not so much wish all past,  
     (Perehance) as did the Maid.

The Maid——and thereby hangs a Tale——  
 For such a Maid no *Whisfon* Ale  
     Could ever yet produce:  
 No Grape that's kindly ripe cou'd be  
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
     Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring  
 Would not stay on which they did bring,  
     It was too wide a Peck:  
 And to say Truth (for out it must)  
 It look'd like the great Collar (just)  
     About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat,  
 Like little Mice stole in and out,  
     As if they fear'd the Light,  
 But oh! she dances such a Way!  
 No Sun upon an *Easter* Day  
     Is half so fine a Sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,  
 But she would not, she was so nice,  
     She would not do't in Sight:

And then she looks as who should say,  
I will do what I list to Day ;

And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a White was on,  
No Daisie makes Comparifon,

(Who fees them is undone :

For Streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a *Cath'rine* Pear,

(The Side that's next the Sun.)

Her Lips were red ; and one was thin,  
Compar'd to that was next her Chin,

(Some Bee had stung it newly :)

But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,

Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth so small, when she does speak,  
Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,

That they might Passage get :

But she so handled still the Matter,

They came as good as ours, or better,

And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any Sin,

The Priest himself had guilty been,

She look'd that Day so purely :

And did the Youth so oft the Fear,

At Night, as some did in Conceit,

It would have spoil'd him surely :

Just in the Nick the Cook knock'd thrice,

And all the Waiters in a trice

His Summons did obey ;

Each Serving-man with Dish in Hand,

March'd boldly up, like our Train'd Band,

Presented, and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,

What Man of Knife or Teeth was able,

To stay to be intreated ?

And this the very Reason was,  
 Before the Parson could say Grace,  
 The Company was seated.

The Bus'ness of the Kitchen's great,  
 For it it fit that Men should eat,  
 Nor was it there deny'd :  
 Passion. oh me! how I run on!  
 There's that that would be thought upon,  
 (I trow) besides the Bride.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse,  
 Healths first go round, and then the House;  
 The Bride's came thick and thick ;  
 And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,  
 Perhaps he made it her's by Stealth.  
 And who could help it, Dick ?

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance ;  
 Then sit again, and sigh and glance :  
 Then dance again and kiss :  
 Thus several Ways the Time did pass,  
 Till ev'ry Woman wish'd her Place,  
 And ev'ry Man wish'd his.

By this Time all were stoln aside,  
 To counsel and undress the Bride ;  
 But that he must not know :  
 But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her Mind,  
 And did not mean to stay behind,  
 Above an Hour or so.

When in he came, (*Dick*) there she lay,  
 Like new-fal'n Snow melting away,  
 ('Twas Time, I trow, to part)  
 Kisses were now the only Stay,  
 Which soon she gave, as who would say,  
 Good B'ye ! with all my Heart.

But, just as Heav'n would have, to cross it,  
 In came the Bride-Maids with the Posset :  
 The Bridegroom eat in Spite ;

For had he left the Women to'r,  
It would have cost two Hours to do't,  
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candle's out, and now,  
All that they had not done, they do:  
What that is, who can tell?

But I believe it was no more  
Than thou and I have done before  
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

## S O N G C L I.

**L**iberia's all my Thought and Dream;  
She's all my Pleasure and my Pain;  
*Liberia's* all that I esteem,  
And all I fear is her Disdain.

Her Wit, her Humour, and her Face,  
Please beyond all I felt before;  
Oh! why can't I admire her less?  
Or, dear *Liberia*, love me more.

Like Stars, all other Female Charms  
Ne'er touch my Heart, but feast mine Eye;  
For she's the only Sun that warms,  
With her alone I'd live and die.

Immortal Pow'rs, whose Work divine  
Inspires my Soul with so much Love,  
Grant your *Liberia* may be mine,  
And then I share your Joys above.

## S O N G C L I I.

**A**pollo once finding fair *Daphne* alone,  
Discover'd his Flame in a passionate Tone;  
He told her, and bound it with many a Curse;  
He was ready to take her for better for worse:

Then talk'd of the Smart,  
 And the Hole in his Heart,  
 So large, one might drive thro' the Passage a  
 Cart.  
 But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great  
 Amazement,  
 Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro'  
 the Casement.

He following, cry'd out, my Life, and my  
 Dear,  
 Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear;  
 You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel, or  
 Whoreson;  
 Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person.  
 I'm a God by my Trade,  
 Young, plump, and well made;  
 Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid.  
 But still she kept running, and flew like the  
 Wind,  
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

I'm the Chief of Physicians, and none of the  
 College  
 Must be mention'd with me, for Experience and  
 Knowledge;  
 Each Herb, Flow'r, and Plant, by its Name I  
 can call,  
 And do more than the best Seventh-Son of them  
 all.

With my Powder and Pills,  
 I cure all the Ills  
 That sweep off such Numbers each Week in the  
 Bills.  
 But still she kept running, and flew like the  
 Wind,  
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,  
And top all all the Writers of fam'd *Covent-  
Garden*;

I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of  
Wit;

I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit:

I'm at *Will's* all the Day,

And each Night at the Play,

And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say.  
When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her  
Speed,

And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

Now, had our wise Lover, (but Lovers are  
blind)

In the Language of *Lombard-street*, told her his  
Mind;

Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;  
Odsbubs, I must swinge thee, my Joy, and my  
Honey.

I sit next the Chair,

And shall shortly be Mayor,

Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can com-  
pare:

Tho' as wrinkled as *Prim*, as deform'd as the  
Devil,

The God had succeeded, the Nymph had been  
civil.

## SONG CLIII.

M Aidens beware ye,  
Love will ensnare ye,  
If you but look, or lend an Ear,  
Words will detain ye,  
Sighs will trapan ye,  
Tears will draw you into the Snares;  
Then, in Time, beware.



Daily you'll find it,  
 If you'll but mind it,  
 How many Maids false Men betray :  
 Let this concern ye,  
 Let their Fall learn ye,  
 From the Danger to run away.  
 Run, run, run away.  
 Let Virtue guard ye,  
 Praise will reward ye,  
 And you will shine in brightest Fame ;  
 When the poor Creature,  
 That yields her Charter,  
 Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame,  
 To bear such a Name.

## S O N G CLIV.

**C**upid, with *Ganymede* to play,  
 Had laid his Wings aside ;  
 And lest they should be stolen away,  
 Sat on his Darts astride.  
 For oft the God had, to his Cost,  
 (*As Prior* sweetly signs)  
 His Quiver, Bow, and Arrow lost,  
 But never lost his Wings.  
 Miss Kitty, Love's great Favourite,  
 Was there a Stander-by,  
 And hit upon a new Conceit,  
 Which she resolv'd to try.  
 She oft had heard her Lover sigh,  
 And praise her Angel Face,  
 And raise her Beauties to the Sky,  
 Where they deserv'd a Place.  
 She wou'd not trust the flatt'ring Youth,  
 And gave a careless Ear ;

Yet fain at H——n wou'd know the Truth,  
But how shou'd she get there ?

The Urchin's Wings wou'd fit her Shape,  
And put it to a Trial ;  
Yet durst not ask the waggish Ape,  
She fear'd a pert Denial.

Young *Cupid*, without Thought or Care,  
Of no Design afraid,  
Did not suspect the wily Fair,  
The seeming harmless Maid.

Whilst Joke and witty Repartee  
'Twixt him and *Gany* past,  
She stole his Wings, and merrily  
To P——r's Gate did haste.

Arriving soon, and rapping hard,  
Like hasty *Scrappim*,  
P——r did to his Post repair,  
To let the Angel in.

When Porter P——r op'd the Door,  
And saw her Face and Mien,  
Of Bows and Scrapes he made some Score,  
Expecting she'd come in.

But, pointing to the Earth, the Fair,  
Then, laughing, said aloud,  
I'd rather be an Angel there,  
Than one amongst a Croud.

## S O N G C L V.

W H E N *Delia* on the Plain appears,  
Aw'd by a thousand tender Fears,  
I would approach, but dare not move,  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear,  
No other Voice but her's can bear,

No other Wit, but her's approve,  
Tell me my Heart, if this be love ?

If she some other Swain commend,  
Tho' I was once his fondest Friend ;  
That Instant, Enemy I prove,  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love ?

When she is absent, I no more  
Delight in all, that pleas'd before ;  
The clearest Spring, or shady Grove.  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love ?

When arm'd with insolent Disdain,  
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain ;  
I strove to hate, but vainly strove,  
Tell me my Heart, if this be Love ?

## S O N G. CLVI.

**I** Grant a thousand Oaths, I swore,  
I none would love but you :  
But not to change would wrong me more,  
Than breaking them can do.

Yet you thereby a Truth will learn,  
Of much more worth than I ;  
Which is, That Lovers which do swear,  
Do always use to lie.

*Chloris* does now possess that Heart  
Which to you did belong :  
But, tho' thereof she brags a while,  
She shall not do so long.

She thinks, by being fair and kind,  
To hinder my Remove,  
And ne'er so much as dreams that Change,  
Above both those, I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think  
My Change is a Disgrace :

For tho' it robs you of one Slave,  
 It leaves another Place,  
 Which your bright Eyes will soon subdue  
 With him does them first see :  
 For if they could not conquer more,  
 They ne'er had conquer'd me.

## S O N G CLVII.

**A**S K not the Cause, why sudden Spring  
 So long delays her Flow'rs to bear?  
 Why warbling Birds forget to sing,  
 And Winter Storms invert the Year?  
*Chloris* is gone, and Fate provides,  
 To make it Spring where she resides.  
*Chloris* is gone, the cruel Fair;  
 She calls not back a pitying Eye;  
 But left her Lover in Despair,  
 To sigh, to languish, and to die:  
 Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure  
 To give the Wounds they will not cure!  
 Great God of Love, why hast thou made  
 A Face that can all Hearts command,  
 That all Religions can invade,  
 And change the Laws of ev'ry Land?  
 Where thou had'st plac'd such Pow'r before,  
 Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.  
 When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,  
 Adoring Crowds before her fall;  
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs,  
 And ev'ry Life but mine recal:  
 I only am by Love design'd  
 To be the Victim for Mankind.

## SONG CLVIII.

**I**N *Kent* so fam'd of Old,  
Near by the pleasant *Knold*,  
A Swain a Goddess told  
An am'rous Story;  
Saying, in these jarring Days,  
When Kings contend for Bays,  
Your Love my Soul does raise  
Above its Glory.

My Life, my lovely Dear,  
Whilst you are smiling here,  
The Plants and Flow'rs appear  
Most sweetly charming;  
The Sun may cease to shine,  
And all its Pow'rs resign,  
Your Eyes dart Rays divine,  
All Nature warming.

Then leaning on her Breast,  
He clasp'd her lovely Waist,  
With Words endearing prest,  
No Thought of harming;  
At which the blushing Maid  
Thus, sighing, to him said,  
My foolish Heart's betray'd  
By Words so charming.

Near by there was a Grove,  
A proper Place for Love,  
To which this Couple move,  
Alike desiring;  
She fell into his Arms,  
And said, take all my Charms,  
Love beats his last Alarms,  
I'm just expiring.

## SONG CLIX.

**O**F a noble Race was *Shinken*,  
The Line of *Owen Tudor*;  
But hur Renown is fled and gone,  
Since cruel Love pursu'd hur.

Fair *Winnie's* Eyes bright shining,  
And Lily Breasts alluring,  
Poor *Shinken's* Heart, with fatal Dart,  
Have wounded, past all curing.

Hur was the prettiest Fellow  
At Foot-Ball, or at Cricket;  
At Hunting Chase, or Prison Base,  
Cotspit, how hur cou'd kick it.

But now all Joys are flying,  
All pale and wan hur Cheeks too;  
Hur Heart so akes, hur quite forsakes  
Hur Herrings and her Leeks too.

No more must dear *Metheglin*  
Be top'd at good *Montgomery*;  
And if Love smart sore one Week more,  
Adieu Cream-Cheese and Flummery.

## SONG CLX.

**I**N the Fields, in Frost and Snows,  
Watching late and early,  
There I kept my Father's Cows,  
There I milk'd 'em early:  
Booing here, booing there,  
Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo.  
*We defy all Care and Strife,*  
*In a charming Country Life.*

Then at home amongst the Fowls  
Watching late and early,  
There I tend my Father's Owls,  
There I feed them early:

Whooping here, whooping there,  
Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every where a  
Whoo.

*We defy all Care, &c.*

When the Summer Fleeces heap,  
Watching late and early ;  
Then I shear my Father's Sheep,  
Then I keep them early:  
Baeing here, Baeing there,  
Here a Bae, there a Bae, every where a Bae.

*We defy all Care, &c.*

In the Morning, ere 'twas light,  
In the Morning early ;  
There I met with my Delight,  
Once he lov'd me dearly:  
Wooing here, wooing there,  
Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo.  
*O ! how free from Care, &c.*

Ere the Light came from above,  
In the Morning early ;  
There I met with my true Love,  
There I met him early :  
Wooing here, wooing there,  
Here a Woo, there a Woo, every where a Woo,  
*Ob ! how free from Care, &c.*

In the Morn a Six o' Clock,  
In the Morning early,  
There I fed our Turkey Cock,  
There I fed him early, cou, cou, goble, goble,  
goble :  
Here a Cou, there a Cou, every where a Cou.  
*Ob ! how free from Care, &c.*

In the Morning near the Fens,  
In the Morning early,



There I feed my Father's Hens,  
 There I feed them early:  
 Cackle here, cackle there,  
 Here a Cack, there a Cack, every where a Cack,  
*Oh! how free from Care, &c.*

In the Morning with good Speed,  
 In the Morning early,  
 I my Father's Ducks do feed,  
 In the Morning early:  
 Quaoking here, quacking there,  
 Here a Quack, there a Quack, every where a  
 Quack.  
*Oh! how free from Care, &c.*

In the Morning fair and fine,  
 In the Morning early,  
 There I feed my Father's Swine,  
 There I feed them early:  
 Grunting here, grunting there,  
 Here a Grunt, there a Grunt, every where a  
 Grunt.  
*Oh! how free from Care and Strife  
 Is a pleasant Country Life.*

S O N G CLXI.

**L**OVE's a Dream of mighty Treasure,  
 Which in Fancy we possess;  
 In the Folly lies the Pleasure,  
 Wisdom always makes it less.  
 When we think, by Passion heated,  
 We a Goddess have in Chase,  
 Like Ixion we are cheated,  
 And a gandy Cloud embrace.  
 Happy only is the Lover,  
 Whom his Mistress well deceives;  
 Seeking nothing to discover,  
 He contented lives at Ease.  
 H

But the Wretch that wou'd be knowing  
 What the Fair-One wou'd disguise,  
 Labours for his own undoing,  
 Changing happy, to be wise.

## SONG CLXII.

**Y**oung *Bacchus*, when merry bestriding his  
 Tun,

Proclaimed a neighbourly Feast;  
 The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,  
 A jolly Parochial Priest;  
 He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the  
 Church,  
 Preferring it to the King,  
 Altho' he long since had left both in the Lurch,  
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call  
 A Doctor of the Civil Law)  
 He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,  
 As fast as the Drawer could draw;  
 But a Health to all Nobles he stifiy deny'd,  
 Tho' lustily he could swill,  
 Because, still the faster the Quality dy'd,  
 It brought the more Grist to his Mill.

The next a Physician to Ladies and Lords,  
 Who eases all Sicknefs and Pain,  
 And conjures Distempers away with hard Words,  
 Which he knows is the Head of his Gain;  
 He stept from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the  
 Brim;  
 And quaffing did freely agree,  
 That *Bacchus*, who gave us such Cordial to drink,  
 Was a better Physician than he.

The next was a Justice who never read Law,  
 With twenty Informers behind,

On free-coft he tipp'd, and ftill bid them draw,  
 'Till his Worfhip had drank himfelf blind ;  
 Then reeling away, they ranbl'd in queft  
 Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,  
 That they might be punifh'd, to frighten the  
 reft,

Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,  
 By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,  
 Who lengthen'd his Bill with *co by* and *man-*  
*draw,*

And a thoufand fuch *Items* befide ;  
 The Healths that he drank, were to *Westminfter-*  
*Hall,*

And to all the grave Dons of the Gown ;  
*Rependum in Petro, ducendum in Paul,*  
 Such *Latin* fure never was known.

The laft that appear'd was a Soldier in red,  
 With his Hair doubl'd under his Hat,  
 Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,  
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat ;  
 He fwore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,  
 Or the Help of fome impudent Punk,  
 That he would not depart, till he made the Butt  
 fmg,  
 And himfelf muft confoundedly drunk.

### S O N G CLXIII.

A Soldier and a Sailor, a Tinker and a Tailor,  
 Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,  
 To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,  
 Whofe Name was *Buxom Joan*,  
 Whofe Name was *Buxom Joan* ;  
 For now the Time was ended,  
 When ſhe no more intended  
 To lick her Lips at Man, Sir,

And lie a-Nights alone,  
And lie a-Nights alone.

The Soldier swore like Thunder  
He lov'd her more than Plunder;  
And shew'd her many a Scar, Sir,  
Which he had brought from far, Sir,  
With fighting for her Sake.  
The Taylor thought to please her,  
By off'ring her his Measure;  
The Tinker too, with Metal,  
Said he wou'd mend her Kettle,  
And stop up ev'ry Leak.

But while these three were prating,  
The Sailor sily waiting;  
Thought, if it came about, Sir,  
That they should all fall out, Sir,  
He then might play his Part:  
And just e'en as he meant, Sir,  
To Loggerheads they went, Sir,  
And then he let fly at her,  
A Shot 'twixt Wind and Water,  
Which won this fair Maid's Heart.

### S O N G CLXIV.

**O**LD Poets have told us, when they were  
grown mellow,  
That *Jupiter* was a fantastical Fellow,  
He wou'd chatter, and thunder, and wheedle,  
And bellow,  
*Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.*

He was charm'd with a Damsel, but cou'd not  
tell how  
To humour his liquorish Fancy, and so  
He clapp'd up his Nymph in the Shape of a Cow.  
*Which no body, &c.*

But here let us make up our Poetry full ;  
For the Man must have got no Brains in his Skull,  
Who does not conclude, that *Jove* turn'd a Bull,  
*Which no body, &c.*

His Method of wooing was loud and sonorous,  
At the Time of the Year when the *San* enters  
*Taurus* ;

Then *Taurus* did enter fair *Io* the porous.  
*Which no body, &c.*

He gave her two Horns, for a Screen to his Love,  
As *Juno* gave him, as plainly does prove ;  
There's a Strumpet below, for a Cuckold above.  
*Which no body, &c.*

The Lovers, by Instinct, together were moving,  
When he had a Fancy on Earth to be roving ;  
Then she ran a Bulling, or else ran a *Joving*.  
*Which no body, &c.*

They may pass for as clever a cornuted Pair,  
As you e'er saw at *Smithfield*, (where the Sight  
is not rare)

Or at *Brentford*, or *Rumford*, or any Horn-Fair,  
*Which no body, &c.*

Tho' I take it for granted, that nothing more  
odd is,  
Instead of a *Shepherdes* lac'd in her Boddice,  
That a swag-belly'd Cow shou'd go for a God-  
dess.

*Which no body, &c.*

*Alexander*, who conquer'd full many a Foe,  
*Mars*, *Hercules*, *Neptune*, and more than we  
know,

Were Sons of this *Jove*, tho' not by *Juno*.  
*Which no body, &c.*

But as the prolific *Virtue* wore off,  
His amorous Feats made all the World laugh,

He cou'd get no more Heroes, and so got a Calf.  
Which no body, &c.

*Diogenes* grave was the Fruit of this Rub,  
For his Name does pronounce him a *Jupiter's* Cub;  
He was born in a Cow-House, and liv'd in a Tub,  
Which no body, &c.

Let a Consort of Butchers remember the Thing;  
Let Cleavers and Marrow-Bones merrily ring;  
Such a jovial Choir *Io-Pæans* may sing,  
Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can  
deny.

### SONG CLXV. Chevy Chase.

**H**ere lies old *Hare*, worn out with Care,  
Who oft times toll'd the Bell;  
Cou'd dig a Grave, and set a Stave,  
And say *Amen* full well.

For sacred Song, he'ad *Hopkins* Tongue,  
And *Sternhold's* eke also;  
With Cough and Hein he'd stand by them,  
As far as Lungs wou'd go.

Many a Feast for Worms he dress'd,  
Himself then wanting Bread;  
But alas! he's gone, with Skin and Bone,  
To starve them, now he's dead.

Here take his Spade, follow his Trade,  
Now he is out of Breath,  
Cover the Bones of one who owns  
The Instruments of Death.

### SONG CLXVI.

**C**ome, let us drink, and drown all Sorrow,  
For perhaps we may not, for perhaps we  
may not,  
For perhaps we may not meet here to-morrow.

He that goes to Bed, goes to bed, goes to Bed  
sober,

Falls as the Leaves do, falls as the Leaves do,  
Falls as the Leaves do in *October*.

This will cure the Head-ach, the Cough and the  
Phthifick,

This is to all Men, this is to all Men,

This is to all Men the best of Physick.

S O N G CLXVII.

**H**appy is a Country Life,  
Blest with Content, good Health and  
Ease,

Free from Faction, Noise, and Strife,  
We only plot ourselves to please;  
Peace of Mind our Days delight,  
And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields, and shady Woods!

Hail Springs and Streams, that still run  
pure!

Nature's uncorrupted Goods,

Where Virtue only dwells secure:

Free from Vice, and free from Care,

Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

S O N G CLXVIII.

**L**isten all, I pray, to the Words I've to  
say,

In Memory sure insert 'em;

Rich Wines do us raise to the Honour of Bays;

*Quem non fecere disertum?*

Of all the brisk Juice which the Gods do pro-  
duce,

Claret shall be preferr'd before 'em;

'Tis Claret shall strait us Mortals create

*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*



We abandon all Ale, and Beer that is stale,  
*Rosa-solis*, and damnable Stum;  
 But sparkling Red shall hold up its Head  
*'Bove omne quod exit in um.*

This is the Wine, that in former Time  
 Each wise one of the *Magi*  
 Was wont to carouse in a Chaplet of Boughs,  
*Recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

Let the Hop be their Bane, let a Rope be their  
 Shame,  
 Let the Gout and Cholicke pine 'em,  
 That offer to shrink in taking their Drink,  
*Sen Gracum, five Latinum.*

Let the Glass fly about, till the Bottle is out,  
 Let each one do as he's done to;  
 'Vaunt those that hug th' abominable Jug,  
*'Mong us Heraclita sunt.*

There's no such Disease, as he that doth please  
 His Palate with Beer for to shame us;  
 'Tis Claret that brings to Fancy its Wings,  
 And says, *Musa, Majora canamus.*

He's either a Mute, or does poorly dispute,  
 That drinketh not Wine as we Men do;  
 The more Wine a Man drinks, like a subtle  
*Sphinx,*  
*Tantum valet iste loquendo.*

How it chears the Brains, how it warms the  
 Veins,  
 How 'gainst all Crosses it arms us!  
 How it makes him that's poor courageously roar,  
*Et mutatas dicere formas.*

Give me the Boy, my Delight and my Joy,  
 To my *Tantum* that drinks his Tale;

By Wine he that waxes, in our *Syntaxis*,  
*Est Verbum personale.*

Art thou weak or lame, or thy Wits to blame?  
Call for Wine, and thou shalt have it;  
'Twill make thee to rise, and be very wise,  
*Cui vim natura negavit.*

We have frolick Rounds, we have merry Go-  
downs,  
Yet nothing is done at random;  
For when we're to pay, we club and away,  
*Id est commune notandum.*

No Vintners deny the Lads that are dry,  
But give 'em Wine, whate'er it cost 'em;  
If they do not pay till another Day,  
*Manet altâ mente repostum.*

Who ne'er fails to drink all clear from the Brink,  
With a smooth and even Swallow,  
I'll offer at's Shrine, and call it divine,  
*Et erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

He that drinks still, and ne'er has his Fill,  
Has a Passage like a Conduit.  
Brisk Wine does inspire with Rapture and Fire,  
*Sic Æther Æthera fundit.*

When we merrily quaff, if any go off,  
And sily offer to pass ye,  
Give their Nose a Twitch, and kick 'em o' th'  
Breech,  
*Nam componuntur ab asse.*

I have told you plain, and will tell you again,  
Be he as furious as *Orlando*;  
He is an Ass that from hence doth pass,  
*Nisi bibit ad Ostia stando.*

The SYREN.  
SONG CLXIX.

**L**E T us drink and be merry,  
Dance, joke, and rejoice,  
With Claret and Cherry,  
Theorbo and Voice :  
The changeable World  
To our Joy is unjust,  
All Treasure's uncertain,  
Then down with your Dust :  
In Frolicks dispose  
Your Pounds, Shillings and Pence ;  
For we shall be nothing  
An Hundred Years hence.

We'll kiss and be free  
With *Moll*, *Betty*, and *Nelly*,  
Have Oysters and Lobsters,  
And Maids by the Belly :  
Fish Dinners will make  
A Lads spring like a Flea,  
Dame *Venus* (Love's Goddess)  
Was born of the Sea :  
With *Bacchus* and with her  
We'll tickle the Sense,  
For we shall be past it  
An Hundred Years hence.

Your most beautiful Bit,  
That hath all Eyes upon her,  
That her Honesty sells  
For a Hautgoust of Honour ;  
Whose Lightness and Brightness  
Doth shine in such Splendor,  
That none but the Stars  
Are thought fit to attend her  
Tho' now she be pleasant,  
And sweet to the Sense,

Will be damnable mouldy  
An Hundred Years hence.

The Usurer that  
In the Hundred takes Twenty,  
Who wants in his Wealth,  
And pines in his Plenty :  
Lays up for a Season  
Which he shall ne'er see,  
The Year one Thousand  
Eight Hundred and Three :  
His Wit, and his Wealth,  
His Learning, and Sense,  
Shall be turn'd to nothing  
An Hundred Years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyers,  
Whose Subtilty thrives,  
In spinning out Suits  
To the length of three Lives ;  
Such Suits which the Clients  
Do wear out in Slavery,  
Whilst Pleader makes Conscience  
A Cloak for his Knave'ry :  
May boast of Subtility  
In th' present Tense,  
But *Non est Inventus*  
An Hundred Years hence.

Then why should we trouble  
In Cares and in Fears,  
Turn all our Tranquillity  
To Sighs and to Tears :  
Let's eat, drink, and play,  
'Till the Worms do corrupt us,  
'Tis certain *post mortem*  
*Nulla Voluptas* :  
Let's deal with our Damfels,  
That we may from thence,  
Have Broods to succeed us,  
An hundred Years hence.

## SONG CLXX:

**A** H! how sweet it is to love!  
 Ah! how gay is young Desire!  
 And what pleasing Pains we prove,  
 When first we feel a Lover's Fire!  
 Pains of Love are sweeter far,  
 Than all other Picaures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,  
 Do but gently heave the Heart:  
 Ev'n the Tears they shed alone,  
 Cure, like trickling Balm, their Smart,  
 Lovers, when they lose their Breath,  
 Bleed away, an easy Death.

Love and Time with Rev'rence use,  
 Treat 'em like a parting Friend;  
 Nor the golden Gifts refuse,  
 Which in Youth sincere they lend:  
 For each Year their Price is more,  
 And they less simple than before.

Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,  
 Swells in ev'ry youthful Vein:  
 But each Tide does less supply,  
 Till they quite shrink in again;  
 If a Flow in Age appear,  
 'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

## SONG CLXXI.

**G**rim King of the Ghosts, make haste,  
 And bring hither all your Train:  
 See how the pale Moon does waste,  
 And just now is in the Wain:  
 Come, ye Night-Hags, with your Charms,  
 And revelling Witches away,  
 And hug me close in your Arms,  
 To you my Respects I'll pay.

I'll court you and think you fair,  
 Since Love does distract my Brain ;  
 I'll go, and I'll wed the Night-Mare,  
 And kiss her, and kiss her again ;  
 But if she prove peevish and proud,  
 A Pize on her Love, let her go ;  
 I'll seek me a Winding-Shroud,  
 And down to the Shades below.

A Lunacy I endure,  
 Since Reason departs away,  
 I call to those Hags for Cure,  
 As knowing not what I say.  
 The Beauty whom I adore,  
 Now flights me with Scorn and Disdain,  
 I never shall see her more,  
 Ah ! how shall I bear my Pain ?

I ramble and range about,  
 To find out my charming Saint,  
 Whilst she at my Grief does flout,  
 And laughs at my loud Complaint :  
 Distraction, I see, is my Doom,  
 Of this I am too too sure ;  
 A Rival is got in my Room,  
 While Torments I endure.

Strange Fancies do run in my Head,  
 While, wand'ring in Despair,  
 I am to the Desert led,  
 Expecting to find her there :  
 Methinks, in a spangled Cloud,  
 I see her enthron'd on high ;  
 Then to her I cry aloud,  
 And labour to reach the Sky.

When thus I have rav'd a while,  
 And weary'd myself in vain,  
 I lie on the barren Soil,  
 And bitterly do complain ;

Till Slumber hath quieted me,  
 In Sorrow I sigh and weep,  
 The Clouds are my Canopy,  
 To cover me while I sleep.

I dream, that my charming Fair  
 Is then in my Rival's Bed,  
 Whose Tresses of golden Hair  
 Are on the fair Pillow spread;  
 Then this does my Passion inflame  
 I start, and no longer can lie;  
 Ah! *Sylvia*, art thou not to blame,  
 To ruin a Lover? I cry.

Grim King of the Ghosts be true,  
 And hurry me hence away,  
 My languishing Life to you  
 A Tribute I freely pay;  
 To th' *Elysian* shades I post,  
 In hopes to be freed from Care,  
 Where many a bleeding Ghost  
 Is hovering in the Air.

## S O N G CLXXII.

**Y**OU meaner Beauties of the Night,  
 Who poorly satisfy our Eyes,  
 More with your Number than your Light,  
 Like common People of the Skies,  
 What are you when the Moon doth rise?

You Violets, that first appear,  
 By your fine Purple Mantles known,  
 Like the proud Virgins of the Year,  
 As if the Spring was all your own;  
 What are you when the Rose is blown?

You warbling Chanters of the Wood,  
 Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,  
 Thinking your Passion's understood  
 By meaner Accents, what's your Praise,  
 When *Philomel* her Voice raise?



You glorious Trifles of the East,  
 Whose Estimation Fancies raise,  
 Pearls, Rubies, Sapphire, and the rest  
 Of glitt'ring Gems ; what is your Praise,  
 When the bright Di'mond shews his Rays ?

So when my Princess shall be seen,  
 In Beauty of her Face and Mind,  
 By Virtue first, then Choice a Queen ;  
 Tell me, if she were not design'd,  
 Th'Eclipse and Glory of her Kind.

The Rose, the Violet, the whole Spring  
 Unto her Breath for Sweetness run ;  
 The Di'mond's darken'd in the Ring,  
 If she appear, the Moon's undone,  
 As in the Presence of the Sun.

## SONG CLXXIII. .

THE Sun was just setting, the Reaping was  
 done,  
 And over the Common I tript it alone ;  
 Then whom shou'd I meet, but young Dick of  
 our Town,  
 Who swore e'er I went I shou'd have a green  
 Gown ;

*He prest me, I stumbl'd ;  
 He push'd me, I tumbl'd ;  
 He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd ;  
 But still he kiss'd on ;*

*Then rose and went from me, as soon as he'd done.  
 If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,  
 May I be worse rampl'd,  
 Worse tumbl'd and jumbl'd,  
 Wherever, wherever I go.*

Before an old Justice I summon'd the Spark,  
 And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clerk ?

He pull'd out his Ink-horn, and ask'd me his Fee,  
 You now shall relate the whole Business, quoth he.  
*He prest me, &c.*

The Justice then came, tho' grave was his Look,  
 Seem'd to wish I wou'd kiss him instead of the  
 Book ;

He whisper'd, his Clerk then leaving the Place,  
 I was had to his Chamber, to open my Case.  
*He prest me, &c.*

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint,  
 He look'd like a *Bacchus*, but preach'd like a  
 Saint ;

He said, we should soberly Nature refresh ;  
 Then nine times he urg'd me to humble the  
 Flesh,

*He prest me, I stumbl'd,  
 He push'd me, I tumbl'd,  
 He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd ;  
 But still he kiss'd on ;*

*Then rose and went from me, as soon as he'd done.  
 If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,  
 May I be worse rumpl'd,  
 Worse tumbl'd, and jumbl'd,  
 Wherever, wherever I go.*

### S O N G CLXXIV.

**P**ious *Selinda* goes to Pray'rs,  
 If I but ask the Favour ;  
 And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,  
 When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,  
 Or else had Hopes to win her ;  
 Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,  
 Or I of her a Sinner.

*The* S Y R E N.  
S O N G CLXXV.

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C Ome, let's be merry,  
While we've good Sherry ;  
Come, let's be airy,  
Sprightly, and gay :  
Good Wine's a Pleasure,  
The only Treasure  
That makes us joyful,  
By Night or Day.  
Wine makes us jolly,  
Cures Melancholy,  
Drowns all our Folly,  
Makes our Hearts glad ;  
While we're possessing  
That glorious Blessing,  
Good Wine careffing,  
Let's not be sad.

S O N G CLXXVI.

W Hat a Pother of late  
Have they kept in the State,  
About setting our Consciences free ?  
A Bottle has more  
Dispensations in Store  
Than the King and the State can decree.  
When my Head's full of Wine,  
I o'erflow with Design,  
And know no penal Laws that can curb me ;  
Whate'er I devise  
Seems good in my Eyes,  
And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.  
No saucy Remorse  
Intrudes in my Course,  
Nor impertinent Notions of Evil ;  
So there's Claret in Store,  
In Peace I've my Whore,  
And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

## S O N G CLXXVII.

**T**H E Sun was now withdrawn,  
 The Shepherds home were sped,  
 The Moon wide o'er the Lawn  
 Her Silver Mantle spread,  
 When *Damon* stay'd behind,  
 And saunter'd in the Grove:  
 Will ne'er a Nymph be kind,  
 And give me Love for Love?

O! those were golden Hours,  
 When Love, devoid of Cares,  
 In all *Arcadia's* Bow'rs  
 Lodg'd Nymphs and Swains by Pairs.  
 But now from Wood and Plain  
 Flies ev'ry sprightly Lark;  
 No Joys for me remain,  
 In Shades, or on the Grass.

The winged Boy draws near,  
 And thus the Swain reproves:  
 While Beauty revell'd here,  
 My Game lay in the Groves:  
 At Court I never fail  
 To scatter round my Arrows,  
 Men fall as thick as Hail,  
 And Maidens love like Sparrows.

Then, Swain, if me you need,  
 Strait lay your Sheep-hook down;  
 Throw by your Oaten Reed,  
 And haste away to Town:  
 So well I'm known at Court,  
 None ask where *Cupid* dwells,  
 But readily resort  
 To B——n's or L——ll's.

## S O N G CLXXVIII.

U P O N *Clarinda's* panting Breast  
 The happy *Strepson* lay,  
 With Love and Beauty jointly prest  
 To pass the Time away.  
 Fresh Raptures of transporting Love  
 Struck all his Senses dumb;  
 He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,  
 Nor all the Joys to come.

As Bees around the Garden rove,  
 To fetch their Treasures home,  
 So *Strepson* trac'd the Fields of Love,  
 To fill her Honey Comb:  
 Her ruby Lips he kiss'd and prest,  
 From whence all Joys derive;  
 Then humming round her snowy Breast,  
 Strait crept into her Hive.

## S O N G CLXXIX.

O *Venus!* Beauty of the Skies,  
 To whom a thousand Temples rise;  
 Gaily false in gentle Smiles,  
 Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;  
 O Goddess! from my Heart remove  
 The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard  
 A Song in soft Distress preferr'd;  
 Propitious to my tuneful Vow,  
 O gentle Goddess! hear me now.  
 Descend, thou bright immortal Guest,  
 In all thy radiant Charms confest.

Thou once didst leave Almighty *Jove*,  
 And all the Golden Roofs above:  
 The Car thy wanton Sparrows drew,  
 Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;

As to my Bow'r they wing'd their Way,  
I saw their quivering Pinions play.

The Birds dismiss (while you remain)  
Bore back their empty Car again:  
Then you with Looks divinely mild,  
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature smil'd,  
And ask'd what new Complaints I made,  
And why I call'd you to my Aid:

What Frenzy in my Bosom rag'd?  
And by what Cure to be assuag'd?  
What gentle Youth I wou'd allure?  
Whom in my artful Toils secure?  
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,  
Tell me, my *Sapbo*, tell me who?

Tho' now he shuns thy longing Arms,  
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;  
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,  
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;  
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,  
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celestial Visitant, once more  
Thy needly Presence, I implore!  
In Pity, come and ease my Grief,  
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;  
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,  
And give me all my Heart desires.

### S O N G CLXXX.

**W**HEN *Silvia* in Bathing her Charms did  
expose,  
The pretty *Bocquet* dancing under her Nose,  
My Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,  
And leap from the Gallery into the Bowl.  
Each Day I provide too  
A Bride for her Guide too,

And give her a Crown,  
 To bring me the Water where she has sat down.  
 Let sober Physicians think Pumping a Cure;  
 That Remedy's doubtful, *Silvia*, is sure.  
 The Fiddlers I hire to play something sublime,  
 And all the while throbbing, my Heart beats the  
 Time!

She enters, they flourish, and cease when she  
 goes,

Thus whom 'tis address'd to strait ev'ry one  
 knows.

Would I were a Vermin  
 Call'd one of her Chairmen,  
 Or serv'd as her Guide!

Tho' I shew'd, as they do, a damn'd tawny  
 Hide:

Or else like a Pebble at Bottom could lie,  
 To ogle her Beauties how happy were I!

## SONG CLXXXI.

**M**Y *Chloe*, why d'ye slight me,  
 Since all you ask you have?  
 No more with Frowns affright me,  
 Nor use me like a Slave.  
 Good-Nature to discover,  
 Use well your faithful Lover;  
 I'll be no more a Rover,  
 But constant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,  
 My Griefs would all be flown;  
 Poor I, the kind Physician,  
 And you the Patient grown.  
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,  
 Well shap'd, and also witty;  
 Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,  
 Then make my Case your own.



The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,  
And form'd our Shape and Mind,  
Too surely would enslave us,  
Were they like you inclin'd :  
Then Goodness be your Duty,  
Or I must bid adieu t'ye ;  
Let them, with all your Beauty,  
Be merciful and kind.

The Silver Swan, when dying,  
Has most melodious Lays,  
Like him, when Life is flying,  
In songs I'll end my Days :  
But know, thou cruel Creature,  
My Soul shall mount the flecter,  
And I shall sing the sweeter,  
By warbling forth your Praise.

S O N G CLXXXII.

**A**s the *Delian* God  
To fam'd *Helicon*,  
From Heav'n's High Court descended down,  
There the tuneful *Muses* playing he found  
A Sonata divinely rare ;  
When *Tbalia* touch'd the charming Flute,  
*Erato* struck the warbling Lute ;  
And *Clio*'s Treble joining to't,  
Made the Harmony beyond compare.  
Then *Enterpe*'s full Bass  
The sweet Consort did raise,  
And with Pleasure each Sense was alarm'd ;  
Ev'ry Note was enjoy'd,  
Ev'ry Hand was employ'd  
With Sounds of Joy the flow'ry Vallies rung ;  
*Apollo* gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue ;  
But, when his dear *Calliope* sung,  
Ah ! then the God was charm'd.

## SONG CLXXXIII.

**C**AN then a Look create a Thought,  
Which Time can ne'er remove?  
Yes, foolish Heart, again thou'rt caught,  
Again thou bleed'st for Love.

She sees the Conquest of her Eyes,  
Nor heals the Wounds she gave;  
She smiles, whene'er his Blushes rise;  
And, sighing, shuns her Slave.

Then, Swain, be bold, and still adore her,  
Still her flying Charms pursue;  
Love and Friendship both implore her,  
Pleading Night and Day for you.

## SONG CLXXXIV.

**T**H O' *Flavia*, to my warm Desire  
You mean no kind Return,  
Yet still with undiminish'd Fire  
You wish to see me burn.

Averse my Anguish to remove,  
You think it wond'rous right,  
That I love on, for ever love,  
And you for ever flight.

But you and I shall ne'er agree,  
So gentle Nymph adieu;  
Since you no Pleasure have for me,  
I'll have no Pain for you.

## SONG CLXXXV.

**He.** **A** Wake, thou fairest Thing in Nature,  
How can you sleep when Day does  
break?

How can you sleep, my charming Creature,  
When all the World you keep awake?

*She.* What Swain is this that sings so early  
Under my Window, by the Dawn?

*He.* 'Tis one, my Dear, that loves you dearly;  
Therefore in Pity ease my Pain.

*She.* Softly, else you'll 'wake my Mother,  
No Tales of Love she lets me hear,  
Go tell your Passion to some other,  
Or whisper softly in my Ear.

*He.* How can you bid me love another,  
Or rob you of your beauteous Charms?  
'Tis time you were wean'd from your Mother,  
You're fitter for your Lover's Arms.

### S O N G CLXXXVI.

**C** *Hloe* proves false, but still she's charming;  
Nature like Beauty her Temper has made;  
Subject to change,  
O'er each Heart she will range;  
Always alarming,  
Ever disarming,  
Never dismay'd.

Banish my Senses, or let her not slight me;  
Love ne'er was made to inherit Disdain;  
Love is a Bubble,  
That gives Mankind Trouble;  
Reflecting Extasy  
Drops with the Simile  
Airy and vain.

Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me,  
And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly;  
Haste to thy Mother,  
And beg for another;  
*Chloe*, the Mark must be,  
Make her to pity me,  
Ere that I die.

## SONG CLXXXVII.

A Tory, a Whig, and a moderate Man,  
 O'er a Tub of strong Ale  
 Met, in *Aylesbury* Vale,  
 Where there liv'd a plump Lads, they call'd  
*Buxom Nan*:

The Tory a *Londoner*, proud and high,  
 The Whig was a Tradesman plagu'ly,  
 The Trimmer a Farmer, but merry and dry:  
 And thus they their Suit began;  
 Pretty *Nancy*, we're come to put in our Claim,  
 Resolv'd upon *Wedlock's* pleasing Game;  
 Here's *Jacob* the Big,  
 And *William* the Whig,  
 And *Roger* the Grigg,  
 Jolly Lads as e'er were buckl'd in Girdle fast;  
 Say which you will chuse,  
 To tye with a Noose;  
 For a Wife we must carry, whate'er comes ont's;  
 Then think upon't,  
 You'll ne'er be sorry when you have don't;  
 Nor like us the worse for our wooing so blunt;  
 Then tell us who pleases best.

The Lads, who was not of the Motion sly,  
 The ripe Years of her Life  
 Being twenty and five,  
 To the Words of her Lover straight made Reply;  
 I find you believe me a Girl wortl' Gold,  
 And I know too you like my Copy-hold;  
 And since Fortune favours the Brisk and the  
 Bold,

One of ye I mean to try.  
 But I'm not for you, nor S——'s Cause,  
 Nor you with your H——y's Hums and Haws;  
 No *Jacob* the Big,  
 No *William* the Whig;

But Roger the Grigg,  
With his Mirth and Mildness happily please me  
can ;

'Tis him I will chuse  
For the conjugal Noose  
So that you, the Church Bully, may rave and rant,  
And you may cant,  
Till both are impeach'd in Parliament ;  
'Tis Union and Peace that the Nation does  
want ;  
So I'm for the mod'rate Man.

### SONG CLXXXVIII.

**T**obacco's but an *Indian* Weed,  
Grows green at Morn, out down at Eve;  
It shews our Decay, we are but Clay.  
Think on this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so Lily-white,  
Wherein so many take delight,  
Is broke with a Touch, Man's Life is such,  
Think of this when you take Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so foul within,  
Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with Sin,  
It does require to be purg'd with Fire.  
Think on this when you take Tobacco.

The Ashes that are left behind,  
Do serve to put us all in Mind,  
That into Dust we must return.  
Think on this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Smoke that does so high ascend,  
Shews that Man's Life must have an End ;  
The Vapour's gone, Man's Life is done.  
Think on this when you take Tobacco.

## SONG CLXXXIX.

**G**O, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kifs,  
 Salute a Virgin's Hand;  
 Go, senseless Thing, and reap a Bliss  
 Thou dost not understand:  
 Go, for in thee, methinks I find  
 (Tho' 'tis not half so bright)  
 An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,  
 By Nature clad in White.

Securely thou may'st touch the Fair,  
 Whom few securely can,  
 May'st press her Breast, her Lips, her Hair,  
 Or wanton with her Fan;  
 May'st Coach it with her to and fro,  
 From Masquerade to Plays;  
 Ah! could'st thou hither come and go,  
 To tell me what she says!

\*Go then, and when the Morning Cold  
 Shall nip her Lily Arm,  
 Do thou (oh! might I be so bold)  
 With Kisses make it warm.  
 But when thy glossy Beauty's o'er,  
 When all thy Charms are gone,  
 Return to me, I'll love thee more  
 Than e'er I yet have done.

## SONG CXC.

**W**Hile on those lovely Looks I gaze,  
 To see a Wretch pursuing,  
 In Raptures of a blest Amaze,  
 His pleasing happy Ruin.

'Tis not for Pity that I move  
 His Fate is too aspiring,  
 Whose Heart broke with a Load of Love,  
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forego,  
Your Slave from Death removing,  
Let me your Art of Charming know,  
Or leave you mine of Loving.

But whether Life or Death betide,  
In Love 'tis equal Measure,  
The Victor lives with empty Pride,  
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

## SONG CXCI.

**T**HEN as it fell out on a Holiday,  
Then as it fell out on a Holiday,  
Then as it fell out on a Holiday ;  
'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,  
'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,  
'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a.

Sir *John* he got on his ambling Nag,  
Sir *John* &c.

To *Scotland* for to ride-a.  
With an hundred and more of his own he swore,  
With a hundred, &c.  
To guard him on ev'ry Side-a.

No Errant Knight ere went to fight,  
No Errant, &c.

So bold a Desperada ;  
Had you seen but his Look, you'd have swore on  
a Book,  
Had you, &c.

He'd have conquer'd a whole *Armada*.

The Ladies look'd out at their Windows, to see  
The Ladies, &c.

So brave, so warlike a Sight-a,  
And they did cry, as he pass'd by,  
And they, &c.

Sir *John*, why will you go fight-a?



But he, like a hardy Knight, rode on,  
But he, &c.

His Heart wou'd not relent-a ;  
For, till he came there, what had he to fear ?  
For, till, &c.

Or why shou'd he repent-a ?

The King (God save him) had singular Hope  
The King, &c.

Of him and all his Troop-a,  
And all the Throng, as he march'd along,  
And all, &c.

For Joy did halloo and hoop-a.

None lik'd him so well as his Colonel,  
None lik'd, &c.

Who took him for *John du Arthur* ;  
But when the Scots Army came in Sight,  
But when, &c.

The Knight was not so pert-a.

And when there was Shows of Guns and Blows,  
And when, &c.

And ev'ry Man must fight-a,  
He ran to his Tent, and they ask'd what he  
meant,

He ran, &c.

He said, He must needs go sh——t-a.

His Colonel sent for him back again,  
His Colonel, &c.

To place him in the Van-a,  
But Sir *John* did swear, he wou'd never come  
there,

But Sir *John*, &c.

To be kill'd the very first Man-a.

To ease him of Fear, he plac'd him in the Rear,  
To ease, &c.

At Miles back half a Score-a,  
 Sir *John* he did play a Trip and away,  
 Sir *John*, &c.

And ne'er saw the Enemy more-a.

### SONG CXCI.

**W**ITH an honest old Friend, and a merry  
 old Song,  
 And a Flask of old *Port*, let me sit the Night  
 long,  
 And laugh at the Malice of those who repine,  
 That they must swig *Porter*, whilst I can drink  
 Wine.

I envy no Mortal, tho' ever so great,  
 Nor scorn I a Wretch for his lowly Estate;  
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,  
 Is Poorness of Spirit, not Poorness in Purse.

Then dare to be generous. dauntless, and gay,  
 Let's merrily pass Life's Remainder away;  
 Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may despise,  
 For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

### SONG CXCI.

**A**S *Callis* near a Fountain lay,  
 Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,  
 The Shepherd *Damon* chanc'd that Way  
 To drive his Flock of Sheep,  
 To drive, &c.

With awful Step h'approach'd the Fair,  
 To view her charming Face,  
 Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,  
 And ev'ry Part a Grace,  
 And ev'ry, &c.

His Heart inflam'd with amorous Pain,  
 He wish'd the Nymph would wake,

Tho' ne'er before was any Swain  
So unrepair'd to speak,  
So unrepair'd, &c.

Whilst slumb'ring thus fair *Calia* lay,  
Soft Wishes fill'd her Mind,  
She cry'd, Come, *Thyrsis*, come away,  
For now I will be kind,  
For now, &c.

*Damon* embrac'd the lucky Hit,  
And flew into her Arms,  
He took her in the yielding Fit,  
And kiss'd all her Charms,  
And kiss'd, &c.

S O N G CXCIV.

**H**OW pleasant a Sailor's Life passes,  
Who roams o'er the watery Main!

No Treasure he ever amasses,  
But chearfully spends all his Gain.  
We're Strangers to Party and Faction,  
To Honour and Honesty true,  
And wou'd not commit a base Action,  
For Power or Profit in view.

Chor. *Then why should we quarrel for Riches,  
Or any such glittering Toys?*

*A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breecbes  
Goes thorough the World, brave Boys.*

The World is a beautiful Garden,  
Enrich'd with the Blessings of Life,  
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,  
Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.  
When terrible Tempests assail us,  
And mountainous Billows affright,  
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,  
But skilful Industry steers right.

Chor. *Then why should, &c.*

The Courtier's more subject to Dangers,  
 Who rules at the Helm of the State,  
 Than we, who to Politicks Strangers,  
 Escape the Snares laid for the Great.  
 The various Blessings of Nature,  
 In various Nations we try,  
 No Mortals than us can be greater,  
 Who merrily live till we die.  
 Chor. *Then why should, &c.*

## S O N G CXC.V.

**B**acchus must now his Power resign,  
 I am the only God of Wine;  
 It is not fit the Wretch should be  
 In Competition set with me,  
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Pow'rs divine,  
 Stock it with nothing else but Wine;  
 Let Wine its only Product be,  
 Let Wine be Earth, be Air, and Sea,  
 And let that Wine be all for me.

Let other Mortals vainly wear  
 A tedious Life in anxious Care:  
 Let the Ambitious toil and think,  
 Let States or Empires swim or sink,  
 My sole Ambition is to drink.

## S O N G CXC.VI.

**T**hat all Men are Beggars, we plainly may  
 see,  
 For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,  
 Tho' none are so blest or so happy as we,  
*It hick no body can deny, deny, which no body  
 can deny.*

The Tradesman he begs that his Wares you  
would buy,

Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high,  
And swears 'tis his Trade when he tells you a Lye,  
*Which no body can deny, &c.*

The Lawyer he begs that you'd give him a Fee,  
Tho' he reads not your Brief, nor regards he your  
Plea,

But advises your Foe how to get a Decree.  
*Which no body can deny, &c.*

The Courtier he begs for a Pension or Place,  
A Ribband, a Title, or Smile from his Grace,

'Tis due to his Merit, 'tis writ in his Face,  
*Which no body can deny, &c.*

But if by Mishap he should chance to get none,  
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone;  
There's but one honest Man, and himself is that  
one,

*Which no body can deny, &c.*

The Fair-one she labours whole Mornings at  
home

New Charms to create, and much Pains to con-  
sume,

Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.

*Which no body can deny, &c.*

The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply,  
She begs he'd be gone, yet with languishing Eye  
Still begs he would stay, for a Maid she can't die;

*Which none but a Fool would deny, &c.*

### SONG CXCII. Jovial Beggar.

I Am a jolly Bowler,  
Of the Free thinking Club:  
And all my Notes are, Fly, fly, fly.  
*Rub, rub a thousand, rub,  
And a bowling we will go, &c.*

There's ne'er a Set of Bowlers  
 So far and near renown'd :  
 We *twist* and *screw*, and with Grimace  
 We *coax* the Bowl around.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

We have the finest Bowling-Green,  
 There's none with us can vie ;  
 Tho' void of Mugs, and Pots and Jugs,  
 To drink when we're a-dry.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

The Rudiments and Sciences  
 In Bowling may be found,  
 For 'tis in vain to think to bowl  
 'Till you first know the Ground.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

From Bowling we may learn too  
 The Patience of a *JOB* ;  
 For as in Bowling, so in Life,  
 We bear with many a *Rub*.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

What Trifles Men contend for,  
 In Bowling's understood ;  
 Where Mortals sweat, and fret, and vex,  
 About a Piece of Wood.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

The Fickleness of Fortune  
 In Emblem here is seen ;  
 For often those that touch the *Block*,  
 Are thrown out of the *Green*.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

Of Courtiers and of Bowlers,  
 The Fortune is the same ;  
 Each jostles t'other out of Place,  
 And plays a *sep'rate Game*.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

In Bowling, as in Battle,  
The Leader's apt to claim  
The Glory to himself,  
Though the *Followers* get the *Game*.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

A *Challenge* from the best  
We value not a *Straw*,  
Both *first* and *second* too must yield,  
If we do once but *Draw*.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

The *Jack* is like a young *Coquet*,  
Each *Bowl* resembles *Man*,  
They follow wherefoe'er she leads,  
As close as e'er they can.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

What tho' they fetch a *Compass* round,  
The *Byass* draws them in;  
And he that lies the closest to't,  
Cock-sure he is to win.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

Alas! here's one that *knocks* it off,  
And *touches* to a *Hair*!  
*Hold, hold an Inch---* your *Tongue*, you *Dog---*  
A *Pox*! I can't forbear.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

Here, quickly bring a *Reed*, *Boy*,  
And measure't out of hand;  
The *Case* is clear, 'tis lost, 'tis lost,  
You cannot make it stand.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

For tho' in other *Gaming*  
A *Block-head* be in *Jest*,  
Yet he that's nearest *Block-head*,  
In *Bowling* is the best.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*



Then to the *Rose* ... of Bowling  
 Now we have had our Fill :  
 Let's lay aside our *Jack*, Boys,  
 And each Man take his GILL.  
*And a Bowling, &c.*

## SONG CXCVIII.

Cupid, God of pleasing Anguish,  
 Teach th' enamour'd Swain to languish,  
 Teach him fierce Desires to know ;  
 Heroes would be lost in Story,  
 Did not Love inspire their Glory,  
 Did not Love inspire their Glory ;  
 Love does all that's great below,  
 Love does all that's great below.

SONG CXCIX. *White Foak.*

Of all the Girls in our Town,  
 Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,  
 With their soft Eyes, and Faces so bright ;  
 Give me a Girl that's blithe and gay,  
 As warm as *June* and as sweet as *May*,  
 With her Heart free, and faithful as Light.

What lovely Couple then could be,  
 So happy and so blest as we ?  
 On whom eternal Joys wou'd smile,  
 And all the Care of Life beguile,  
 Entranc'd in Bliss each rapt'rous Night.

SONG CC. *The Commons, &c.*

COME, let us prepare,  
 We Brothers that are  
 Met together on merry Ocasion ;  
 Let us drink, laugh and sing,  
 Our Wine has a Spring,  
 Here's a Health to an accepted Ma'orn.

The World is in pain,  
 Our Secret to gain,  
 But still let them wonder and gaze  
 Till they're shewn the Light,  
 They'll ne'er know the right  
 Word, or Sign of an *accepted Mason*.

'Tis this, and 'tis that,  
 They cannot tell what ;  
 Why so many great Men in the Nation  
 Should Aprons put on,  
 To make themselves one  
 With a *free and an accepted Mason*.

Great Kings, Dukes, and Lords,  
 Have laid by their Swords,  
 This our Mystry to put a good grace on ;  
 And ne'er been asham'd  
 To hear themselves nam'd  
 With a *free and an accepted Mason*.

Antiquity's Pride  
 We have on our side,  
 It makes each Man just in his Station ;  
 There's nought but what's good,  
 To be understood  
 By a *free and an accepted Mason*.

We're true and sincere,  
 We're just to the Fair,  
 They'll trust us on ev'ry Occasion ;  
 No Mortal can more  
 The Ladies adore  
 Than a *free and an accepted Mason*.

Then join hand in hand,  
 To each other firm stand,  
 Let's be merry, and put a bright Face on  
 What Mortal can boast,  
 So noble a Toast,  
 As a *free and an accepted Mason*.

S O N G C C I. *Mad Bess.*

**F** R O M silent Shades, and the *Elysian*  
Groves,

Where sad departed Spirits mourn their Loves ;  
From Chrystal Streams, and from that Country  
where

*Jove* crowns the Fields with Flowers all the  
Year,

Poor senseless *Bess*, cloath'd in her Rags and  
Folly,

Is come to cure her love-sick Melancholy.

Bright *Cynthia* kept her Revels late,

While *Mab*, the fairy Queen, did dance ;

And *Oberon* did sit in State,

When *Mars* at *Venus* ran his Lance.

In yonder Cowslip lies my Dear,

Intomb'd in liquid Gems of Dew ;

Each Day I'll water it with a Tear,

Its fading Blossom to renew.

For since my Love is dead,

And all my Joys are gone ;

Poor *Bess* for his sake,

A Garland will make,

My Musick shall be a Groan.

I'll lay me down and die

Within some hollow Tree ;

The Raven and Cat,

The Owl, and Bat,

Shall warble forth my Elegy.

Did you not see my Love,

As he past by you ?

His two flaming Eyes,

If he comes nigh you

They will scorch up your Hearts,  
Ladies, beware you,  
Lest he should dart a Glance,  
That may ensnare you.

Hark! hark! I hear old *Charon* bawl,  
His Boat he will no longer stay;  
The Furies lash their Whips, and call,  
Come, come away, come, come away.

Poor *Bess* will return,  
To the Place whence she came,  
Since the World is so mad, she can hope for no  
Cure;

For Love's grown a Bubble,  
A Shadow, a Name,  
Which Fools do admire, and wise Men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown,  
Ambrosia will I feed upon;

Drink Nectar still and sing:  
Who is content,  
Does all Sorrows prevent;  
And *Bess*, in her Straw,  
Whilst free from the Law,  
In her Thoughts is as great as a King.

## S O N G CCII.

**T**HE sweet rosy Morning  
Peeps over the Hills,  
With Blushes adorning  
The Meadows and Fields;  
While the merry, merry, merry Horn calls,  
Come, come, come away,  
Awake from your Slumber,  
And hail the new Day.

The Stag rous'd before us,  
 Away seems to fly,  
 And pants to the Chorus  
 Of Hounds in full Cry.

*Then follow, follow, follow  
 The musical Chase,  
 Where Pleasure, and vigorous  
 Health you embrace.*

The Day's Sport, when over,  
 Makes Blood circle right,  
 And gives the brisk Lover  
 Fresh Charms for the Night.

*Then let us, let us now enjoy  
 All we can while we may,  
 Let Love crown the Night,  
 As our Spirits crown the Day.*

## S O N G C C I I I.

SWEET Nelly, my Heart's Delight,  
 Be loving, and do not slight  
 The Proffer I make, for Molesty's sake;  
 I honour your Beauty bright.  
 For Love I protest, I can do no less,  
 Thou hast my Favour won;  
 And since I see your Molesty,  
 I pray agree and fancy me,  
 Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.

No: I am a Lady gay,  
 'Tis very well known, I may  
 Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town:  
 So, Roger, without delay  
 Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,  
 Their Loves will soon be won;  
 But don't you dare to speak me fair,  
 As tho' I were at my Last Pray'r,  
 To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches store,  
Two hundred a Year, and more,  
Besides Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows, and  
Ploughs;

His Age is above Threescore:  
And when he does die, then merrily I  
Shall have what he has won;  
Both Land and Kine, all shall be thine,  
If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,  
And marry a Farmer's Son.

*A fig for your Cattle and Corn,  
Your proffer'd Love I scorn;  
'Tis known very well, my Name it is Nell,  
And you're but a Bumpkin born.*  
Well, since it is so, away I will go,  
And I hope no Harm is done;;  
Farewel, adieu: I hope to woo  
As good as you, and win her too,  
Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.

*Be not in haste, quoth she,  
Perhaps we may still agree,  
For, Man, I protest, I was but in jest;  
Come, prithee sit down by me:  
For thou art the Man, that verily can  
Perform what must be done;  
Both strait and tall, genteel withal,  
Therefore I shall be at your Call,  
To marry a Farmer's Son.*

Dear Lady, believe me now,  
I solemnly swear and vow,  
No Lords in their Lives take Pleasure in Wives,  
Like Fellows that drive the Plow;  
For whate'er they gain, with Labour and Pain,  
They don't to Harlots run,  
As Courriers do: I never knew  
A London Beau, that could outdo  
A Country Farmer's Son.

## S O N G CCIV.

**D** I D ever Swain a Nymph adore,  
As I ungrateful *Nanny* do?  
Was ever Shepherd's Heart so sore,  
Or ever broken Heart so true?  
My Checks are swell'd with Tears, but she  
Has never wet a Check for me.

If *Nanny* call'd, did e'er I stay?  
Or linger, when she bid me run?  
She only had the Word to say,  
And all she wish'd was quickly done,  
I alwa think of her, but she  
Does ne'er bestow a Thought on me.

To let her Cows my Clover taste,  
Have I not rose by break of Day?  
Did ever *Nanny's* Heifers fast,  
If *Robin* in his Barn had Hay?  
Tho' to my Fields they welcome were,  
I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever *Nanny* lost a Sheep,  
Then cheerfully I gave her two;  
And I her Lambs did safely keep  
Within my Folds in Frost and Snow,  
Have they not there from Cold been free?  
But *Nanny* still is cold to me.

When *Nanny* to the Well did come,  
'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;  
Full as they were I brought them home;  
Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill:  
My Back did bear the Sack, but she  
Will never bear the Sight of me.

To *Nanny's* Poultry Oats I gave,  
I'm sure they always had the best:



Within this Week her Pigeons have,  
 Eat up a Peck of Pease, at least ;  
 Her little Pigeons kiss, but she  
 Will never take a Kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny won,  
 And Nanny still on Robin frown?  
 Alas! poor Wretch! what shall I do,  
 If Nanny does not love me soon?  
 If no Relief to me she'll bring,  
 I'll hang me in her Apron-string.

## S O N G C C V.

**T**HE Wheel of Life is turning quickly  
 round,  
 And nothing in this World of Certainty is  
 found :  
 The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us  
 out :  
 Good luck! good luck! how things are wheel'd  
 about!

Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,  
 And as they mount up high, the others tumble  
 low ;  
 In this we all agree, that Fate at first did will,  
 That this great Wheel should never once stand  
 still.

The Courtier turns to gain his private Ends,  
 'Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his  
 Friends ;  
 Prosperity oft-times deceives the Proud and  
 Vain,  
 And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.  
 Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry Way,  
 And cheat, and scrape for what can't purchase  
 one poor Day ;

But this is far beneath the generous-hearted Man,  
Who lives, and makes the most of Life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's short  
Farce,

'Till we at last are wheel'd off in a rumbling  
Hearse:

The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us  
out:

Good lack ! good lack ! how things are wheel'd  
about.

### S O N G CCVI.

**T**H E R E were three Lads in our Town,  
Slow Men of *London*,

They courted a Widow was bonny and brown,  
And yet they left her undone.

They went to work without their Tools,  
Slow Men of *London* !

The Widow she sent them away like Fools,  
Because they left her undone.

They often tasted this Widow's Chgar ;  
Slow Men of *London* !

But yet the Widow was never the near,  
For still they left her undone.

Blow, ye Winds ; and come down, Rain,  
Slow Men of *London* !

They never shall woo this Widow again,  
Because they left her undone.

### S O N G CCVII.

**T**H U S Kitty, beautiful and young,  
And wild as Colt untam'd,

Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,  
With little Rage inflam'd.

Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,  
Which wise Mamma ordain'd ;

And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,  
Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd,  
With *Abigails* forsaken?

Kitty's for other things design'd,  
O! I am much mistaken.

Must Lady *Jenny* frisk about,  
And visit with her Cousins?

All Bails must she make all the Rout,  
And bring home Hearts by dozens?

What has she better, pray, than I?  
What hidden Charms to boast?  
That all Mankind for her should die,  
Whilst I am scarce a Toast.

Dearest Mamma, for once let me,  
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;  
I'll have my Earl, as well as she,  
Or know the Reason why.

I'll soon with *Jenny's* Pride quit score,  
Make all her Lovers fall:  
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,  
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave way,  
Kitty, at Heart's Desire  
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,  
And set the World on fire.

## SONG CCVIII.

**A** Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall,  
Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen  
and Hall,  
No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,  
No Ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate:  
*Derry down, down, down, derry down.*

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself  
 happy,  
 If at Night he could purchase a Jug of brown  
 Nappy;  
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too  
 most sweet,  
 Saying, just to a Hair I have made both Ends  
*Derry down, &c.* (to meet :

Put Love, the Disturber of High and of Low,  
 That shoots at the Peasant as well as the Beau;  
 He shot the poor Cobler quite thorough the Heart:  
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble Part:  
*Derry down, &c.*

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,  
 Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;  
 Her Eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry Day,  
 That she shot the poor Cobler quite over the  
*Derry down, &c.* (Way :

He sung her Love-Songs, as he sat at his Work,  
 But she was as hard as a Jew, or a Turk:  
 Whenever he spake, she would flounce and would  
 flee,  
 Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair:  
*Derry down, &c.*

He took up his *Awl* that he had in the World,  
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd;  
 He pierc'd through his Body instead of the *Sole*,  
 So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll:  
*Derry down, &c.*

And now in good Will I advise, as a Friend,  
 All Coblers take Warning by this *Cobler's End*:  
 Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find by  
 what's past,  
 That Love brings us *All* to an *End* at the *Last*.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## SONG CCIX.

**W**H Y will *Florella*, when I gaze,  
My ravish'd Eyes reprove?  
And hide 'em from the only Face  
They can behold with Love?

To shun her Scorn, and ease my Care,  
I seek a Nymph more kind;  
And while I rove from Fair to Fair,  
Still gentler Usage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,  
Where Nature has no Part;  
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,  
But you engage my Heart.

So restless Exiles, doom'd to roam,  
Meet Pity ev'ry where;  
Yet languish for their native home,  
Tho' Death attends them there.

## SONG CCX.

He.

**S**INCE Times are so bad, I must tell thee  
Sweet-Heart,  
I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my  
Cart,

And to the fair City a Journey I'll go;  
To better my Fortune, as other Folks do;  
Since some have from Ditches, and coarse lea-  
thern Breeches,

Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches,  
Prishee come, come, come, come from thy  
Wheel;

For if the Gypsies don't lye,  
I shall be a Governour too, ere I die.

*She.* Ah! *Collin!* by all thy late Doings I find,  
With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy  
Mind;

Our Sheep they at random disorderly run,  
 And now *Sard*'s Jacket goes ev'ry Day on :  
 Ah ! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost  
 thou mean :

*He.* To make my Shoes clean,  
 And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen ;  
 Where shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall win.

*She.* Fie ! 'tis better for us to plough, and to  
 spin :

For, as to the Court, when thou happen'st to  
 try,  
 Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou can'st  
 buy ;

For Money, the Devil and all's to be found,

But no good Parts minded, without the good  
 Pound.

*He.* Why, then I'll take Arms, and follow Alarms,  
 Hunt Honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.

*She.* And so lose a Limb, by a Shot or a Blow,  
 And curse thy self after, for leaving the Plow.

*He.* Suppose I turn Gamester. *She.* So cheat, and  
 be hang'd.

*He.* What think'st of the Road then ? *She.* The  
 high Way to be hang'd.

*He.* Nice Pimping, however, yields Profit for  
 Life,

I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

*She.* That's dangerous too, among the Town-  
 Crew,

For some of 'em will do the same thing by you ;  
 And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in :  
 Faith, *Collin*, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

*He.* Will nothing prefer me ? What think'st of  
 the Law ?

*She.* Oh ! while you live, *Collin*, keep out of that  
 Paw.

*He.* I'll cant, and I'll pray. *She.* There's nought  
got that way ;

There's no one minds now what those black Gen-  
try say.

Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair.

*He.* To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-  
Trees bear.

*She.* Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can  
show,

So I'll to my Distaff. *He.* And I'll to my Plough.

*Both.* Let all our whole Care be our farming Af-  
fair,

To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees  
bear.

Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show ;

So I'll to my Distaff. *He.* And I'll to my Plough.

## S O N G CCXI.

**H**OW much, egregious *Moore*, are we,  
Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms ?

Whate'er we think, what'er we see,

All human Kind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by Birth,

Vile Reptile, weak, and vain !

A while he crawls upon the Earth,

Then shrinks to Earth again.

That Woman is a Worm we find,

E'er since our Grandame's Evil ;

She first convers'd with her own Kind,

That ancient Worm the Devil.

The Learn'd themselves, we Book-worms name ;

The Blockhead is a Slow-Worm ;

The Nymph whose Tail is all on Flame,

Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.



The Fops are painted Butter-flies,  
That flutter for a Day ;  
First from a Worm they take their Rise,  
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows ;  
Some Worms suit all Conditions ;  
Misers are Muck-Worms ; Silk-Worms Beaus ;  
And Death-Watches, Physicians.

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen,  
By all their winding Play ;  
Their Conscience is a Worm within,  
That gnaws them Night and Day.

Ah! *Moore*, thy Skill were well employ'd,  
And greater Gain would rise,  
If thou couldst make the Courtier void  
The Worm that never dies.

Oh learned Friend of *Abchurch-Lane*,  
Who set'st our Entrails free !  
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,  
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn,  
Some few short Years, no more !  
Ev'n *Button's* Wits to Worms shall turn,  
Who Maggots were before.

## S O N G C C X I I .

**B**LOW, blow *Boreas* blow, and let thy far-  
ly Winds

Make the Billows foam and roar,  
Thou canst no Terror breed in valiant Minds,  
But spite of thee we'll live, and find a Shore.

Then cheer, my Mates, and be not aw'd,  
But keep the Gun-Room clear ;  
Though Hell's broke loose, and the Devils roar  
abroad,  
Whilst we have Sea-room here, Boys, never fear.

Hey ! how she tosses up, how far !  
 The mounting Top-Mast touch'd a Star ;  
 The Meteors blaz'd, as thro' the Clouds we  
     came ;  
 And, Salamander-like, we liv'd in Flame.  
 But now, now we sink ! now we go  
 Down to the deepest Shades below :  
 Alas ! alas ! where are we now !  
 Who, who can tell ?  
 Sure 'tis the lowest Room of Hell,  
 Or where the Sea-Gods dwell :  
 With them we'll live, with them we'll live and  
     reign ;  
 With them we'll laugh, and sing, and drink  
     amain :  
 But see ! we mount ! see ! see ; we rise again !

## S O N G CCXIII.

**A**S I beneath the Myrtle Shade lay musing,  
     *Sylvia* the fair, in mournful Sounds,  
 Venting her Grief, the Air thus wounds ;  
 Oh ! God of Love, cease to torment me :  
     Send to my Aid some gentle Swain,  
     Whose Balm apply'd, may ease my Pain.  
 Aloud I cry'd, and all the Grove resounded,  
     Heavenly Nymph complain no more,  
     Love does thy wish'd-for Peace restore,  
 And sends a gentle Swain to ease thee ;  
     In whom a longing Maid may find  
     A Balm to cure her Love-sick Mind.  
 She blush'd and sigh'd, and push'd the Med'cine  
     from her,  
     Which still the more encreas'd her Pain,  
     Finding at length she strove in vain,  
 Oh ! Love, she cry'd : I must obey thee ;  
     Who can the raging Smart endure ?  
     She suck'd the Balm, and found the Cure.

## S O N G CCXIV.

**F**Orth from my dark and dismal Cell,  
Or from the dark Abyſs of Hell,  
Mad *Tom* is come to view the World again,  
To ſee if he can cure his diſtemper'd Brain.

Fears and Cares oppreſs my Soul;  
Hark ! how the angry Furies howl ?  
*Ilno* laughs, and *Proſerpine* is glad,  
To ſee poor angry *Tom* of *Bedlam* mad.

Through the World I wander Night and Day,  
To find my ſtraggling Senſes.  
In an angry Mood I met old *Time*,  
With his Pentateuch of Tenſes :  
When me he ſpies away he flies,  
For *Time* will ſtay for no Man ;  
In vain with Cries I rend the Skies,  
For Pity is not common.

Cold and comfortleſs I be,  
Help ! help ! or elſe I die !  
Hark ! I hear *Apollo's* Team,  
The Carman <sup>3</sup>gins to whistle ;  
*Chaste Diana* bends her Bow,  
And the Boar begins to bristle,  
Come *Vulcan*, with Tools and with Tackle ;  
And knock off my troubleſome Shackle ;  
Bid *Charles* make ready his Wain,  
To bring me my Senſes again.

Laſt Night I heard the *Dog-ſtar* bark,  
*Mars* met *Venus* in the Dark ;  
Limping *Vulcan* beat an Iron-bar,  
And furiously made at the God of War ;  
*Mars* with his Weapon laid about,  
Limping *Vulcan* had got the Gout ;  
His broad Horns did ſo hang in his Light,  
That he could not ſee to aim his Blows aright.

*Mercury*, the nimble Post of Heaven,  
 Stood still to see the Quarrel ;  
 Gorrel-belly'd *Bacchus*, Giant-like,  
 Bestrid a Strong-Beer Barrel ;  
 To me he drinks whole Butts,  
 Until he burst his Guts,  
 But mine were ne'er the wider.  
 Poor *Tom* is very dry,  
 A little Drink for Charity.

Hark ! I hear *Aſſaon's* Hounds,  
 The Huntsmen whoop and hollow ;  
*Ringwood, Rockwood, Jowler, Bowman,*  
 All the Chase do follow.

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,  
 Eats powder'd Beef, Turnip, and Carrot ;  
 But a Cup of *Malaga* Sack  
 Will fire the Bush at his Back.

S O N G CCXV.

O N E *April* Morn, when from the Sea  
*Phœbus* was just appearing ;  
*Damon* and *Calia*, young and gay,  
 Long-settl'd Love endearing ;  
 Met in a Grove to vent their Spleen  
 On Parents unrelenting ;  
 He bred of *Tory* Race had been,  
 She of the Tribe Dissenting.

*Calia*, whose Eyes out-shone the God,  
 Newly the Hills adorning ;  
 Told him Mamma would be stark mad,  
 She missing Prayers that Morning :  
*Damon*, his Arm about her Waist,  
 Swore that nought should them sunder ;  
 Should my rough Dad know how I'm blest,  
 'Twould make him roar like Thunder.

Great ones with Ambition blind,  
 By Faction still support it ;  
 Or, where vile Money taints the Mind,  
 They for Convenience court it ;  
 But mighty Love, that scorns to shew  
 Party should raise his Glory,  
 Swears he'll exalt a Vassal true,  
 Let him be *Whig* or *Tory*.

## S O N G CCXVI.

**I** Have been in Love, and in Debt, and in  
 Drink,  
 This many and many a Year :  
 And those are Plagues enough I should think,  
 For one poor Mortal to bear.  
 'Twas Love made me fall into Drink,  
 And Drink made me fall into Debt ;  
 And tho' I have struggled, and struggled, and  
 strove,  
 I cannot get out of them yet.  
 There's nothing but Money can cure me,  
 And rid me of all my Pain ;  
 'Twill pay all my Debts,  
 And remove all my Letts ;  
 And my Mistress that cannot endure me,  
 Will love me, and love me again :  
 Then, then I'll fall to my loving and drinking  
 again.

## S O N G CCXVII.

**S**hould I die by the Force of good Wine,  
 'Tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine ;  
 And for the Age to come,  
 Engrave this Story on my Tomb :  
 Here lies a Body once so brave,  
 Who with drinking made his Grave.

Since thus to die will purchase Fame,  
And raise an everlasting Name ;  
Drink, drink away ; drink, drink away :  
And here let's be nobly interr'd ;  
Let Misers and Slaves pop into their Graves,  
And rot in a dirty Church-yard.

S O N G CCXVIII.

**H**OW blest are Beggar-Lasses,  
Who never toil for Treasure ?  
We know no Care, but how to share  
Each Day's successive Pleasure.  
*Drink away, let's be gay,  
Beggars still with Bliss abound ;  
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,  
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.*

**A** Fig for gaudy Fashions,  
No want of Clothes oppresses :  
We live at Ease with Rags and Fleas ;  
We value not our Dresses.  
*Drink away, &c.*

**We** scorn all Ladies Washes,  
With which they spoil each Feature :  
No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint ;  
We live in simple Nature.  
*Drink away, &c.*

**No** Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours ;  
At Morn or Ev'ning tease us ;  
We drink not Tea, or Ratafie ;  
When sick, a Dram can ease us.  
*Drink away, &c.*

**What** Ladies act in private,  
By Nature's soft Complaisance,  
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,  
To kiss without a Licence.  
*Drink away, &c.*

We know no Shame or Scandal,  
 The Beggars Law befriends us;  
 We all agree in Liberty,  
 And Poverty defends us.  
*Drink away, &c.*

Like jolly Beggar-Wenches  
 Thus, thus, we drown all Sorrow;  
 We live to-day, and ne'er delay  
 Our Pleasure till to-morrow.  
*Drink away, &c.*

## S O N G C C X I X.

**Y**E fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaus who  
 deceive 'em,  
 Who with Passion engage, and without Reason  
 leave 'em;  
 Draw near and attend, how the Hero I sing,  
 Was foil'd by a Girl, tho' *at Arms he was King.*  
*Derry down, &c.*

Crests, Motto's, Supporters, and Bearings, knew  
 he,  
 And deeply was study'd in old Pedigree;  
 He would sit a whole Ev'ning, and not without  
 Rapture,  
 Tell who begot whom, to the End of the Chap-  
*Derry down, &c.* [ter.

In forming his Tables, nought griev'd him, but  
 solely,  
 That this Man dy'd *cælebs*, and that *sine prole*.  
 At last, having trac'd others Families down,  
 He began to have Thoughts of encreasing his  
 own.  
*Derry down, &c.*

A Dam'sel he chose, not too slow of Belief,  
 And fain would be deem'd her Admirer *in chief*:





He blazon'd his Suit, and the Sum of his Tale,  
Was, *his Coat and her Coat, join'd party par pale.*  
*Derry down, &c.*

In different *Stile*, to tie faster the Noose,  
He next would attack her in soft *Billet-doux* :  
His *Argent* and *Sable* were laid aside quite,  
Plain *English* he wrote, and in plain black and  
white.

*Derry down, &c.*

Against such *Atchievements* what Beauty could  
fence ? [tence ?

Or who would have thought it was all but Pre-  
His Pain to relieve, and fulfil his Desire,  
The Lady agreed to join hands with the Squire.  
*Derry down, &c.*

The Squire in a fret that the Jest went so far,  
Consider'd with speed how to put in a *Barr*.  
His Words bound him not, since hers did not  
confine her ;  
And this is plain Law because Miss is a Minor.  
*Derry down, &c.*

Miss briskly reply'd, that the Law was too hard,  
If she who is Minor may not be a *Ward* :  
In Law then confiding, she took it upon her,  
By Justice to mend those foul Breaches of Ho-  
nour.

*Derry down, &c.*

She handl'd him so, that few would, I warrant,  
Have been in his Coat, on so *sleeveless* an Errand :  
She made him give Bond for stamp'd *Argent*  
and *Or*,  
And *sabl'd* his *Shield* with *Gules*, blazon'd be-  
fore.

*Derry down, &c.*

Ye Heralds, produce, from the Time of the  
*Normans,*  
 In all your Records such a base Non-perfor-  
 mance,  
 Or if without Instance the Case is we touch on,  
 Let this be set down as a *Blot in his 'Scutchcon.*  
*Derry down, &c.*

## SONG CCXX.

FILL all the Glasses, fill 'em high,  
 Drink, drink, and defy all Power but Love:  
 Wines gives the Slave his Liberty;  
 But Love makes a Slave of thund'ring Jove.  
 Drink, drink away,  
 Make a Night of the Day,  
 'Tis Nectar, 'tis Liquor divine;  
 The Pleasure of Life,  
 Free from Anguish and Strife,  
 Are owing to Love and good Wine.

## SONG CCXXI.

G O vind the Vicar of *Taunton-Dean,*  
 And he'll tell you the Banns were asked;  
 A good vat Capon he had ver's Pains,  
 And I zent it home in a Basket.  
 And a Friday Night I was, by right,  
 To have prov'd if she were a Maiden;  
 And now she's run with a Soldier to Town:  
*Heyd'edom deydl-dom, cudden;*  
*Heyden, cudden, cudden. Tom:*  
*Sing heydledom, deyldedom, cudden.*  
 My Mother she zold her blue game Cock,  
 And a dainty Brood of Chicken:  
 Then bought herself a Canvass Smock,  
 And rack'd it up in the Kitchen:  
 And she bought me a Cambrick-Band,  
 With a Bumpkin Pair of Breeches:

Not thinking but *Joan*  
 Would have made me her own :  
 But i'faith she'd have none of those Vetches.

*Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :*  
*Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.*

I'll take a Hatchet and hang my zell,  
 Before I'll endure these Losses :  
 Or else a Rope in a dolesome Well,  
 For I never can bear these Crosses :  
 Or I'll go to some Beacon high,  
 For i'vaith I am welly wooden,  
 And throw my zelf down, her Kindness to try.  
*Heydledom, heydledom, &c.*

If she can think 'tis a better Trade,  
 This shooting of Guns, and flashing :  
 She'll find herself but a simple Jade,  
 For there's more to be got by Threshing.  
 I ne'er shall beg without a Leg,  
 Nor Occasion have vor a wooden ;  
 Nor Cripple become,  
 By following a Drum,  
*Heydledom, deydledom, cudden.*  
*Heydon, dudden, cudden, Tom :*  
*Sing heydledom, deydledom, cudden.*

## S O N G CCXXII.

**S** T A Y, Shepherd, stay ; I prithee stay ;  
 Did not you see her go this Way ;  
 Where can she be, can you not guess ;  
 Alas ! I have lost my Shepherdess !

I fear some Satyr has betray'd  
 My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade :  
 Oh ! woe is me, I am undone !  
 For in the Shade she was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose,  
 Strive to salute her as she goes ;

Nay, be content to kiss her Shoe,  
The Primrose, and the Daisie too.

Oh ! woe is me ! what must I do ?  
Or who must I complain unto ?  
Methinks the Vallies cry, forbear,  
And sighing say, She is not here.

Oh ! what shall I, unhappy, do ?  
Or who must I complain unto ?  
Where may she be, can you not guess ?  
Where I may find my Shepherdess ?

## S O N G CCXXIII.

**Y**ong Virgins love Pleasure,  
As Misers do Treasure,  
And both alike study to heighten the Measure ;  
Their Hearts they will rife ;  
For ev'ry new Trifle ;  
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song :  
But soon as they marry,  
And find things miscarry,  
Oh ! how they sigh, that they were not more  
wary ;  
Instead of soft Wooing,  
They run to their Ruin,  
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

## S O N G CCXXIV.

**L**ET Ambition fire thy Mind,  
Thou wer't born o'er Men to reign ;  
Not to follow Flocks design'd,  
Scorn thy Crook, and leave the Plain.  
Crowns I'll throw beneath thy Feet,  
Thou on Necks of Kings shalt tread ;  
Joys in Circles, Joys shall meet,  
Which way e'er thy Fancy lead.

Let not Toils of Empire fright,  
Toils of Empire Pleasure are;  
Thou shalt only know Delight,  
All the Joy, but not the Care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the Prize,  
For the Blessings I bestow:  
Joyful I'll ascend the Skies,  
Happy thou shalt reign below.

S O N G CCXXV.

O H! happy, happy Groves!  
Witness of our tender Loves!  
Oh! happy, happy Shade,  
Where first our Vows were made,  
Blushing, sighing, melting, dying:  
Looks would charm a *Jove*:  
A thousand pretty things she said,  
And all, and all was Love.

But *Corinna* perjur'd proves,  
And forsakes the shady Groves:  
When I speak of mutual Joys,  
She knows not what I mean:  
Wanton Glances, fond Caresses,  
Now no more are seen,  
Since the false deluding Fair  
Left the flow'ry Green.

Mourn, ye Nymphs that sporting play'd,  
Where poor *Strephon* was betray'd;  
There the secret Wound she gave,  
When I first was made her Slave.

S O N G CCXXVI.

I Go to the *Elysian* Shade,  
Where Sorrow ne'er shall wound me:  
Where nothing shall my Rest invade,  
But Joy shall still surround me.

I fly from *Calia's* cold Disdain,  
From her Disdain I fly;  
She is the Cause of all my Pain,  
For her alone I die.

Her Eyes are brighter than the Mid-day Sun,  
When he but half his radiant Course has run,  
When his Meridian Glories gaily shine,  
And glad all Nature with a Warmth divine.

See yonder River's flowing Tide,  
Which now so full appears,  
Those Streams, that do so swiftly glide,  
Are nothing but my Tears.

There have I wept, till I could weep no more,  
And curs'd mine Eyes, when they have shed  
their Store ;  
Then, like the Clouds that rob the azure Main,  
I've drain'd the Flood, to weep it back again.

Pity my Pains,  
Ye gentle Swains,  
Cover me with Ice and Snow,  
I scorch, I burn, I flame, I glow:  
Furies, tear me,  
Quickly bear me  
To the dismal Shades below ;  
Where Yelling, and Howling,  
And Grumbling and Growling,  
Strike our Ears with horrid Woe.

Hissing Snakes,  
Fiery Lakes,  
Would be a Pleasure and a Cure ;  
Not all the Hells,  
Where *Pluto* dwells,  
Can give such Pains as I endure.

To some peaceful Plain convey me,  
On a mossy Carpet lay me;  
Fan me with ambrosial Breeze,  
Let me die, and so have Ease.

SONG CCXXVII.

**L** Eave off this idle Prating,  
Talk no more of *Wig* and *Tory*,  
But drink your Glass,  
Round let it pass,  
The Bottle stands before ye.

Chorus. *Fill it up*

*To the Top,*

*Let the Night with Mirth be crown'd,*

*Drink about,*

*See it out,*

*Love and Friendship still go round.*

If Claret be a Blessing,  
This Night devote to Pleasure;  
Let worldly Cares,  
And State Affairs,  
Be thought on at more leisure.  
*Fill it up, &c.*

If any be so zealous,  
To be a Party's Minion,  
Let him drink like me,  
We'll soon agree,  
And be of one Opinion.  
*Fill it up, &c.*

SONG CCXXVIII.

**H** Ere's to thee, my Boy,  
My Darling, my Joy,  
For a Toper I love, as my Life,  
I love as my Life;



Who ne'er baulks his Glafs,  
 Nor cries like an Ass,  
**To go home to his Mistress or Wife.**  
**To go home to his Mistress or Wife.**

But heartily quaffs,  
 Sings Catches, and laughs;  
 All the Night he looks jovial and gay.  
 Looks jovial, and gay;  
 When Morning appears,  
 Then homeward he steers,  
 To snore out the rest of the Day,  
 To snore out the rest of the Day.

He feels not the Cares,  
 The Griefs, nor the Fears,  
 That the Sober too often attend,  
 Too often attend;  
 Nor knows he a Loss,  
 Disturbance, or Cross,  
 Save the want of his Bottle and Friend,  
 Save the want of his Bottle and Friend.

**S O N G CCXXIX.** *London is a  
 fine Town, &c.*

**C O M E**, all you Sons of *Adam*,  
 The which do haunt this Place;  
 Come, all you little Eves-droppers,  
 Who pass for Babes of Grace;  
 Come, all you Shapes and Figures,  
 And as you pass along,  
 Pray mind a Brother Animal,  
 And listen to his Song.  
*Oh! Masquerades are fine things,  
 For to delight the Eyes;  
 And tho' they vex the Foolish,  
 They don't offend the Wise.*

For why should Mirth and Pleasure,  
 And harmless Sport and Play,  
 Or speaking with Sincerity,  
 Bethought a rude Essay ?  
 For when we mask our Faces,  
 We then unmask our Hearts;  
 And hide our lesser Beauties,  
 To shew our better Parts.  
*Oh! Masquerades, &c.*

Here all Sorts of Conditions  
 Are sociable and free,  
 They judge not by Appearances,  
 Which often disagree ;  
 A Lord will court a Skullion,  
 A Lady hug a Clown ;  
 A Judge embrace most tenderly  
 A Madam of the Town.  
*Oh! Masquerades, &c.*

Here Party makes no Difference,  
 No Politicians jar ;  
 Here Statesmen lay aside their Pride,  
 And with it all their Care.  
 A *Babylonish* Dialect  
 Inspires all the Place ;  
 Which must produce, no doubt on't,  
 A very sprightly Race.  
*Oh! Masquerades, &c.*

Here I an honest Calling  
 Have chosen at my Leisure ;  
 For Profit, by the bye, Sir,  
 But in the main for Pleasure :  
 For Pleasure each Man hither comes,  
 Each Lady comes for Pleasure ;  
 And, if I'm in the right, Sir,  
 Why then, my Song is Measure.  
*Oh! Masquerades, &c.*

SONG CCXXX. *Greenwood Tree.*

**O**F all the Things beneath the Sun,  
To love's the greatest Curse ;  
If one's deny'd, then he's undone ,  
If not, 'tis ten times worse.  
Poor *Adam*, by his Wife, 'tis known,  
Was trick'd some Years ago ;  
But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,  
For all his Sons were so.

Lovers the strangest Fools are made,  
When they their Nymphs pursue,  
Which they will ne'er believe, till wed,  
But then, alas ! 'tis true.  
They beg, they pray, and they adore,  
'Till weary'd out of Life ;  
And pray, what's all this Trouble for ?  
Why truly, for a Wife.

How odd a thing's a whining Sot,  
Who sighs, in greatest Need,  
For that, which 'soon as ever got,  
Does make him sigh indeed.  
Each Maid's an Angel while she's woo'd,  
But when the Wooing's done,  
The Wife, instead of Flesh and Blood,  
Proves nothing but a Bone.

Ills, more or less, in human Life,  
No mortal Man can shun ;  
But when a Man has got a Wife,  
He has them all in one.  
The Liver of *Promethæus*  
A gnawing Vultur fed ;  
A Fable, that the thing was thus,  
The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,  
 Was *Tantalus's* Curse;  
 The Apples which did tempt him so;  
 Were nought but a Divorce.  
 Let no Fool dream, that to his Share,  
 A better Wife will fall;  
 They're all the same faith, to a Hair,  
 For they are Women all.

When first the senseless empty Nokes  
 With Wooing does begin,  
 Far better he might beg the Stocks,  
 That they would let him in.  
 Yet for a Lover we may say,  
 He wears no cheating Phiz;  
 Tho' others Looks do oft betray,  
 He looks like what he is.

More Joys a Glas of Wine does give,  
 (Wife take him that gainsays)  
 Than all the Wenches sprung from *Eve*,  
 E'er gave in all their Days.  
 But come, to Lovers here's a Glas,  
 God-wot, they need no Curse:  
 Each wishes he may wed his Lass,  
 No Soul can wish him worse.

## S O N G CCXXXI.

**T**HIS great World is a Trouble,  
 Where all must their Fortunes bear;  
 Make the most of the Bubble,  
 You'll have but Neighbours Fare.

Let not Jealousy teaze ye,  
 Think of nought but to please ye  
 What's past, is but in vain  
 For Mortals to wish again.

When dull Cares do attack ye,  
 Drinking will these Clouds repel;  
 Four good Bottles will make ye  
 Happy, they seldom fail.

If a Fifth should be wanted,  
 Ask the Gods 'twill be granted;  
 Thus, with ease, you'll obtain  
 A Remedy for all Pain.

## SONG CCXXXII.

**D**O not ask me, charming *Phillis*,  
 Why I lead you here alone,  
 By this Bank of Pinks and Lilies,  
 And Roses newly blown.

'Tis not to behold the Beauty  
 Of those Flow'rs that crown the Spring;  
 'Tis, to——but I know my Duty,  
 And I dare not name the Thing.

'Tis, at worst, but her denying,  
 Why should I thus fearful be?  
 Ev'ry Moment, gentle flying,  
 Smiles, and says, Make use of me.

What the Sun does to these Roses,  
 While the Beams play gently in,  
 I would——but my Fear opposes,  
 And I dare not name the Thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it,  
 Ask my Eyes to ask your own;  
 And if neither can reveal it,  
 Think what Lovers think alone.

On this Bank of Pinks and Lilies,  
 Might I speak what I would do;  
 I would with my lovely *Phillis*,  
 I would, I would,—ah! would not you?

## S O N G CCXXXIII.

A Cuckold it is thought  
 A most reproachful Name;  
 Since Wives commit the Fault,  
 Whilst Husbands bear the Blame.  
 'Tis natural for Women  
 Such little Slips to make;  
 And if they were not common,  
 How many Heads would ake?  
 I'll give my Wife her Humour,  
 It she'll but give me mine;  
 And tho' I hear bad Rumour,  
 I never will repine.  
 If she a Cuckold make me,  
 I'll serve her in her Coin;  
 And may the Devil take me,  
 If e'er I lag behind.

## S O N G CCXXXIV.

YE Maidens, ye Wives and young Widows,  
 rejoice,  
 Proclaim a Thanksgiving with Heart and with  
 Voice,  
 Since Waters were Waters, I dare boldly say,  
 Ye ne'er had more Cause for a Thanksgiving-  
 Day.  
 For from *London* Town there is lately come down  
 Four able Physicians, who never wore Gown,  
 Whose Physick is pleasant, tho' their Doses are  
 large,  
 And you may be cur'd, without Danger or  
 Charge.  
 No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, no Pill,  
 Which sometimes do cure, but oftner do kill:  
 Your Taste, or your Palate, need ne'er be dis-  
 pleas'd,  
 If you'll be advis'd, you'd buy one of these:

For they have a new Drug, 'tis call'd, The Close-  
Hug,

'Twill mend your Complection, and make you  
look smug;

'Tis a sovereign Balsam, when once well apply'd,  
For, tho' wounded at Heart, the Patient ne'er  
dy'd.

In the Morning you need not be robb'd of your  
Rest,

For in your warm Bed this Physick works best;  
What, tho' in the taking some Stirring's re-  
quir'd,

The Motion's so pleasant, you cannot be tir'd:  
On your Backs you must lie, with your Bodies  
rais'd high,

And one of these Doctors must always be nigh,  
Who still will be ready to cover you warm;  
For if you take Cold, all Physick does harm.

But before these fine Doctors will give their Di-  
rection,

They always consider the Patient's Complection;  
If she has a moist Palm, or a red Head-of-Hair,  
She requires more Balsam than one Man can  
spare;

If she has a long Nose, the Lord above knows  
How many large Handfuls must go to her Dose:  
You Ladies that have such ill Symptoms as these,  
In Conscience and Honour should pay double  
Fees.

And so let us give to these Doctors due Praise,  
Who to all kind of Persons their Favour conveys;  
On the Ugly, for Pity's sake, Skill should be  
shown,

But as for the Handsome, they're cur'd for their  
own.



On their Silver or Gold they never lay hold,  
For what comes so freely, they scorn should be  
fold:

Then join with these Doctors, and heartily pray,  
That the Power of their Physick may never  
decay.

## S O N G CCXXXV.

**W**HEN *Sol* had loos'd his weary Teams,  
And turn'd his Steeds a Grazing,  
Ten Fathoms deep in *Neptune's* Streams,  
His *Thetis* lay embracing;  
The Stars tripp'd in the Firmament,  
Like Milkmaids on a *May-Day*,  
Or Country Lasses a Mumming sent,  
Or School-Boys on a Play-Day.

When apace grew on the grey-ey'd Morn,  
The Herds in Fields were lowing;  
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn,  
The Plowman's Cock was crowing;  
When *Roger*, dreaming of golden Joys,  
Was wak'd by a Revel-Rout, Sir,  
And *Cecily* told him, he needs must rise,  
For his *Juggy* was crying-out, Sir.

Not half so merry the Cups go round  
At the Tapping a good Ale-Firkin,  
As *Roger* when his *Hosen* and *Shoon* he'ad  
found,

And button'd his Leathern Jerkin;  
Grey-Mare he saddl'd with wond'rous Speed,  
With Pillion on Buttock right, Sir;  
And for an old Midwife away he rode,  
To bring the young Brat to light, Sir.

Oh! good Mother, I pray get up,  
The Fruit of my Labour's now come,  
And there lies struggling in *Juggy's* Womb,  
And cannot get out till you come.

I'll help it, cries the old Hag, ne'er doubt,  
 Thy *Juggy* shall do well again, Boy;  
 For Ize warrant thee, I can get the Kid out,  
 As well as thou got'st it in, Boy.

The Mare now mounting very soon,  
 No Whip, nor Spur was wanting;  
 And as soon as the old Wife enters the Room,  
 Whew! cries out the Bantling.  
 A Female Chit so small was born,  
 You might have put it into a Flaggon;  
 And it must be Christened that very Morn,  
 For fear it should die a Pagan.

There was *Roger* and *Doll*, and constant *Kate*,  
 Gossips to this great Christ'ning;  
 And while the good Wives did merrily prate,  
*Juggy* in Bed lay list'ning.  
 Some talk'd of this, some talk'd of that,  
 Of Chat they were not sparing;  
 Some said it was so small a Brat,  
 'Twas hardly worth the Rearing.

But *Roger* he strutted about the Hall,  
 As great as the Prince of *Condé*;  
 He cries, altho' her Parts are small,  
 They may be bigger one Day;  
 What tho' her Thighs and Legs be close,  
 And as little as any Spider,  
 You need not fear, but in sixteen Year,  
 She'll lay them a great deal wider.

For then she'll be a Woman grown,  
 Ize hau'd five Pound in Money,  
 And will have a little One of her own,  
 As well as *Jugg* my Honey:  
 Oh these will be joyful Days to see!  
 And I'll strive for to advance her,  
 That *Juggy* may a Granny be,  
 Then I shall be a Grandfire.

The nappy Ale went swifely round,  
 As brown as any Berry ;  
 With which the good Wives being crown'd,  
 They all were wond'rous merry ;  
 When Roger he tipp'd it over his Thumb  
 To every honest Neighbour,  
 Saying, a Twelve-month hence, pray come  
 Once more to my Juggy's Labour.

## S O N G CCXXXVI.

A Beggar got a Beadle,  
 A Beadle got a Yeoman ;  
 A Yeoman got a Prentice,  
 A Prentice got a Freeman :  
 The Freeman got a Master,  
 The Master got a Lease ;  
 The Lease made him a Gentleman,  
 And Justice of the Peace.

The Justice being rich,  
 And gallant in Desire,  
 He marry'd with a Lady,  
 And so he got a Squire :  
 The Squire got a Knight  
 Of Courage bold and stout ;  
 The Knight he got a Lord,  
 And so it came about.

The Lord he got an Earl  
 His Country he forsook,  
 He travell'd into *Spain*,  
 And there he got a Duke :  
 The Duke, he got a Prince,  
 The Prince, a King of Hope ;  
 The King, he got an Emperor,  
 The Emperor, a Pope.

Thus, as the Story says,  
 The Pedigree did run ;  
 L

The Pope he got a Fryar,  
 The Fryar got a Nun :  
 The Nun by chance did stumble,  
 And on her Back she sunk,  
 The Fryar he fell top of her,  
 And so he got a Monk.

The Monk he had a Son,  
 With whom he did inhabit,  
 Who when the Father dy'd,  
 The Son became Lord Abbot :  
 Lord Abbot had a Maid,  
 And he catch'd her in the Dark,  
 And something he did to her,  
 And so begot a Clerk.

The Clerk he got a Sexton,  
 The Sexton got a Digger ;  
 The Digger got a Prebend,  
 The Prebend got a Vicar ;  
 The Vicar got an Attorney,  
 The which he took in Snuff ;  
 The Attorney got a Barrister,  
 The Barrister a Ruff.

The Ruff did get good Counsel,  
 Good Counsel got a Fee ;  
 The Fee did get a Motion,  
 That it might pleaded be :  
 The Motion got a Judgment ;  
 And so it came to pass,  
 A Beggar's Brat, a folding Knave,  
 A crafty Lawyer was.

## S O N G CCXXXVII.

**A**T a May-Pole down *Kent*,  
 Now Spring with flow'ry Sweets was come,  
 Nymphs with Swains to Dancing went,  
 Each hop'd to bring the Garland home.

When *Amelia* came they all gave way,  
Youths with Joy their Homage pay,  
Nymphs confess her Queen of May,  
No one was ever yet so gay.

As her Skin the Lily fair,  
New-budding Rose her Mouth imparts.  
New-strung *Cupid's* Bow, her Hair;  
Eyes, his keenest Ebon Darts.  
When you do her Temper view,  
Young, but wise; admir'd, yet true,  
Never charm'd with empty Shew  
Ne'er indiscreet, yet easy too.

All around your steps advance,  
Now foot it in a fairy Ring,  
Nimbly trip, and as you dance,  
Ever live, bright *Amelia!* sing.  
With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beset,  
Your brave Sires their Conqu'ror met  
No Crown, but her Locks of Jet,  
Now does your free Allegiance get.

## S O N G CCXXXVIII.

I N vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest,  
That I, inconstant, have possess'd,  
Or lov'd a fairer She:  
Wou'd you, with Ease, at once be cur'd,  
Of all the Ills you've long endur'd,  
Consult your Glass and me.

If then you think, that I can find  
A Nymph more fair, or one more kind,  
You've Reason for your Fears;  
But if impartial you will prove

To your own Beauty, and my Love,  
How needless are your Tears!

If in my Way I should, by chance,  
Give, or receive a wanton Glance,  
I like but while I view :  
How slight the Glance, how faint the Kiss,  
Compar'd to that substantial Bliss,  
Which I receive from you!

With wanton Flight the curious Bee,  
From Flow'r to Flow'r still wanders free,  
And where each Blossom blows,  
Extracts the Juice from all he meets;  
But for his Quintessence of Sweets,  
He ravishes the Rose.

So I, my Fancy to employ,  
In each Variety of Joy,  
From Nymph to Nymph do roam;  
Perhaps see fifty in a Day;  
They're all but Visits which I pay,  
For *Chloe's* still my Home.

### S O N G CCXXXIX.

**A**S I saw fair *Chloe* walk alone,  
The feather'd Snow came softly down,  
Like *Jove* descending from his Tower,  
To court her in a silver Shower.  
The wanton Snow flew to her Breasts,  
Like little Birds into their Nests;  
But, being o'ercome with Whiteness there,  
For Grief dissolv'd into a Tear;  
Then flowing down her Garment's Hem,  
To deck her, froze into a Gem.

## SONG CCXL.

WINE's a Mistress gay and easy,  
Ever free to give Delight;  
Let what may perplex and tease ye,  
'Tis the Bottle sets all right.

Who would leave a lasting Treasure,  
To embrace a childish Pleasure,  
Which soon as tasted takes its Flight?

Pierce the Cask of gen'rous Claret,  
Rouse your Hearts, ere 'tis too late;  
Fill the Goblet, never spare it,  
That's your Armour 'gainst all Fate.

## SONG CCXLI.

While *Phyllis* is drinking, Love and Wine  
in Alliance,  
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance;  
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles  
higher,  
And her Eyes from her Drinking, redouble, re-  
double their Fire.

Her Cheeks glow the brighter, recruiting their  
Colour,  
As Flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh  
Odour;  
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond  
curing,  
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame,  
makes the Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,  
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love, and De-  
siring;  
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,  
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever, are ever  
a tasting.



Then *Phillis*, begin, let our Raptures abound,  
 And a Kiss, and a Glass, be still going round ;  
 Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove,  
 From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle, the  
 Bottle to Love.

## S O N G CCXLII.

**B**elieve my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,  
 Believe the Heart you've won :  
 Believe my Vows to you sincere,  
 Or, *Moggy* I'm undone.  
 You say I'm fickle, and apt to change  
 At ev'ry Face that's new ;  
 But, of all the Girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice,  
 'Till warm'd by your bright Eyes ;  
 But ah ! it kindled in a trice  
 A Flame which never dies.  
 Come, take me, try me, and you'll find,  
 Tho' you say that I am not true ;  
 Of all the Girls I ever saw,  
 I ne'er lov'd one but you.

## S O N G CCXLIII.

**B**E gone, old Care, I prithee be gone from  
 me ;  
 Be gone old Care, you and I shall never agree :  
 Long Time have you been vexing me,  
 And fain you would me kill,  
 But cfaith, old Care,  
 Thou never shalt have thy Will.  
 Too much Care will make a young Man look  
 grey,  
 And too much Care will turn an old Man to  
 Clay :

Come, you shall dance, and I will sing,  
 So merrily we will play ;  
 For I hold it one of the wisest things  
 To drive old Care away.

## S O N G CCXLIV.

**I**N my triumphant Chariot hurl'd,  
 I range around the World :  
 'Tis I mad Tom drive all before me,  
 While to my royal Throne I come ;  
 Bow down, my Slaves, and adore me,  
 Your Sovereign Lord, mad Tom.  
 What, though the Sceptre that I bear,  
 Is all but Dream and Air ?  
 I've the Pleasure of Crowns,  
 Without the Care.  
 And tho' I give Law  
 From Beds of Straw,  
 And dress in a tatter'd Robe ;  
 The Madman can be  
 More a Monarch than he  
 That commands the Vassal Globe.

## S O N G CCXLV.

**H**E that will not merry, merry be  
 With a gen'rous Bowl and a Toast,  
 May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,  
 And fast bound to a Post.  
 Let him be merry, merry there,  
 And we'll be merry, merry here :  
 For who can know where we shall go,  
 To be merry another Year ?  
 He that will not merry, merry be,  
 And take his Glass in Course,  
 May he be oblig'd to drink small Beer,  
 Ne'er a Penny in his Purse :  
 Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry, merry be,  
 With a Comp'ny of jolly Boys,  
 May he be plagu'd with a scolding Wife,  
 To confound him with her Noise:  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

He that will not merry, merry be  
 With his Mistress in his Bed;  
 Let him be bury'd in the Church-yard,  
 And me put in his Stead:  
*Let him be merry, &c.*

## S O N G CCXLVI.

**A**s *Sy'via* in Forest lay,  
 To vent her Woes alone,  
 Her Swain *Philander* pass'd that Way,  
 And heard her dying Moan.

Al! is my Love, said she to you,  
 So worthless and so vain?  
 Why is your usual Fondness now  
 Converted to Disdain?

You vow'd, The Day should Darkness turn,  
 Ere you'd forsake your Love;  
 In Shades now may Creation mourn,  
 Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I credit gave  
 To ev'ry Oath you swore?  
 But ah! it seems they most deceive,  
 Who most our Charms adore.

'Tis plain your Aim was all Deceit,  
 The Practice of Mankind:  
 Alas! I see it,—but too late,  
 My Love before was blind.

What Crime, *Philander*, have I done,  
 For Cruelty so great?

Yes,—for your sake neglected one,  
And hugg'd you into Hate.

For you, delighted I could die,  
But oh! with Grief I'm fill'd,  
To think that foolish, constant I,  
Should by yourself be kill'd.

But what avail my sad Complaints,  
While you my Cause neglect?  
My Wailing inward Sorrow vents,  
Without the wish'd Effect.

This said,—all breathless, sick and pale,  
Her Head upon her Hand,  
She found her vital Spirits fail,  
And Senses at a stand.

*Philander* now begins to melt!  
But ere the Word was spoke,  
The heavy Hand of Death she felt,  
And her poor Heart was broke.

## S O N G CCXLVII.

**T**O Friend, and to Foe,  
And to all that I know,  
That to Marriage-State do prepare;  
Remember your Days,  
In their several Ways,  
Are Trouble, with Sorrow and Care.

For he that doth look  
In the marry'd Man's Book,  
And reads but the *Items* all over,  
Shall find them to come  
At length to a Sum,  
Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer.  
In the Pastimes of Love,  
When their Labour doth prove,

And the Kinchin beginneth to kick;  
For this, and for that,  
And I know not for what,  
The Woman must have, or be sick.

There's *Item* set down,  
For a loose body'd Gown,  
In her longing you must not deceive her:  
For a Boskin, a Ring,  
And the other fine Thing,  
For a Cornet and Lace to be braver.

Deliver'd and well,  
Who is it can tell?  
But while the Child lies at the Nipple,  
There's *Item* for Wine,  
'Mong Gossips so fine,  
And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple.

There's *Item*, I hope,  
For Starch, and for Soap,  
There's *Item* for Fire, and Candle;  
For better, for worse,  
There's *Item* for Nurse,  
The Baby to dress, and to dandle.

When swaddled in Lap,  
There's *Item* for Pap,  
And *Item* for Pot, Pan, and Ladle;  
A Coral with Bells,  
Which Custom compels,  
And *Item*, a Crown for a Cradle.

With twenty odd Knacks,  
Which the Little-one lacks;  
And thus doth thy Pleasure betray thee:  
Yet this is the Sport  
In Country and Court,  
Then let not the Charges dismay thee.

## SONG CCXLVIII.

WITH artful Voice, young *Thyrsis*, you,  
 In vain, persuade me, you are true;  
 Since that can never be:  
 For he's no Profelyte of mine,  
 That offers at another's Shrine  
 Those Vows he made to me.

The faithless sickle wav'ring Loon,  
 That changes oftner than the Moon;  
 Courts each new Face he meets;  
 Smells ev'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,  
 Yet flily calls the blushing Rose,  
 His Quintessence of Sweets.

So *Thyrsis*, when in wanton Play,  
 From Fair to Fair you fondly stray,  
 And steal from each a Kiss;  
 It shows, if what you say be true,  
 A sickly Appetite in you,  
 And no substantial Bliss.

For you, inconstant, roving Swain,  
 Tho' seemingly you hug your Chain,  
 Wou'd fain, I know, get free;  
 To sip fresh balmy Sweets of Love,  
 From Bow'r to Bower wildly rove,  
 And imitate your Bee.

Then calm that fluttering Thing, your Heart,  
 Let it admit no other Dart;

But rest with me alone:  
 For while, dear Bee, you rove and sing,  
 Should you return, without your Sting,  
 I'd not protect a Drone.

## SONG CCXLIX.

IN vain, fond Youth, thy Tears give o'ers;  
 What more, alas! can *Ilaviz* do?  
 Thy Truth I own, thy Fate deplore:  
 All are not happy that are true.

Suppress those Sighs, and weep no more ;  
 Should Heav'n and Earth with thee combine,  
 'Twere all in vain, since any Pow'r,  
 To crown thy Love, must alter mine.  
 But if Revenge can ease thy Pain,  
 I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure,  
 Till that I drag a hopeless Chain,  
 And all that I inflict, endure.

## S O N G CCL.

**W**H O comes there ? stand,  
 And come before the Constable ;  
 We'll know what you are.  
 What makes you out so late ;  
 Says the Midnight Magistrate,  
 With his Noddle full of Ale,  
 In a Wooden Chair of State.  
 Whence came you, Sir ?  
 And whither do you go ?  
 You my be a Jesuit, for ought I know.  
 You may as well, Sir, take me  
 For a *Mahometan*.  
 He speaks *Latin*, secure him,  
 He's a dangerous Man.  
 To tell you the Truth, Sir,  
 I am an honest *Tory* ;  
 There's a Crown to drink,  
 And there's an End of the Story.  
 Good morrow, Sir ; a civil Man  
 Is always welcome :  
 Go, *Barnaby Bounce*,  
 Light the Gentleman home.

## S O N G CCLI.

**O**F all the Joys we e'er possess,  
 Love and Wine are still the best ;  
 Sweetly they by Turns controul,  
 Wine the Heart, and Love the Soul.



Wealth and Power strive in vain,  
 Equal Happiness to gain,  
 Wine superior Joy doth prove,  
 And in sober Seasons Love,  
 Of all Joys we e'er possess,  
 Love and Wine are still the best.

## S O N G CCLII.

**E**Uropa fair,  
 Love's chiefest Care,  
 Gaily smiling, hither turn your Eyes ;  
 To court your Love,  
 See mighty Jove,  
 Thus descending from the lofty Skies.  
 Shew no Disdain,  
 To give me Pain,  
 But yield to Joy,  
 That ne'er will cloy,  
 And wisely of my fond Passion approve,  
 And cool the scorching Thunder-bolt of Love.  
 Thus, earthly Fair,  
 When Mortals dare  
 Provoke my Rage,  
 You may assuage :  
 When in your Arms I'm closely curl'd,  
 Kissing, pressing, you will save the World.

## S O N G CCLIII.

**O**H! I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,  
 For why should I longer tarry,  
 For why should I longer tarry  
 Than other brisk Girls have done ?  
 For, if I stay,  
 'Till I grow grey,  
 They'll call me old Maid,  
 And fusty old Jade,

So I'll no longer tarry,  
 But I'll have a Husband, ah, marry,  
 If Money will buy me one.

My Mother she says I'm too coming,  
 And still in my Ears she is drumming,  
 And still in my Ears she is drumming,  
 That I such vain Thoughts should shun:  
 My Sisters they cry  
 O fie! and oh fie!  
 But yet I can see,  
 They're as coming as me;  
 So let me have Husbands in plenty,  
 I'd rather have twenty times twenty,  
 Than die an old Maid undone.

## S O N G CCLIV.

**S** H E tells me with Claret she cannot agree,  
 And she thinks of a Hog'shead when'er  
 she sees me;  
 For I smell like a Beast, and therefore must I  
 Resolve to forsake her, or Claret deny.  
 Must I leave my dear Bottle, that was always  
 my Friend?  
 And I hope will continue so to my Life's end?  
 Must I leave it for her? 'tis a very hard Task:  
 Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil: Bring  
 t'other Flask.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bid me  
 forbear,  
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear:  
 Had she found out my Sally, up three Pair of  
 Stairs,  
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to *St. James's* to  
 Pray'rs:  
 Had she bade me read Homilies three times  
 a-day,

She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to  
say:

But at Night to deny me my Bottle of Red,  
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be  
said.

S O N G CCLV.

I'LL sing you a Song was never in Print,  
'Tis newly and truly come out of the Mint,  
And I'll tell you before-hand, you'll find no-  
thing in't.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

'Tis nothing I think, 'tis nothing I write,  
'Tis nothing I court, 'tis nothing I slight,  
And I don't care a Pin if I get nothing by't.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

Fire, Air, Earth, and Water, Birds, Beasts, Fish,  
and Men,

Did start out of Nothing, a Chaos, a Den,  
And all things must turn to Nothing again.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

The Lad that makes Love to a delicate Smooth-  
thing,

And hopes to obtain her by sighing and sooth-  
thing,

Most frequently makes much ado about nothing.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

But soon as his Patience and Purse is decay'd,  
He may to the Arms of a Whore be betray'd,  
For she that has no-thing must needs be a Maid.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

'Tis nothing makes many things often-times  
hit,

As when Fools amongst wise Men do silently sit,  
The Fool that says nothing may pass for a Wit.

*Tol, lol, &c.*

When first by the Ears we together did fall,  
 Then something got nothing, and nothing got  
 all,  
 From nothing we came, and to nothing we fall,  
*Tol, lol, &c.*

If any Man tax me with Weakness of Wit,  
 And says, that on nothing I nothing have writ,  
 I shall answer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*  
*Tol, lol, &c.*

But let his Discretion be never so tall,  
 This very Word Nothing may give him a Fall,  
 For in writing of Nothing I comprehend All.  
*Tol, lol, &c.*

So let ev'ry Man give the Poet his due,  
 For then 'twas with him, as 'tis now with you,  
 He wrote it when that he had nothing to do.  
*Tol, lol, &c.*

This very Word Nothing, if took the right  
 way,  
 May be of Advantage; for what will you say,  
 When the Landlord he tells you there's nothing  
 to pay?  
*Tol, lol, &c.*

### S O N G CCLVI.

**A**S *Damon*, who had hardly sped  
 In Wedlock's heavy Chains,  
 His tender Flock with *Thyrsis* fed,  
 Upon the smiling Plains:  
 Thus to the Youth the Sage exclaim'd,  
 And the curst Hour in which he marry'd,  
 damn'd.

Woud'st thou, my Friend, in Pleasure live,  
 Nor thy Repose destroy?  
 Woud'st thou the Bliss that Youth can give,  
 Without Remorse enjoy?

Oh! shun that fatal Rock a Wife,  
That galls thy Days with endless Plagues and  
Strife.

For when at last you have attain'd  
The great mysterious Bliss;  
When you have that great Something gain'd,  
And find how fleeting 'tis,  
You'll curse the fond and am'rous Heat,  
And find out quickly who's the greatest Cheat.

## SONG CCLVII.

**H**OW cruel is a Parent's Care,  
Who Riches only prizes?  
When finding out some Booby Heir,  
He thinks he wond'rous wise is?  
While the poor Maid to shun her Fate,  
And not to prove a Wretch in State,  
To 'scape the Blockhead she must hate,  
She weds where she despises.

The harmless Dove thus trembling flies  
The rav'nous Hawk pursuing,  
A while her tender Pinions tries,  
'Till doom'd to certain Ruin:  
Afraid her worst of Foes to meet,  
No Shelter near, no kind Retreat,  
She drops beneath the Faulkner's Feet,  
For gentler Usage suing.

## SONG CCLVIII.

**L**ORD what's come to my Mother!  
That ev'ry Day more than other,  
My true Age she would smother,  
And says I'm not in my Teens:  
Tho' my Sampler I have sown through,  
My Bib and Apron outgrown too:

My Baby quite away thrown too,  
 I wonder what 'tis she means!  
 When our *John* does squeeze my Hand,  
 And calls me, Sugar-sweet,  
 My Breath almosts fails me,  
 I know not what ails me,  
 My Heart does so heave and so beat.

I've heard of Desires  
 From Girls have been just of my Years,  
 Love compar'd to Sweet-Briars,  
 That hurts, and yet does please.  
 Is Love finer than Money?  
 Or can it be sweeter than Honey?  
 I'm, poor Girl, such a *Tory*,  
 Efaith, that I cannot guess.  
 But I'm sure I'll watch more near,  
 There's something that Truth will show;  
 For if Love has a Blessing,  
 To please beyond Kissing,  
 Our *Jane* and the Butler do know.

## S O N G CCLIX.

**A** Rise, arise, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,  
 Rise from your Urns, and save your dy-  
 ing Story;  
 Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion drown'd,  
 For mighty *William* seizes all your Glory.  
 Again the *British* Trumpet sounds,  
 Again *Britannia* bleeds;  
 To glorious Death, or comely Wounds,  
 Her godlike Monarch leads.  
 Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,  
 Celestial Minds from Clay untie;  
 Let coward Spirits dwell below,  
 And only give the Brave to die.

## SONG CCLX.

**I**N vain poor *Damon* prostrate lies,  
And humbly trembles at my Feet,  
While pleading Looks, and begging Sighs,  
With moving Eloquence entreat.  
Pity Persuades my trembling Breast,  
That Pains so great should be redrest.

But some strange Whisper intercedes,  
And tells me I must let him wait,  
And make him seal restrictive Deeds,  
E'er I admit him to my 'State.  
Women should triumph whilst they can,  
Since Marriage makes them Slave to Man;

## SONG CCLXI.

**L**OVE and Folly were at play,  
Both too wanton to be wise;  
They fell out, and in their Fray  
Folly put out *Cupid's* Eyes.

Strait the Criminal was try'd,  
And had his Punishment assign'd,  
Folly should to Love be ty'd,  
And condemn'd to lead the Blind.

Then wisely let's venture,  
Ourselves to deceive,  
Since Fate has decreed us  
To love and believe.

For all we can gain  
By our Wisdom and Eyes,  
Is to find ourselves cheated,  
And wretched when wise.



## SONG CCLXII.

**H**ARK! the Cock Crows, 'tis Day all  
abroad,

And looks like a jolly, fair Morning:

Up Roger and James, and drive out your Teams,

Up quickly to carry the Corn in.

Davy the Drowsy, and Barnaby Bowsy,

At Breakfast we'll stout and we'll jeer, Boys:

Sluggards shall chatter with Small Beer and  
Water,

While you shall tope off the *March-Beer*, Boys.

Lasses that snore, for shame give it o'er,

Mouth open, the Flies will be blowing:

To get us stout Hum 'gainst *Christmas* does  
come,

Away, where the Barley is mowing.

In your Smock-Sleeves too bind up the Sheaves  
too,

With nimble young *Rowland* and *Harry*.

Then when Work's over, at Night give each  
Lover

A Hug and a Buss in the Dairy.

Two for the Mow, and two for the Plough,

Is then the next Labour comes after;

I'm sure I hir'd four, but if you want more,

I'll send you my Wife and my Daughter.

Roger the lusty tell *Rachel* the trusty,

The Barn's a rare place to steal Garters,

'Twixt her and you then, contrive up the Mow  
then,

And take it at Night for your Quarters.

## SONG CCLXIII.

**O**H! *London* is a fine Town, and a gallant  
City,

'Tis govern'd by the Scarlet-Gown, come listen  
to my Ditt y.

This City has a Mayor, this Mayor he is a Lord,  
And governeth the Citizens all by his own accord.  
*Ob! London, &c.*

He boasteth his Gentility, and how nobly he  
was born.

His Arms they are three Ox-heads, and his  
Crest a rampant Horn.

The first Journey his Lordship takes, is to *West-*  
*minster Hall,*

Attended by twelve Companies, for he must  
*Ob! London, &c.* (have them all.

The Barges are made fine and gay, for his  
Lordship and the best,

And Dung-boats and Lighters provided for the  
rest:

Then at the Exchequer he's sworn upon a Shoe-  
Sole,

That he will be no wiser Man than his Brother  
*Ob! London, &c.* *Jobbernelle.*

The Sword is borne before him up and down the  
Stairs,

To fright away the little Boys that laugh at our  
Lord Mayors.

And when that is ended, home again he comes,  
With joyful Noise upon the *Thames* of Trum-

*Ob! London, &c.* (pets and of Drums.

His Lordship lands at *Black-Fryers*, and on  
along he jogs,

Attended by his Companies, as hungry as Dogs.  
Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to

Work,

With Knife like to a Scimeter, as fierce as any  
*Ob! London, &c.* (*Turk.*

He hit upon the Goose-Bone, and turn'd both  
Edge and Point,

'Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor he could  
not hit the Joint.

Then up came Custard with Twenty four Nooks,  
As you may find recorded in *Johnny Stow's*  
*Oh! London, &c.* (Books.

And why it was so big, if you would know the  
Reason,

It was to keep their Chaps at work, that would  
be prating Treason.

Then they go to *Greenwich* all in the City Barge,  
And there they have a noble Treat all at the  
*Oh! London, &c.* (City Charge.

And when they come to *Cuckolds-Point* they  
make a gallant Show,

Their Wives bid the Musick play *Cuckolds* all  
*a-row.*

Then they go to *Paul's Church*, e'er Morning  
Prayer begins,

And as they go along the Street, they stoop to  
*Oh! London, &c.* (pick up Pins.

But if you'd know, I'll tell you, the moral Rea-  
son of it,

They that would to Riches grow, must stoop  
for little Profit,

My Lord May'r rides along the Street like unto  
a Law-maker.

With forty Catch-Poles at his Arse, to prosecute  
*Oh! London, &c.* (the Baker.

And when he comes to the Baker's Stall, and  
finds his Bread too light,

He sends it home to his own House, to feast both  
Lord and Knight.

Then to the *Sessions-House* they go, the Sessions  
there to keep,

Until that the Recorder comes, they all are fast  
*Oh! London, &c.* (asleep.

They call up all their Juries by twelves and by  
twelves,

And if they hang up no Man, they may go  
themselves.

So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of  
Town they ride,

To see the Bears bated on the *Bank-Side*.

*Oh! London, &c.*

And when that they have done, they all return  
again,

Like so many Apes on Horse-back, with each  
his golden Chain.

Then to hear a Sermon once a Year he rides unto  
the *Spittle*,

And there he sits full three Hours long, and  
*Oh! London, &c.* (brings away but little.

And when that he comes home, he sits down at  
his Board,

And if he has not minc'd Pyes, his Chear's not  
worth a T—d.

My Lady says unto my Lord, when all the  
Guests are gone,

I do intend to morrow to invite my Friend, Sir  
*Oh! London, &c.* (*John.*

For I don't think it fit always to have Trades-  
men,

I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now-  
and then.

My Lady boldly ask'd my Lord what Dishes she  
should have,

To entertain her Friend Sir *John*, that was so  
*Oh! London, &c.* (fine and brave.

My Lord he nam'd a Calf's Head, at which she  
made a Pish,

And said, she'd have a Turkey Cock, 'cause she  
lov'd a standing Dish.

Next, once a Year into *Essex* a Hunting they do  
 go,  
 To see 'em pass along, oh ! 'tis a pretty Show !  
*Oh ! London, &c.*

Through *Cheapside*, and *Fenchurch-Street*, and so  
 to *Aldgate Pump*,  
 Each Man with's Spurs in's Horse's Sides, and  
 Back Sword cross his Rump :  
 My Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the  
 Bushes o'er,  
 I must confess it was a Work he ne'er had done  
*Oh ! London, &c.* (before.

A Creature bounces from a Bush, which made  
 them all to laugh,  
 My Lord he cry'd, A Hare, a Hare ! but it  
 prov'd an *Essex Calf*.  
 And when they had done their Sport, they came  
 to *London*, where they dwell,  
 Their Faces all so torn and scratch'd their Wives  
*Oh ! London, &c.* (scarcely knew them well.  
 For 'twas a very great Mercy so many 'scap'd  
 alive,  
 For of twenty Saddles carry'd out, they brought  
 again but five.  
*Oh ! London, &c.*

S O N G CCLXIV. *An old Woman  
 Cloath'd in Grey, &c.*

Through all the Employments of Life  
 Each Neighbour abuses his Brother ;  
 Where and Rogue they call Husband and Wife :  
 All Professions be-rogue one another.  
 The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,  
 The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine ;  
 And the Statesman because he's so great,  
 Think his Trade as honest as mine.

## SONG CCLXV.

*The following Song was made by the Czar Peter I. when in England, upon his Mistress Moll Tims. It was first written in the Russian, and afterwards turn'd into the Syberian Language.*

**R**O--ttin ungua Gofcinina,  
 Ro--ttin ungua Marona,  
 Lullutra Dongue Silrosadong,  
 Moll Doqueroné.  
 Morravice Kidaronquy Moll Tim faroné,  
 Morravice Kidaronquy Moll Tim fada-rone,  
 Silrossadong Kilrossadé Moll Doqueroné  
*Waugh, &c.*

SONG CCLXVI. *The bonny grey-ey'd Morn, &c.*

**T**IS Woman that seduces all Mankind,  
 By her we first were taught the wheedling  
 Arts:  
 Her very Eyes can cheat ; when most she's kind,  
 She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.  
 For her, like Wolves by Night, we roam for  
 Prey,  
 And practise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms ;  
 For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,  
 And Beauty must be see'd into our Arms.

SONG CCLXVII. *Cold and raw, &c.*

**I**F any Wench Venus Girdle wear,  
 Though she be never so ugly ;  
 Lilies and Roses will quickly appear,  
 And her Face look wond'rous smugly.

Beneath the left Ear so fit but a Cord,  
 (A Rope so charming a Zone is!)  
 The Youth in his Cart hath the Air of a Lord,  
 And we cry, There dies an *Adonis*!

SONG CCLXVIII. *Why is your  
 faithful Slave disdain'd? &c.*

**I**F Love the Virgin's Heart invade,  
 How, like a Moth, the simple Maid  
 Still plays about the Flame!  
 If soon she be not made a Wife,  
 Her Honour's sing'd, and then for Life,  
 She's ——— what I dare not name.

SONG CCLXIX. *Of all the simple  
 things we do, &c.*

**A** Maid is like the golden Ore  
 Which hath Guineas intrinsical in't;  
 Whose Worth is never known before  
 It is try'd and imprest in the Mint.  
**A** Wife's like a Guinea in Gold,  
 Stamp'd with the Name of her Spouse;  
 Now here, now there, is bought, or is sold;  
 And is current in every House.

SONG CCLXX. *What shall I do  
 to shew, &c.*

**V**irgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,  
 Which in the Garden enamels the Ground;  
 Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster,  
 And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.  
 But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,  
 To *Covent-Garden* 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)



There fades, and shrinks, and grows fast all  
enduring,  
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under  
feet.

SONG CCLXXI. *Cotillon.*

YOUTH's the Season made for Joys,  
Love is then our Duty,  
She alone who that employs,  
Well deserves her Beauty.  
Let's be gay,  
While we may,  
Beauty's a Flower, despis'd in Decay.  
*Youth's the Season, &c.*

Let us drink and sport to-day,  
Ours is not to morrow.  
Love with Youth flies swift away,  
Age is nought but Sorrow.  
Dance and sing,  
Time's on the Wing,  
Life never knows the Return of Spring.  
Chorus. *Let us drink, &c.*

SONG CCLXXII. *Lillibullero.*

THE Modes of the Court so common are  
grown,  
That a true Friend can hardly be met;  
Friendship for Interest is but a Loan,  
Which they let out for what they can get.  
Tis true, you find  
Some Friends so kind,  
Who will give you good Counsel themselves to  
defend,  
In sorrowful Ditty,  
They promise, they pity,  
But shift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

SONG CCLXXIII. *'Twas within a  
Furlong.*

**I**N Pimps and Politicians,  
The Genius is the same;  
Both raise their own Conditions  
On others Guilt and Shame.

With a Tongue well tipt with Lies,  
Each the want of Parts supplies,  
And with a Heart that's all Disguise,  
Keeps his Schemes unknown.

Seducing as the Devil,  
They play the Tempter's Part,  
And have, when most they're civil,  
Most Mischief in their Heart.

Each a secret Commerce drives,  
First corrupts, and then connives,  
And by his Neighbours Vices thrives,  
For they are all his own.

SONG CCLXXIV. *Ye Nymphs  
and Silvan Gods.*

**I**Hate those cowardly Tribes,  
Who by mean sneaking Bribes,  
By Trick and Disguise,  
By Flattery and Lies,  
To Power and Grandeur rise.  
Like Heroes of old,  
You are greatly bold,  
The Sword your Cause supports:  
Untaught to fawn,  
You ne'er were drawn  
Your Troth to pawn  
Among the Spawn  
Who practise the Frauds of Courts.

SONG CCLXXV. *Ton bonheur  
est Catharine.*

W Oman's like the flatt'ring Ocean,  
 Who her pathless Ways can find?  
 Every Blast directs her Motion;  
 Now she's angry, now she's kind.  
 What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,  
 Whirl'd and toss'd by ev'ry Wind?  
 Can the Bark the Port recover,  
 When the silly Pilot's blind?

## SONG CCLXXVI.

A S near a Fountain's flow'ry Side  
 The bright *Selinda* lay,  
 Her Looks encreas'd the Summer's Pride,  
 Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

The Roses blush'd with deeper red,  
 To see themselves out-done;  
 The Lilies shrunk into their Beds,  
 To find such Rival shone.

Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat  
 A Bee industrious flew;  
 Prepar'd to rifle ev'ry Sweet,  
 And sip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,  
 Her rosy Lips he found:  
 Where he in Transports met his Death,  
 And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, blest Bee, enjoy thy Fate,  
 Nor at thy Fall repine;  
 Since Kings would quit their royal State,  
 To share a Death like thine.

## S O N G CCLXXVII.

**F**our and twenty Fiddlers all in a row,  
 And there was fiddle, fiddle, and twice  
 fiddle, fiddle,  
 'Cause it is my Lady's Birth-Day,  
 Therefore we keep Holiday,  
 We come to be merry.

Four and twenty Drummers all in a row,  
 And there was a Rub a dub, rub, rub, rub,  
 And there was fiddle, fiddle, &c.

Four and twenty Trumpeters all in a row,  
 And there was Tantara rara, tantara,  
 And there was rub a dub, &c.

Four and twenty Tabors and Pipes all in a row,  
 And there was whip and dub,  
 And tantara rara, &c.

Four and twenty Women all in a row,  
 And there was tittle tattle, and twice prittle  
 prattle,  
 And whip and dub, &c.

Four and twenty Singing-Masters all in a row,  
 And there was Fa, la, la, la, Fa, la, la, la,  
 And there was tittle, &c.

Four and twenty Fencing-Masters all in a row,  
 And this, and that, and down to the Legs clap,  
 Sir,  
 And cut 'em off, and Fa, la, &c.

Four and twenty Lawyers all in a row,  
 And there was *Omne quod exit in um damno,*  
*Sed plus damno decorum*; and there was this  
 and that, &c.

Four and twenty Vintners all in a row,  
 And there was rare Claret and White,

I ne'er drank worse in my Life,  
And excellent good Canary,  
Drawn off the Lees of Sherry,  
If you do not like it, *Omne quod*, &c.

Four and twenty Parliament-Men all in a row,  
And there was Loyalty and Reason,  
Without one Word of Treason,  
And there was rare Claret, &c.

Four and twenty Dutchmen all in row,  
And there was *Alter Malter' Pantor Dyken*  
*Shapen Kopen de Hogue Van Rottlyck Vantou-*  
*sick de Brille Van Boorlyck, Van Feerlyck,*  
*and Soatrag Van Hogan Herish Van Dink.*  
Rare Claret and White, &c.

## S O N G CCLXXVIII.

**A**H! *Chloris*, could I now but sit  
As unconcern'd, as when  
Your Infant Beauty could beget  
No Happiness, nor Pain.  
When I this Dawning did admire,  
And prais'd the coming Day,  
I little thought that rising Fire  
Would take my Rest away.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,  
As Metals in a Mine;  
Age from no Face takes more away,  
Than Youth conceal'd in thine.  
But as your Charms insensibly  
To their Perfection prest,  
So Love, as unperceiv'd did fly,  
And center'd in my Breast.

My Passion with your Beauty grew,  
While *Cupid* at my Heart,

Still as his Mother favour'd you,  
Threw a new flaming Dart.

## S O N G CCLXXIX

**N**OW the good Man's from home,  
I'll cast away Care;  
And, with some brisk Fellow  
Steal out to the Fair;  
Though some are too bashful,  
And others too bold,  
Yet Womens Intentions  
Are not to be told.

But if I should meet  
With a Spark to my Mind,  
One fit to be trusted,  
I then may prove kind:  
With him I would ramble  
The Fair all around,  
I'd eat, and I'd drink  
Of the best could be found.

There's *Fielding* and *Oates*,  
And *Hippisley* and *Hall*,  
And *Bullock*, and *Lee*  
And the Devil and all:  
I'll have the best Place,  
And I'll see ev'ry Sight,  
And wanton in Pleasure  
From Morning 'till Night.

Oh! there I shall see  
All the Gentlemen Rakes,  
And hear the sweet Cry  
Of Beer, Ale, Wine, and Cakes,  
Whilst I in blue Apron  
And clean Linnen Gown,  
Draw all the fine Sparks  
From the Flirts of the Town.

## SONG CCLXXX.

**O** Fly from this Place, dear *Flora*,  
 Thy Goaler has set thee free ;  
 And before the next Blush of *Aurora*,  
 You'll find a kind Guardian in me.  
 Dearest Creature, exchange for the better,  
 Confinement can have no Charms ;  
 Think of your Prisons which is sweeter,  
 This, or a young Lover's Arms.

## SONG CCLXXXI.

**T**HE Nymph that undoes me is fair and  
 unkind,  
 No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd :  
 She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,  
 And the Cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obligingly  
 flows,  
 Has the beautiful Elush, and the Smell of the  
 Rose ;  
 Love and Destiny both still attend on her Will,  
 She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can  
 kill.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,  
 Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess :  
 In *Silvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,  
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must  
 die.

## SONG CCLXXXII.

**T**HUS mighty *Eastern* Kings, and some  
 Of *Abr'am's* Race, and Monarchs good,  
 Of *Aegypt*, *Syria*, *Greece*, and *Rome*,  
 True Architecture understood.



No Wonder then if Masons join  
 To celebrate those Mason Kings,  
 With solemn Note, and flowing Wine,  
 Whilst ev'ry Brother jointly sings.

## C H O R U S.

*Who can unfold the Royal Art,  
 Or sing its Secrets in a Song?  
 They're safely kept in Masons Heart,  
 And to the ancient Lodge belong.*

S O N G CCLXXXIII *Happy Clew.*

**I**T was the charming Month of May,  
 When all the Flow'rs were fresh and gay,  
 One Morning by the break of Day,  
 Sweet *Chloe*, chaste, and fair,  
 From peaceful Slumbers she arose,  
 Girt on her Mantle and her Hose,  
 And o'er the flow'ry Mead she goes,  
 To breathe a purer Air.

Her Looks so sweet, so gay her Mien,  
 Her handsome Shape, and Dress so clean,  
 She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,  
 Drest in her best Array.

The gentle Winds and purling Stream,  
 Essay'd to whisper *Chloe's* Name,  
 The savage Beasts, 'till then ne'er tame,  
 Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People you might see,  
 Perch'd all around her on a Tree,  
 With Notes of sweetest Melody  
 They act a chearful Part.

The dull Slaves on the toilsome Plow,  
 Their wearied Necks and Knees do bow,  
 A glad Subjection there they vow,  
 To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,  
 Soon as the charming Nymph they spy,  
 They leave their hoarse and rueful Cry,  
 And dance around the Brooks :  
 The Woods are glad, the Meadows smile,  
 And *Forth* that foam'd and roar'd e'er while,  
 Glides calmly down, as smooth as Oil,  
 Thro' all its charming Crooks.

The sinny Squadrons are content,  
 To leave their war'ry Element,  
 In glazie Numbers down the Bent,  
 They flutter all along.  
 The Insects, and each creeping thing,  
 Join'd to make up the rural Ring,  
 All frisk and dance, if she but sing,  
 And make a jovial Throng.

King *Phæbus* now began to rise,  
 And paint with red the eastern Skies,  
 Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,  
 He shines behind a Cloud :  
 Her Mantle on a Bough she lays,  
 And all her Glory she displays,  
 She left all Nature in Amaze,  
 And skipp'd into the Wood.

## S O N G CCLXXXIV.

**Y**E Minutes bring the happy Hour,  
 And *Chloe* blushing to the Bow'r ;  
 Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,  
 Nor Eyes, or Heart, e'er wander more :  
 Both, *Chloe*, fix'd for e'er on thee,  
 For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A guilty is a false Embrace,  
*Fortuna*'s Love's a Fairy Chase :  
 Be gone thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,  
 And all that can't survive Desire :

*Chloe* my Reason moves, and Awe,  
And *Cupid* shot me when I saw.

## SONG CCLXXXV.

**I**F Wine and Musick have the Pow'r  
To ease the Sickness of the Soul,  
Let *Phœbus* ev'ry String explore,  
And *Bacchus* fill the springly Bowl.

Let them their friendly Air employ,  
To make my *Chloe's* Absence light,  
And seek for Pleasures to destroy  
The Sorrows of this live-long Night.

But she to morrow will return;  
*Venus* be thou to-morrow great,  
Thy Myrtles strew, thy Odours burn,  
And meet the fav'rite Nymph in State.

Kind Goddess, to no other Powers  
Let us to-morrow's Blessings own;  
Thy darling Loves shall guide the Hours,  
And all the Day be thine alone.

## SONG CCLXXXVI.

**H**OW hardly I conceal my Tears!  
How oft did I complain?  
When many tedious Days my Fears  
Told me, I lov'd in vain.

But now my Joys as wild are grown,  
And hard to be conceal'd;  
Sorrow may make a silent Moan,  
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating Flocks,  
To ev'ry Stream and Tree,  
And bless the hollow murm'ring Rocks,  
For ecchoing back to me.

Thus you may see, with how much Joy  
 We want, we wish, believe ;  
 'Tis hard such Passion to destroy,  
 But easy to deceive.

## S O N G CCLXXXVII.

**A**S after Noon, one Summer's Day,  
*Venus* stood bathing in a River,  
*Cupid* a Shooting went that Way,  
 New strung his Bow, and fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart,  
 With all his Might his Bow he drew,  
 Swift to his beauteous Parent's Heart  
 The too-well guided Arrow flew.

I faint, I die ! the Goddess cry'd,  
 O cruel ! could'st thou find none other  
 To wreck thy Spleen on ? Parricide !  
 Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy Mother.

• Poor *Cupid*, sobbing, scarce could speak,  
 Indeed, *Mamma*, I did not know ye :  
 Alas ! how easy my Mistake ?  
 I took you for your Likeness, *Chloe*.

## S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

**F**LY, fly, ye happy Shepherds, fly,  
 Avoid *Philira's* Charms ;  
 The Rigour of her Heart denies  
 The Heaven that's in her Arms.

Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,  
 Nor yielding to be blest ;  
 Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,  
 Of Ice compos'd her Breast.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe  
 A Slave, whose Zeal you move :

The Gods, alas! your Youth deceive,  
The Heaven consists in Love.

In spite of all the things you owe,  
You may reproach 'em this;  
That where they did their Form bestow,  
They have deny'd their Blifs.

## SONG CCLXXXIX.

**M**Y Love was fickle once, and changing,  
Nor e'er would settle in my Heart;  
From Beauty still to Beauty ranging,  
In ev'ry Face I found a Dart.

'Twas first a charming Shape enslav'd me,  
An Eye then gave the fatal Stroke.

'Till by her Wit *Corinna* sav'd me,  
And all my former Fetters broke.

But now a long and lasting Anguish  
For *Belvidera* I endure;  
Hourly I sigh, and hourly languish,  
Nor hope to find the wonted Cure.

For here the false inconstant Lover,  
After a thousand Beauties shewn,  
Does now surprising Charms discover,  
And finds Variety in one.

## SONG CCXC.

**W**HEN first I laid Siege to my *Chloris*,  
Cannon-Oaths I brought down,  
To batter the Town,

And I storm'd her with amorous Stories.

Billet-doux like Small-shot did so ply her,

And sometimes a Song

Went whistling along,

But still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent word by a Trumpet,  
 If I lik'd that Life,  
 She would be my Wife,  
 But she would be no Man's Strumpet.

I told her that Mars would not marry,  
 And swore by my Scars,  
 Got in Combats and Wars,  
 That I'd sooner dig Stones in a Quarry  
 At length she granted the Favour,  
 Without the dull Curse,  
 For better, for worse,  
 And sav'd the dull Parson the Labour.

## SONG CCXCI.

**O**F all the Torments, all the Cares,  
 With which our Lives are curs'd,  
 Of all the Plagues a Lover bears,  
 Sure Rivals are the worst:  
 By Partners of another kind,  
 Afflictions easier grow,  
 In Love alone we hate to find  
 Companions of our Woe.

*Cynthia*, for all the Pains you se  
 Are labouring in my Breast,  
 I beg not you would favour me,  
 Would you but slight the rest:  
 How great soe'er your Rigours are,  
 With them alone I'll cope,  
 I can endure my own Despair,  
 But not another's Hope.

## SONG CCXCII.

**H**OW happy am I,  
 The fair Sex can defy,  
 And can ev'ry Day say my Heart is my own;

For I never saw yet  
That Beauty or Wit,  
But I lov'd, if I pleas'd, or could let it alone.

I thought that my Flame  
Would still prove the same,  
For beautiful *Celia*, while *Celia* was true;  
But Love was so blind,  
When *Celia* was kind,  
I chang'd her for *Misa*, for *Misa* was new.

## SONG CCXCIII.

**Y**E Swains that are courting a Maid,  
Be warn'd and instructed by me;  
Tho' small Experience I've had,  
I'll give you good Counsel, and free.

The Women are changeable things,  
And seldom a Moment the same;  
As Time a Variety brings,  
Their Looks new Humours proclaim.

But who in his Love would succeed,  
And his Mistress's Favour obtain,  
Must mind it as sure as his Creed,  
To make Hay while the Sun is serene.

There's a Season to conquer the Fair;  
And that's when they're merry and gay:  
To catch the Occasion, take care,  
When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.

## SONG CCXCIV.

**I** Gently touch'd her Hand, she gave  
A Look that did my Soul enslave;  
I prest her rebel Lips in vain,  
They rose up to be prest again:  
Thus happy I no further meant,  
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.



On her soft Breasts my Hand I laid,  
And a quick, light Impression made ;  
They with a kindly Warmth did glow,  
And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow :  
Yet trust me, I no further meant,  
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her Eyes my Eyes did stray,  
O'er her smooth Limbs my Hands did stray ;  
Each Sense was ravish'd with Delight,  
And my Soul stood prepar'd for Flight,  
Blame me not, if at last I meant,  
More to be pleas'd, than innocent.

SONG CCXCV. *City Ramble,*

SOME sing *Molly Mog* of the Rose,  
And call her the *Oakingham* Pelle,  
Whilst others do *Ferfes* compose  
On peautiful *Molly Lepelle*.

Put of all the young *Firgins*, so fair,  
Which *Pritain's* crete Monarchy owns ;  
In *Peauty* there's none to compare,  
With hur charming dear *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Unenviet the splentit *Contition*  
Of *Princes* that sit upon *Thrones* :  
The highest of all hur *Ampition*,  
Is the *Lose* of fair *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Pold *Mortals* the *Clobe* will search ofer  
For *Cold*, and for *Tiamond Stones* ;  
Put hur can more *Treasure* tiscofer  
In peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones*.

From the piggest crete *Mountain* in *Pritain*,  
Hur wou'd senture the preaking her *Pones*,  
So that the soft *Lap* hur might sit on,  
Of peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Not the Nightingale's pitiful Note  
 Can express how poor *Shenkin* bemoans  
 His Fates? when in Places remote,  
 Hur is absent from *Gwinifrid Skones*.

Hur Lofe is than Honey far sweeter,  
 And hur is no *Shenkin* ap Drones;  
 Put woud lapour in Prose, and in Metre  
 To praise hur tear *Gwinifrid Skones*.

As the Harp of *St. Tavit* surpasses  
 The *Pagpipes*, poor *Tweetles* and *Crones*;  
 So *Lepelle*, *Molly*, *Mog*, and all Lasses  
 Are excell'd by hur *Gwinifrid Skones*.

# SONG CCXCVI. Ye Commons, &c.

**F**AIR *Venus*, they say,  
 On a rainy bleak Day,  
 Thus sent her Child *Cupid* a packing:  
 Get thee gone from my Door,  
 Like a Son of a Whore,  
 And elsewhere stand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain Truth,  
 Our little blind Youth  
 Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir;  
 Till all Dangers past,  
 By good Fortune at last  
 He stumbled into a great Town, Sir.

Then strait to himself  
 Cries this tiny fly Elf,  
 Since Begging brings little Relief, Sir,  
 A Trade I'll commence  
 That shall bring in the Pence,  
 And strait he set up for a Thief, Sir.

At Play-house and Kirk,  
 Where he sily did lurk,

He stole Hearts both from young and old People,  
 'Till at last, says my Song,  
 He had like to have swung  
 On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

Then with Arrows and Bow  
 He a Soldier must go,  
 And strait he shot Folks without Warning;  
 He thought it no Sin,  
 When his Hand once was in,  
 To kill you his Hundred a Morning.

When he found that he made  
 Little Gain by his Trade,  
 What does our sly graceless Blinker?  
 But strait chang'd his Note,  
 As well as his Coat,  
 And he needs must pass for a Tinker.

Have you any Hearts to mend?  
 Come, I'll be your Friend,  
 Or else I expect not a Farthing:  
 Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,  
 I'll soon make 'em whole;  
 And Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?

But, Maids, have a Care,  
 Of this Tinker beware,  
 Shun the Rogue, tho' he sets such a Face on't,  
 Where he stops up one Hole,  
 'Tis true, by my Soul,  
 He'll at least leave a Score in the Place on't.

## S O N G CCXCVII.

**Y**oung Roger of the Mill, one Morning very  
 soon,  
 Put on his best Apparel, his Hose and clouted  
 Shoon;

And he a wooing came to bonny-buxom Nell,  
Adzooks, cries he, could'st fancy me, I like thee  
wond'rous well.

My Horses I have drest, and gave them Corn and  
Hay,  
Put on my best Apparel: and having come this  
way;  
Let's sit and chat a while with thee, my bonny  
Nell,  
Adzooks, cries he, could'st fancy me, I'ze like  
thy Person well.

Young Roger you're mistaken, the Damsel then  
reply'd,  
I am not in such haste to be a Plowman's Bride;  
Know I then live in Hopes to marry a Farmer's  
Son.

If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go sweet Mistress,  
I have done.

Your Horses you have drest, as I have heard you  
say,  
Put on your best Apparel, and having come this  
Way;  
Come sit and chat a-while. O no indeed not I,  
I'll neither wait, nor chat, nor prate, I'ze other  
Fish to fry.

Go take your Farmer's Son, with all my honest  
Heart,  
What tho' my Name be Roger that go to Plow  
and Cart,  
I need not tarry long, I soon may gain a Wife,  
There's buxom Joan, it is well known, she loves  
me as her Life.

Pray what of buxom Joan, can't I please you as  
well,

For she has ne'er a Penny, and I am buxom Nell:

And I have fifty Shillings; the Money made  
him smile,

Oh then my dear, I'll draw a Chair, and chat  
with thee a-while.

Within the Space of half an Hour, this Couple a  
Bargain struck,

And I hope then with their Money they both  
may have good Luck :

If you have fifty Shillings, then I have forty  
more, with which a Cow we'll buy,

We'll join our Hands, in wedlock Bands, then  
who but you and I ?

### S O N G CCXCVIII. Sally, &c.

**W**HAT tho' I am a Country Lass,  
A lofty Mind I bear-a,

And think my self as good as those,

Who gay Apparel wear a.

What tho' my Clothes are home-spun Grey,

My Skin it is as soft-a,

As those that in their Cypress Veils

Carry their Heads aloft-a.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,

It is what must be done-a :

A Garland of the sweetest Flow'rs

Shall shade me from the Sun-a.

And when I see they feeding be,

Where Grass and Flow'rs do spring-a :

Beside a purling Crystal Stream

I'll set me down and sing-a.

My Leathern-Bottle, stuf't with Sage,

Is Drink that's very thin-a :

No Wine did e'er my Brains engage,

Or tempt me for to sin-a.

My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,  
Methinks are very fine-a ;  
When on a shady Bank, at Noon,  
I set me down and dine-a.

What tho' my Portion won't allow  
Of Bags of shining Gold-a ;  
A Farmer's Daughter now a-days,  
Like Swine is bought and sold-a.

My Body's fair, I'll keep it sound,  
And an honest Mind within a ;  
But for an hundred thousand Pound,  
I value't not a pin-a.

No Jewels wear I, in my Ears,  
Or Pearls, about my Neck-a ;  
No costly Rings do I e'er use,  
My Fingers for to deck-a.

But for the Man who-e'er he be,  
Whom I shall chance to wed-a ;  
I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,  
I mean my Maiden-head a.

# SONG CCXCIX. *Ye Commons, &c.*

**I**F any so wise is,  
That Sack he despises,  
Let him drink his small Beer, and be sober ;  
Whilst we drink Wine, and sing  
As if it were Spring,  
He shall droop like the Trees in October.

But be sure, over Night  
If this Dog do you bite,  
You take it henceforth for a Warning,  
Soon as out of your Bed,  
To settle your Head,  
Take a Hair of his Tail in the Morning.

And not be so silly  
 To follow old *Lilly*,  
 For there's nothing but Wine that can tune us ;  
 Let his *ne : fœstas*  
 Be put in his Cap-case,  
 And sing *bibito vinum jejunos*.

## S O N G CCC.

**A** Las ! when charming *Sylvia's* gone,  
 I sigh, and think myself undone ;  
 But when the lovely Nymph is here,  
 I'm pleas'd, yet grieve ; and hope, yet fear.  
 Thoughtless of all but her, I rove,  
 Ah ! tell me, is not this call'd Love ?

Ah me ! what Pow'rs can move me so ?  
 I die with Grief when she must go ;  
 But I revive at her Return ;  
 I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn :  
 Transports so sweet, so strong, so new,  
 Say, can they be to Friendship due ?

Ah no ! 'tis Love, 'tis now too plain,  
 I feel, I feel the pleasing Pain :  
 For who e'er saw bright *Sylvia's* Eyes,  
 But wish'd, and long'd, and was her Prize :  
 Gods, if the truest must be blest,  
 O let her be by me possess'd.

## S O N G CCCI.

**H** E R E end my Chains, and Thralldom  
 cease ;

If not in Joy, I'll live in Peace ;  
 Since for the Pleasures of an Hour  
 We must endure an Age of Pain,  
 I'll be this abject thing no more ;  
 Love, give me back my Heart again.



Despair tormented first my Breast,  
 Now Falshood, a more cruel Guest.  
 O, for the Peace of human kind,  
 Make Women longer true, or sooner kind!  
 With Justice or with Mercy reign,  
 O Love ! or give me back my Heart again.

## S O N G CCCII.

**C**HLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,  
 'Tis well her Heart is tender ;  
 How might such killing Eyes perplex,  
 With Virtue to defend her!

But Nature graciously inclin'd,  
 Not bent to vex but please us,  
 Has to her boundless Beauty join'd  
 A boundless Will to ease us.

## S O N G CCCIII.

**W**HEN *Orpheus* sweetly did complain  
 Upon his Lute, with heavy Strain,  
 How his *Eurydice* was slain ;  
 The Trees to hear  
 Obtain'd an Ear,  
 And after left it off again.

At ev'ry Stroke, at ev'ry Stay,  
 The Boughs kept time, and nodding lay,  
 And list'ned bending every way ;  
 The Ashen Tree  
 As well as he

Began to shake, and learnt to play.

If Wood could speak, a Tree might hear,  
 If Wood can sound our Grief so near,  
 A Tree might drop an Amber Tear:

If Wood so well  
 Could sound a Knell,  
 The Cypress might condole the Bier.

The standing Nobles of the Grove,  
 Hearing dead Wood to speak and move,  
 The fatal Axe began to love;  
     They envy'd Death,  
     That gave such Breath,  
 As Men alive do Saints above.

## S O N G   CCCIV:

*He.* **D**I D you not once, *Lucinda*, vow  
     You would love none but me?

*She.* Ay, but my Mother tells me now,  
     I must love Wealth, not thee.

*He.* Cruel, thy Love lies in thy Pow'r,  
     Tho' Fate to me's unkind,

*She.* Consider but how small thy Dow'r  
     Is in respect of mine.

*He.* Is it because my Sheep are poor,  
     Or that my Flocks are few?

*She.* No, but I cannot love at all  
     So mean a Thing as you.

*He.* Ah me! ah me! mock you my Grief?

*She.* I pity thy hard Fate.

*He.* Pity for Love's but poor Relief,  
     I'll rather chuse your Hate.

*She.* Content thy self, Shepherd, a-while,  
     I'll love thee by this Kiss,  
     Thou shalt have no more Cause to mourne  
     Than thou canst take in this.

*He.* Bear Record then, ye Pow'rs above,  
     And all those holy Bands:  
     For it appears, the truest Love  
     Springs not from Wealth nor Lands.

## S O N G CCCV.

**W**HEN wilt thou break, my stubborn  
Heart?

O Death, how slow to take my Part!  
Whatever I pursue, denies,  
Death, Death it self, like *Myra* flies.

Love and Despair, like Twins, possess  
At the same fatal Birth my Breast;  
No Hope could be, her Scorn was all  
That to my destin'd Lot cou'd fall.

I thought, alas! that Love cou'd dwell  
But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;  
Like Plants that kindly Heat require,  
To be maintain'd by constant Fire.

That, without Hope, 'twou'd die as soon,  
A little Hope——But I have none:  
On Air the poor Camelions thrive;  
Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

As toughest Trees in Storms are bred,  
And grow, in spite of Winds, and spread;  
The more the Tempest tears and shakes  
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

Despair, that Aconite does prove,  
And certain Death to others Love,  
That Poison, never yet withstood,  
Does nourish mine, and turn to Food.

O! for what Crime is my torn Heart  
Condemn'd to suffer deathless Smart?  
Like sad *Promethæus*, thus to lie  
In endless Pain, and never die.

## S O N G CCCVI.

**S**Tript of their Green our Groves appear,  
 Our Vales lye bury'd deep in Snow,  
 The blowing North controuls the Air,  
 A nipping Cold chills all below.  
 The Frost has glaz'd the deepest Streams,  
*Phœbus* withdraws his kindly Beams,  
 Yet Winter tlefs'd be thy Return,  
 Thou'lt brought the Swain for whom I us'd  
 to mourn,  
 And in thy Ice with pleasing Flames I burn. }

Too soon the Sun's reviving Heat,  
 Will thaw that Ice, and melt that Snow,  
 Trumpets will sound, and Drums will beat,  
 And tell me the dear Youth must go.  
 Then must my weak unwilling Arms  
 Resign him up to stronger Charms:  
 What Sweets, what Flow'rs, what beauteous  
 Thing,  
 Now *Damon's* gone can Ease or Pleasure bring,  
 Winter brings *Damon*, Winter is my Spring. }

## S O N G CCCVII.

**W**Hilst I am scorch'd with hot Desire,  
 In vain cold Friendship you return:  
 Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,  
 Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the Flame suppress'd  
 That kills the Heart it heats too fast?  
 Take half my Passion to your Breast,  
 The rest in mine shall ever last.

## SONG CCCVIII.

**S**INCE the Day of poor Man,  
 That little, little Span,  
 Tho' long it can't last,  
 For the future and past  
 Is spent with Remorse and Despair,  
 With such a full Glass  
 Let that of Life pass,  
 'Tis made up of Trouble,  
 A Storm, tho' a Bubble,  
 There's no Bliss like forgetting our Care:  
 Why all this whining,  
 Why all this pining,  
 Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain?  
 Nothing so common  
 As Wealth and Woman,  
 To raise the Vapours, and so dull the Brain:  
 To him that's merry,  
 That's frolick and airy,  
 Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad:  
 Then rouse up thy Spirit,  
 And take off thy Claret,  
 In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had:  
 If *Chloe* fly thee,  
 And still deny thee,  
 Never look sneaking, nor never repine:  
 If 'tis her Fashion,  
 To slight your Passion,  
 Then seem most easy, and deny her thine:  
 Yet sily wooe her,  
 And closely pursue her,  
 Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh you to  
 Scorn:  
 When she seems waspish,  
 Coquettish and prudish,  
 Then give her her Humour, and let her be  
 gone.

When next you meet her,  
 Again intreat her,  
 And if you find still she makes you her Tool,  
 Ne'er let it vex ye,  
 Or once perplex ye,  
 She'll soon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her,  
 Despise her, and slight her,  
 And what you commended, as much discom-  
 mend;  
 But if Love grieve thee,  
 And will not leave thee,  
 Then e'en love thy self first, and next love thy  
 Friend.

S O N G CCCIX.

**W**Hilst I'm carousing to chear up my Soul,  
 Oh how I triumph to see a full Bowl!  
 This is the Treasure,  
 The only Pleasure,  
 The Blessing that makes me rejoice and sing.  
 Thus while I'm drinking,  
 Free from dull thinking,  
 Then am I greater than the greatest King.

S O N G CCCX.

**S**INCE from my dear *Atraxa's* Sight  
 I was so rudely torn,  
 My Soul has never known Delight,  
 Unless it was to mourn.

But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes  
 And bleeding Heart I lie;  
 Thinking on her, whose Absence 'tis  
 That makes me wish to die.

## SONG CCCXI.

**A**S *Arizona*, young and fair,  
 By Night the starry Choir did tell,  
 She found in *Cassiopeia's* Chair  
 One beauteous Light the rest excel:  
 This happy Star unseen before,  
 Perhaps was kindled from her Eyes,  
 And made for Mortals to adore  
 A new-born Glory in the Skies.

Or if within the Sphere it grew,  
 Before she gaz'd, the Lamp was dim;  
 But from her Eyes the Sparkles flew  
 That gave new Lustre to the Gem.

Bright Omen! what dost thou portend,  
 Thou threat'ning Beauty of the Sky?  
 What great, what happy Monarch's End!  
 For sure by thee 'tis sweet to die.

Whether to thy fore-boding Fire  
 We owe the *Crescent* in decay?

Or must the mighty *Gaia* expire  
 A Victim to thy fatal Ray?

Such a Presage will late be shown  
 Before the World in Ashes lies;

But if less Ruin will atone,  
 Let *Strephon's* only Fate suffice.

## SONG CCCXII.

**W**H Y, lovely Charmer, tell me why  
 So very kind, and yet so shy?  
 Why does that cold, forbidding Air  
 Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair?  
 Or why that Smile my Soul subdue,  
 And kindle up my Flames anew.

Invain you strive with all your Arts,  
 By turns to freeze and fire my Heart:



When I behold a Face so fair,  
So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,  
My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,  
I cannot love thee less nor more.

## S O N G CCCXIII.

**W**HILE gentle *Parthenissa* walks,  
And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,  
A thousand Shafes around her fly,  
A thousand Swains unheeded die.  
If then she labours to be seen,  
With all her killing Air and Mien,  
From so much Beauty, so much Art,  
What mortal can secure his Heart?

## S O N G CCCXIV.

**A**S naked almost, and more fair you appear,  
Than *Diana*, when spy'd by *Aetion*;  
Yet that Stag hunter's Fate, your Votaries here,  
We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he like a Fool, took a Peep, and no more,  
So she gave him a large Pair of Horns, Sir:  
What Goddess, undrest, such Neglect ever bore?  
Or what Woman e'er pardon'd such Scorns, Sir?

T'is Man who with Beauty feasts only his Eyes,  
With the Fair always works his own Ruin,  
You shall find by our Actions, our Looks, and  
our Sighs,

We're not barely contended with viewing.

## S O N G CCCXV.

**T**HE rolling Years the Joys restore,  
Which happy, happy *Britain* knew,  
When in a Female Age before  
Beauty the Sword of Justice drew.

Nymphs and Fauns, and rural Pow'rs,  
 Of chrystal Floods and shady Bow'rs,  
 No more shall here preside:  
 The flowing Wave, and living Green,  
 Owe only to their present Queen  
 Their Safety and their Pride.

United Air, and Pleasures bring,  
 Of tender Note, and tuneful String,  
 All your Arts devoted are  
 To move the Innocent and Fair:  
 While they receive the pleasing Wound,  
*Echo* repeats the dying Sound.

## SONG CCCXVI.

**C**RUEL *Amynta*, can you see  
 A Heart thus torn, which you betray'd?  
 Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,  
 But thro' your Eyes the Conquest made.  
 In Ambush there the Traitor lay,  
 Where I was led by faithless Smiles.  
 No Wretches are so lost as they,  
 Whom much Security beguiles.

## SONG CCCXVII.

**D**Ejected as true Converts die,  
 But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd;  
 So, Fairest, at your Feet I lie,  
 Of all my Sex's Faults asham'd.  
 Too long, alas! have I defy'd  
 The Force of Love's almighty Flame;  
 And often did aloud deride  
 His Godhead, as an empty Name.  
 But since so freely I confess  
 A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,  
 Allow me now to make it less,  
 By any just and fair Excuse.

I then did vulgar Joys pursue,  
 Variety was all my Bliss;  
 But ignorant of Love and you,  
 How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes  
 Search out Temptations as before;  
 If once I look, but to despise  
 Their Charms, and value yours the more?

May sad Remorse, and guilty Shame,  
 Revenge your Wrongs on faithless me;  
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,  
 May I lose all, in losing thee.

## S O N G CCCXVIII.

**W**H Y all this Pride and Scorn, Miss P—  
 Your Sister's fair, 'tis true;  
 But still to boast of Charms or Wit,  
 What just Pretence have you?

With equal Right the livid Moon  
 Might boast her borrow'd Light;  
 And fancy, tho' the Sun ne'er shone,  
 The World would think her bright.

Look down, ye Great, whom Titles crown,  
 Some Pity on her shew;  
 She'd quit, (oh! do not on her frown)  
 Her Friend, or G—, for you.

## S O N G CCCXIX.

**W**ithout Affectation, gay, youthful and  
 pretty;  
 Without Pride or Meanness, familiar and witty;  
 Without Form obliging, good-natur'd and free;  
 Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.

N 5

She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she  
says,  
Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise;  
But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her  
Actions are such,  
That none can admire them, or praise them too  
much.

## S O N G CCCXX.

**W**HEN *London's* famous Town  
Is almost left alone,  
And Beaus and Beiles retreat  
From Duns and empty Streets,  
The founder'd Hack, and rusty Chaise,  
Runs to fair *Windsor*, there to gaze.

O'er *Hou:slow Heath* away,  
If no C——tier bids us stay;  
We soon the Hill ascend,  
And there's our Journey's end:  
The *Town-hall* first salutes our Ears,  
With thund'ring Oaths of Grenadiers.

The Hustler he's in Sight,  
Before we mean to light;  
The Barber spies his Prey,  
The Shoe-boy's in your way;  
And ev'ry Sharper in the Place  
Stares us fiercely in the Face.

Then to the Coffee-Room,  
There's Powder and Perfume;  
Where pamper'd Minions prate  
Of *Britain's* happy State;  
Who Trade's Decay nor Taxes feel,  
But drink and wh——re, and cry, all's well,

We view the Castle round,  
With Prospect that abound;

We see the *Champions-Hall*,  
 And ev'ry Noble's Stall;  
 Where holy Men unite in Pray'r.  
 While Booted Cits croud in to stare.

The *Mermaid*, *Bell* and *Havt*,  
 Our Purfes sure make smart;  
 High Bills without controul,  
 For Wine, Fish, Flesh, and Fowl;  
 And when we bid the House farewell,  
 They hardly ring the welcome Knell.

## SONG CCCXXI.

AS it fell on a Holy day,  
 As it fell on a Holy-day,  
 And upon a Holy-tide a,  
 And upon a Holy tide a.

And when *John Dory* to *Paris* was come,  
 A little before the Gate a;  
*John Dory* was fitted, the Porter was witted,  
 To let him in thereat a.

The first Man that *John Dory* did meet,  
 Was good King *John* of *France* a;  
*John Dory* could well of his courtesie,  
 But fell down in a 'Trance a.

A Pardon, a Pardon, my Liege and my King,  
 For my merry Men and for Me a;  
 And all the Churls in merry *England*,  
 I'll bring them all bound to thee a.

And *Nichol* was then a *Cornish* Man,  
 A little beside *Bobide* a;  
 And he mann'd forth a good black Bark,  
 With fifty good Oars on a side a.

Run up my Boy, unto the main top,  
 And look what thou can't spy a;

Who ho! who ho! a goodly Ship I do see,  
I trow it be *John Dory a.*

They hoist their Sails, both top and top,  
The Miskein and all was try'd *a*;  
And every Man stood to his Lot,  
Whatever should betide *a.*

The roaring Cannons then were ply'd;  
And Dub a dub went the Drum *a*;  
The sounding Trumpets loud they cry'd,  
To courage both all and some *a.*

The grapling Hooks were brought at length,  
The brown Bill, and the Sword *a*,  
*John Dory* at length, for all his Strength,  
Was clapp'd fast under board *a.*

## S O N G CCCXXII.

**F**AIR Maidens, O! beware  
Of using Men too well!  
Their Pride is all their Care,  
They only kiss to tell.  
How hard the Virgin's Fate!  
While ev'ry way undone;  
The coy grow out of Date,  
They're ruin'd, if they're won.

## S O N G CCCXXIII.

**A** Swain untaught in Arts of Love,  
Whom Love cou'd ne'er subdue,  
Obsequious bows, but never dies,  
Oft pleasing views with wishing Eyes,  
*Myra* and *Chloe* too.

The soothing Virgin, at whose Feet  
The Youth first lowly fell,  
With courting Eyes and smooth Deceit  
His ev'ry Offer seems to greet,  
And listens to his Tale.

But *Chloe* she a wanton Fair,  
 Whose Beauties well prevail'd  
 With wav'ring Mind oft Love deny'd,  
 And if her secret Heart comply'd,  
 Yet Affectation fail'd.

Now trust me, fair one, wou'd ye wish  
 The Swain might cease to rove,  
 Of steady Temper always be,  
 From foolish Affectation free,  
 And each with Caution love.

Let *Chloe* leave affecting Pride,  
*Myra* from Fraud repair;  
 His Heart (believe!) howe'er it burns,  
 To one of you at length returns,  
 And seeks its Bosom there.

## S O N G CCCXXIV.

**S**A Y, all ye Friends that now are met  
 Around this sparkling Bowl,  
 Does any sad unhappy Fate  
 Lag heavy on the Soul.

Does any here the Lover mourn  
 Of some imperious Fair,  
 Who treats his Offerings with Scorn,  
 And kills him with Despair?

Or is there any weary Mind  
 With Poverty so great,  
 As keeps his Joys too close confin'd,  
 In slavish Goals of Debt?

If so, drink twice a single Share,  
 Quick toss the Liquor round,  
 And you shall find that stupid Care  
 Will presently be drown'd.

See, see the Bowl with pleasing Smiles  
 Invites us to a Bliss;



All cloudy Sorrows it beguiles,  
And flows all Happiness.

Come join in Chorus, to the Praise  
Of the great God of Wine ;  
O jolly *Bacchus* ! pow'ful God,  
All Happiness is thine.

## S O N G CCCXXV.

**Y**OU Fair, who play Tricks to be fairer,  
draw near,  
As a Warning to tamper no more, you shall  
hear  
What a Prank of this kind had one like to have  
cost,  
And the best in all Christendom had like to have  
lost. *Derry down.*

All know what is good to assist the Digestion,  
To clear Poets Brains, and a Lady's Complexion ;  
To name it out-right, I've been told 'tis not  
clean,  
And none are so dull not to know what I mean.

A Nymph who ne'er yet work'd in *Hymen's* soft  
Yoke,  
To heighten her Charms, once this Med'cine  
bespoke ;  
She's chaste, and she's fair, and a Virgin of Honour,  
Who lawfully wishes to take Man upon her.

None hold it absurd, that to brighten her Face,  
She should think of applying a Wash to her  
A—e ;

If a fair Flower droops, to enliven the Shoot,  
You touch not the Top, but you water the Root,  
The things were all ready, the Nymph on her  
Bed,  
Her B—— lay exalted, and low lay her Head ;

Her Coats o'er her Neck were conveniently  
thrown,  
And I wou'd, but I dare not, tell all that was  
shown.

The Maid now approaches, to begin Operation,  
No Monarch, I ween, but might covet the Sta-  
tion:

Laud! what are ye fumbling? she cry'd, *Betty*,  
come,

If you follow your Nose, you're as sure as a Gun.

With your Hand try the Heat tho' before you  
begin,

And for G—'s sake take care to grease well the  
Machine;

For your Thing is so stiff, and my Hole is so  
small,

If you enter too roughly, I surely shall squall.

Neverdoubt of my Caution, poor *Betty* reply'd,  
But lend your Hand, my dear Miss, and what  
shall be my Guide;

Miss lent her her Hand, and Miss gave her her  
Cue,

But her Business, alas! *Betty's* Thing wou'd not do,

It was thrust in as far as 'twou'd go, but in vain,  
Miss cry'd I feel nothing, good *Betty*, but Pain;  
And such Pain, that not more I believe 'twould  
have cost,

Were a Man on the Bed, and my Maiden-head  
lost.

Let us open the Bladder--the Devil, what's here?

I smell Vinegar sure—Is this *Betty*, your care?

Pray see all the Liquor is turn'd to a Curd,

'Tis no Wonder the Clyster don't prove worth  
a T——d.

How the old Proverb lyes, that says sh--n Luck's  
good!

Had I taken the Med'cine, 't had surely fetch'd  
Blood;

Nay, so sharp is its Nature, if once that comes  
there,

I believe it had flea'd me all round to a Hair.

When Danger was near, one thanks G— for the  
'Scape,

I could not have been gladder had it been from a  
Rape.

Then I'll try no more Tricks, but let Nature  
prevail,

For it shan't be a Maid that pokes next in my  
T—l.

So she dress'd, and away to the Circle at C—t,  
The brightest of all, where the brightest resort;  
Nor wanted to borrow Assistance from Art,  
To delight ev'ry Eye, and attack ev'ry Heart.

### S O N G CCCXXVI.

**W**HAT care I for Affairs of State,  
Or who is Rich, or who is Great!

How far abroad th' Ambitious roam,  
To bring both Gold and Silver home!

What is't to me, if *France* or *Spain*  
Consents to Peace, or War maintain?

I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,

And wish all well at *Gibraltar*;

But mind a Cardinal no more

Than any other scarlet Whore:

Grant me, ye Pow'rs, but Health and Rest,

And let who will the World contest.

Near some smooth Stream oh! let me keep  
My Liberty, and feed my Sheep:

A shady Walk, well lin'd with Trees;  
 A Garden with a Range of Bees;  
 An Orchard which good Apples bears,  
 When Spring a long green Mantle wears.

Where Winters never are severe,  
 Good Barley Land to make good Beer;  
 With Entertainment for a Friend,  
 In Peace to spend my latter End;  
 In honest Ease, and home-spun Grey,  
 And let the Evening crown the Day.

## S O N G CCCXXVII.

**M**Y Masters give Ear,  
 And a Story you'll hear  
 Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter;  
 Ne'er was seen such a Sight,  
 Since *Tom Thumb* was a Knight,  
 In the Days of our noble King *Arthur*.

When King *George* was abroad,  
 'Twas a Season thought good,  
 To shew us King *Robin* in Glory,  
 With his Squires in a Row,  
 And his Knights two by two,  
 All as gallant as Sir *John Dory*.

E'en Baronets here  
 Humble Squires did appear,  
 And Members were proud of the Station;  
 And who would not be still  
 For the Civil-List Bill,  
 T'have a Place in a sham Coronation?

They all walk'd, but their Prince  
 Did with Riding dispense,  
 And with Bathing, a troublesome Rite-a;  
 For he knew 'twas in vain,  
 They cou'd ne'er be wash'd clean,  
 Any more than a Black-a-moor white-a;

In the Abbey that Day  
 Men did all things but pray;  
 There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble;  
 Such Doing unclean  
 In a Church ne'er were seen,  
 Since the Days that old *Paul's* was a Stable.

In the Isles, if you please,  
 You your Bodies might ease,  
 By the Suff'ring at least of your Betters.  
 O *Stanhope*! had'st thou  
 Been alive but till now,  
 To have seen a Jakes made of *St. Peter's*.

And odd Way they all took  
 Thro' a blind crooked Nook  
 In the Church, for their Robes to be seen-a;  
 But then Scaffolds had they,  
 To direct them the Way,  
 Where they seldom or never had been-a.

After this, they all took  
 An odd Oath with the Book,  
 In the Days of old Popery known-a:  
 To be true all their Lives  
 To all Women but Wives,  
 To all Ladies excepting their own-a.

Which Oath, if they broke,  
 Then their Sovereign's Cook  
 Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a;  
 But 'twas much if he cou'd,  
 For his Eyes must be good,  
 To discern that they had any on-a.

Then this being done,  
 To their Dinner they run,  
 With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a,  
 Without Grace they fall to,  
 As they used to do,  
 Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.

To the closing of all,  
 They at Night had a Ball,  
 Where their Damsels were dress'd to receive 'em :  
 What farther was done,  
 Will be better unknown,  
 For 'tis decent that here I should leave 'em.

## SONG CCCXXVIII.

**H**ARK! away, 'tis the merry-ton'd Horn  
 Calls the Hunters all up with the Morn :  
 To the Hills and the Wood-lands they steer,  
 To unharbour the out lying Deer.

## CHORUS of Huntsmen,

*All the Day long  
 This, this is our Song ;  
 Till hollowing,  
 And following,  
 So frolick and free ;  
 Our Joys know no Bounds,  
 While we're after the Hounds,  
 No Mortals on Earth are so jolly as we.*

Round the Woods when we beat how we glow !  
 While the Hills they all echo Hillo !  
 With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,  
 Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies ;  
*And all the Day long, &c.*

When we sweep o'er the Vallies, or climb  
 Up the Heath-breathing Mountain sublime,  
 What a Joy from our Labours we feel,  
 Which alone they who taste can reveal ?  
*And all the Day long, &c.*

## SONG CCCXXIX.

**M**Y time oh ! ye Muses, was happily spent,  
 When *Phoebe* went with me wherever I  
 went ;

Ten thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast;  
 Sure never fond Shepherd like *Collin* was blest!  
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
 What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find!  
 When things were as fine as cou'd possible be,  
 I thought 'twas the Spring, but alas! it was she;  
 With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,  
 To rise up to play, or to lie down to sleep,  
 I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,  
 My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day;  
 But I now so cross and so peevish am grown,  
 So strangely uneasy as never was known,  
 My fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,  
 And my Heart I am sure it weighs more than a  
 Pound.

The Fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,  
 And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,  
 Thou know'st, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,  
 'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear;  
 But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,  
 And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide  
 But you be so chearful! why I go in Pain?  
 Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me  
 complain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes play,  
 And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,  
 How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the  
 Time,  
 When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in  
 their Prime!

But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,  
 I sling at their Fleeces an Handful of Grass;  
 Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad  
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was very well pleased to see  
 Come wagging his Tail to my fair one and me;



And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to the Dog said,  
Come hither poor Fellow, and patted his Head:  
But now when he's fawning, I with a sour Look  
Cry, Sirrah! and give him a Blow with my  
Crook;

And I'll give him another, for why should not  
*Tray*

Be as dull as his Master, when *Phebe's* away?

When walking with *Phebe*, what Sights have I  
seen!

How fair was the Flow'r, how fresh was the  
Green!

What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the  
Shade,

The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing  
made?

But since she has left me, tho' all are still there,  
They none of them now so delightful appear;

'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her  
Eyes,

Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood  
thro'.

The Lark, Linnet, Thrush, and Nightingale  
too;

Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,  
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet;

And now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;

Her Voice is the Concert, as now I have found:  
Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?

And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?

Does aught of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile?

That Meadow, those Daisies, why do they not  
smile?

Ah! Rivals, I see what it is that you drest,  
And made your selves fine for, a Place in her  
Breast;

You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,  
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, 'till my *Phebe* return,  
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I  
burn!

Methinks, if I knew where about he would tread,  
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt  
down the Lead;

Fly swiftly, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,  
And rest so much longer for't, when she is here,  
Ah! *Collin*, old Time is full of Delay,

Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou can'st  
say.

Will no pitying Power, that hears me complain,  
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?

To be cur'd thou must, *Collin* thy Passion remove,  
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love;

No, Deity. bid the dear Nymph to return,  
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn:

Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair  
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so fair.

### S O N G CCCXXX.

**W**HITE as her Hand, fair *Julia* threw  
A Ball of Silver Snow;

The frozen Globe fir'd as it flew,  
My Bosom felt it glow.

Strange Pow'r of Love! whose great Command  
Can thus a Snown-ball arm;

When sent, fair *Julia*, from thy Hand,  
Ev'n Ice it self can warm.

How shou'd we then secure our Hearts?  
Love's Pow'r we all must feel;

Who thus can by strange magick Arts  
In Ice his Flame conceal?

'Tis thou alone, fair *Julia*, know,  
Can'st quench my fierce Desire,  
But not with Water, Ice, nor Snow,  
But with an equal Fire.

## S O N G CCCXXXI.

**W**HEN first I sought fair *Calia's* Love,  
And ev'ry Charm was new,  
I swore by all the Gods above  
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,  
Long wept and sigh'd in vain;  
She still protested, vow'd, and swore  
She ne'er wou'd ease my Pain.

At last, o'ercome, she made me blest,  
And yielded all her Charms;  
And I forsook her, when possess'd,  
And fled to others Arms.

But let not this, dear *Calia*, now  
Thy Breast to Rage incline;  
For why, since you forgot your Vow,  
Shou'd I remember mine?

## S O N G CCCXXXII.

**T**OO plain, dear Youth, these tell-tale Eyes  
My Heart your own declare;  
But, for Heav'n's sake, let it suffice,  
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost Pow'r to try,  
Nor farther urge your Sway;  
Pres not for what I must deny,  
For fear I shou'd obey.

But cou'd your Arts successful prove,  
 Wou'd you a Maid undo,  
 Whose greatest Failing is her Love,  
 And that her Love for you.

Say, wou'd you use that very Pow'r  
 You from her Fondness claim,  
 To ruin in one fatal Hour  
 A Life of spotless Fame ?

Ah ! cease, my Dear, to do an Ill,  
 Because perhaps you may ;  
 But rather try your utmost Skill  
 To save me, than betray.

Be you your self my Virtue's Guard,  
 Defend, and not pursue,  
 Since 'tis a Task for me too hard,  
 To strive with Love and you.

### S O N G CCCXXXIII.

**C**LORINDA does at Fifty Six  
 To youthful Charms lay claim,  
 Saunters and lisps, plays Monkey Tricks,  
 At ev'ry Heart takes Aim.

Aukwardly gay, the Coquet apes,  
 And rolls her dying Eyes,  
 Assumes Variety of Shapes,  
 Yet makes, alas ! no Prize.

Twelve diff'rent Airs one Hour will shew  
 Our stubborn Hearts t'engage ;  
 But all these Arts will never do  
 To blind us to her Age.

Fain she'd avoid the heavy Curse  
 Laid on the ancient Belle,  
 But as she has no heavy Purse,  
 She must lead Apes in Hell,

## S O N G CCCXXXIV.

**S**HE sung—with such a Sweetness sung,  
 And look'd with such a Grace,  
 Methought I heard an Angel's Tongue,  
 And saw an Angel's Face.

Of Beauty such a winning Charm,  
 Such Innocence of Soul;  
 At once the coldest Heart may warm,  
 The warmest may controul.

And shall then Gold—— (O impious Thought!  
 Such Excellence out-weigh ?  
 Can she (O vile Exchange !) be bought  
 To brutal Lust a Prey ?

Are these the Fruits of Charms divine ?  
 O wond'rous hapless Maid !  
 And do the more thy Graces shine,  
 The more to be betray'd ?

But know, O Fair ! the World's a Stage,  
 And Life itself a Play;  
 The vary'd Act, a vary'd Age,  
 The changeful Scene, a Day.

How sweetly hast thou fill'd thy Part,  
 As *Casmire's* gen'rous Wife !  
 Be still the same, and keep thy Heart  
 Still spotless in thy Life.

O ! Scorn a *Polly's* tawdry Fate——  
 No, still be nobly poor :  
 What Gold can gild, or change the Hate-  
 ful Name of Guilt or W——

Nor need'st thou (as I judge) be told,  
 No Sums can countervail the Cost,  
 (Tho' Crowns or Garters give the Gold)  
 Of Innocence and Virtue lost,

## S O N G CCCXXXV.

**T**ELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay,  
 With such Embroid'ry, Fringe and Lace?  
 Can any Dresses find a way,  
 To stop th' Approaches of Decay,  
 And mend a ruin'd Face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,  
 And ogle in the Ring?  
 Can'st thou forget thy Age and Pox?  
 Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks  
 Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I seen in Larder dark  
 Of Veal a lucid Loin,  
 Replete with many a hellish Spark,  
 As wise Philosophers remark,  
 At once both stink and sing.

## S O N G CCCXXXVI.

**I** Love thee, by Heavens, I cannot say more;  
 Then set not my Passion a-cooling;  
 If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee  
 o'er,  
 For I'm but a Novice at fooling.

What my Love wants in Words, it shall make  
 up in Deeds,  
 Then why shou'd we waste Time in Stuff, Child?  
 A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds,  
 A Word to the Wife is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love  
 known,  
 But I hate all protesting and arguing:  
 Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd ev'n lie  
 alone,  
 If she made many Words to a Bargain:

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm  
 Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying;  
 Pr'ythee, be thou so too, seek for no better  
 Term,

But e'en throw thy Yes or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit,  
 The Age of a Patriarch depending;  
 Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,  
 Give it one way or other an Ending.

Long Courtship's the Vice of a phlegmatick  
 Fool,

Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,  
 Where the Stomachs are lost, and the Victuals  
 grow cool,  
 Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

### S O N G CCCXXXVII.

**N**O longer boast your healing Tides  
 Or the Chalybeat's Stain;  
 When *Chloris* at these Springs presides,  
 They spend their Force in vain.

While for these Ills Relief is found  
 Which we with Ease endure,  
 The heedless Patient feels the Wound  
 No Mineral can cure.

So from the Heat the thirsty Swain  
 To the fresh Fountain flies,  
 There soon allays his former Pain,  
 But of a Fever dies.

### S O N G CCCXXXVIII.

**S**INCE Love has kindled in our Eyes  
 A chaste and holy Fire,  
 It were a Sin if thou or I  
 Should let its Flame expire.



What tho' our Bodies never meet,  
 Love's Fuel's more divine:  
 The fixt Stars by their Twinklings greet;  
 And yet they never join.

False Meteors, that still change their Place,  
 Tho' they seem fair and bright,  
 Yet, when they covet to embrace,  
 Fall down, and lose their Light.

If thou perceive thy Flame decay,  
 Come light thy Eyes at mine;  
 And when I feel mine fade away,  
 I'll take fresh Fires from thine.

Thus then we shall preserve from Waste  
 The Flames of our Desires,  
 No Vestals shall preserve more chaste,  
 Or more immortal Fires.

## S O N G CCCXXXIX.

**T**HE Lark now leaves his wat'ry Nest,  
 And, climbing, shakes his dewy Wings;  
 He takes this Window for the East,  
 And, to implore your Sight, he sings,  
 Awake, awake, the Morn will never rise,  
 Till she can dress her Beauties at your Eyes.  
 Awake, awake, break thro' your Veil of Lawn;  
 Then draw your Curtain, and begin the Dawn.  
 Charming is your Face and Eyes,  
 Ev'ry Look gives fresh Surprise.  
 'Tis always Night, when you're away.  
 But when you're present, always Day.

## S O N G CCCXL.

**A**H! sacred Boy, desist, for I  
 Comply with your resistless Art;  
 Your Arrows with such Vigour fly,  
 Already they've inflam'd my Heart.

I will no more despise your Pow'r,  
 But thus submissively obey ;  
 Yet, by your Favour, 'twas not your,  
 But *Calia's* Victory to day.

For had she veil'd that charming Face,  
 And you your keenest Darts shad shot,  
 Your's had been the just Disgrace,  
 And I'd obtain'd the Victor's Lot.

Then not your Pow'r, but Chance admire,  
 In having such a Friend as she,  
 Who lent you Rays t'increase my Fire,  
 And thus made you a Deity.

## S O N G CCCXLI.

## N Y M P H.

**I** Njurious Charmer of my vanquish'd Heart,  
 Can'st thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know;  
 Since, of my self, from thee I cannot part,  
 Invent some gentle Way to let me go :  
 For what with Joy thou did'st obtain,  
 And I with more did give,  
 In Time will make thee false and vain,  
 And me unfit to live.

## S H E P H E R D.

Frail Angel, that would'st leave a Heart forlorn  
 With vain Pretence, Falshood therein might lie,  
 Seek not to cast wild Shadows o'er thy Scorn,  
 You cannot sooner change than I can die.  
 To tedious Life I'll never fall,  
 Thrown from thy dear-lov'd Breast ;  
 He merits not to live at all,  
 Who cares to live unblest.

## C H O R U S.

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd,  
 While in that sacred Fire,  
 Ere thou prove false, or I unkind,  
 Together both expire.

## SONG CCCXLII.

**W**HERE would coy *Aminta* run  
 From a despairing Lover's Story ?  
 When her Eyes have Conquest won :  
 Why shou'd her Ears refuse the Glory ?  
 Shall a Slave whom Racks constrain,  
 Be forbidden to complain ?  
 Let her scorn me, let her fly me ;  
 Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,  
 Or my Tongue cease to tell my Grief,  
 Much to love, and much to pray,  
 Is to Heav'n the only Way.

## SONG CCCXLIII.

**N**O, *Della*, no, what Man can range  
 From such seraphick Pleasure:  
 'Tis want of Charms that makes us change,  
 To grasp the Fairy Treasure:  
 What Man of Sense wou'd quit a certain Bliss  
 For Hopes, and empty Possibilities ?  
 Vain Fools their sure Possessions spend,  
 In Hopes of chymick Treasure,  
 But for their fancy'd Riches find  
 Both Want of Gold and Pleasure.  
 Rich in my *Delia*, I can wish no more ;  
 The Wand'rer, like the Chymist, must be poor.

## SONG CCCXLIV.

**B**Eauty is not what I pray,  
 I ask no shining Graces ;  
*Celia* has another Way,  
 Without the Tricks of Faces :  
 So our Humours still agree,  
 Kind Heav'n, it is enough for me.  
 Mere Fruition is a Joy  
 But of a Moment's lasting,

Fruit, that doth so quickly cloy,  
 It surfeits but with tasting :  
 No true Bliss in Love we find  
 Unless two Bodies share one Mind.

## S O N G CCCXLV.

**K**indness hath resistless Charms,  
 All besides can weakly move ;  
 Fiercest Anger it disarms,  
 And clips the Wings of flying Love.

Beauty does the Heart invade,  
 Kindness only can persuade ;  
 It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,  
 And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

## S O N G CCCXLVI.

**H**OW wretched is the Slave to Love,  
 Who can no real Pleasures prove,  
 For still they're mix'd with Pain:  
 When not obtain'd, restless is the Desire ;  
 Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,  
 And shews the Love was vain.

It wanders to another soon,  
 Wanes and increases, like the Moon,  
 And, like her, never rests ;  
 Brings Tides of Pleasure now, and then of Tears,  
 Makes Ebbs and Floods of Joys and Cares,  
 In Lovers wav'ring Breasts.

But, spite of Love, I will be free,  
 And triumph in the Liberty  
 I without him enjoy :  
 I'th' worst of Prisons I'll my Body bind,  
 Rather than change my Free-born Mind  
 For such a foolish Toy.

## S O N G CCCXLVII.

**H**OW silly's the Heart of a Woman,  
 When courted by many, to fly!  
 But when she is follow'd by no Man,  
 For one she will languish and die;  
     Beguiling,  
     And smiling;  
     Now coying,  
     Then toying,  
 She'll her Fancy pursue;  
     Designing,  
     Or whining,  
 She'll vex ye,  
     Perplex ye,  
 And all that pursue her undo.

## S O N G CCCXLVIII.

**A**S *Cupid* roguishly one Day  
 Had all alone stole out to play,  
 The Muses caught the little Knave,  
 And captive Love to Beauty gave.  
 The laughing Dame soon miss'd her Son,  
 And here and there distracted run;  
 And still, his Liberty to gain,  
 Offer'd his Ransom, but in vain;  
 The willing Pris'ner hugs his Chain,  
 And vows he'll ne'er be free again.

## S O N G CCCXLIX.

**S**INCE you will needs my Heart possess,  
 'Tis just to you I first confess  
 The Faults to which 'tis given:  
 It is to change much more inclin'd  
 Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,  
 Or aught that's under Heaven.  
 Nor will I hide from you this Truth,  
 It has been, from its very Youth,

A most egregious Ranger:  
 And since from me 't has often fled,  
 With whom it was born and bred,  
 'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.

The Black, the Fair, the Grey, the Sad,  
 (Which often made me fear 'twas mad)  
 With one kind Look cou'd win it;  
 So nat'rally it loves to range,  
 That it has left Success for Change,  
 And, what's worse, glories in it.

Of, when I have been laid to Rest,  
 'Twould make me act like one possess'd,  
 For still 'twill keep a Pother;  
 And tho' you only I esteem,  
 Yet it will make me in a Dream  
 Court and enjoy another.

And now if you are not afraid,  
 After these Truths that I have said,  
 To take this arrant Rover;  
 Be not displeas'd, if I protest,  
 I think the Heart within your Breast  
 Will prove just such another.

## S O N G CCCL.

**M**Y Chloe, why d'ye slight me,  
 Since all you ask you have?  
 No more with Frowns affright me,  
 Nor use me like a Slave.  
 Good-Nature to discover,  
 Use well your faithful Lover;  
 I'll be no more a Rover,  
 But constant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,  
 My Griefs would all be flown;

O s

Poor I the kind Physician,  
 And you the Patient grown.  
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,  
 Well-shap'd and a so witty;  
 Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,  
 Then make my Case your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,  
 And form'd our Shape and Mind,  
 Too surely would enslave us,  
 Were they like you inclin'd :  
 Then Goodness be your Duty,  
 Or I must bid adieu t'ye ;  
 Let them, with all your Beauty,  
 Be merciful and kind.

The silver Swan, when dying,  
 Has most melodious Lays,  
 Like him, when Life is flying,  
 In Songs I'll end my Days :  
 But know, thou cruel Creature,  
 My Soul shall mount the faster,  
 And I shall sing the sweeter,  
 By warbling forth your Praise.

## S O N G CCCL.

**H**OW blest are Lovers in Disguise !  
 Like Gods they see,  
 As I do thee,  
 Unseen by human Eyes :  
 Expos'd to View,  
 I'm hid from you ;  
 I'm alter'd, yet the same ;  
 The Dark conceals me,  
 Love reveals me,  
 Love, which lights me by its Flame.  
 Were you not false, you me wou'd know ;  
 For, tho' your Eyes  
 Cou'd not devise,  
 Your Heart had told you so :



Your Heart wou'd beat  
 With eager Heat,  
 And me by Sympathy wou'd find :  
 True Love might see  
 One chang'd like me ;  
 False Love is only blind.

## SONG CCCLII.

**Y**E beauteous Ladies of this Land,  
 Who are so wond'rous charming fair,  
 That Foreigners do understand  
 You something more than Mortals are,  
 I mean now to lay before ye  
 All the Tale of a Soldier's Glory,  
 Th' attacking, and hacking, and backing,  
 And thwacking of *Monfieur*,  
 And make him prove a vain Bouncer ;  
 All this will a Soldier do for Love.

A beauteous Mistress is the Word  
 That makes a Soldier draw his Sword ;  
 The worst of Dangers he will prove,  
 To be endear'd with Nights of Love :  
 What did we our Blades unsheathe for,  
 And so often venture Death for,  
 In *Brabant*, at *Bruges*, at *Brussels*, or *Ghent*,  
*Ostend*, *Ramilly*, at *Lisle*, at *Tourney*, at *Rien-*  
*heim*,  
 At *Doway*, *Bethune*, *St. Vincent*, and *Air*,  
 And many more Towns I want Breath for ?  
 All this will a Soldier do for Love.

The valiant Soldier only dies  
 When wounded by the fair one's Eyes ;  
 In War he may his Safety boast,  
 But there's no Armour 'gainst a Toast  
 When shot by some dear Deceiver,  
 Falling down into a Fever,

His Heart like a Dram,  
Beats come, come, come,  
Come to my Arms,  
I'm murder'd by your Charms;  
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

But glorious *Anne*, compleating all  
The Balance of this mighty Ball,  
Has doubly honour'd a Soldier's Life.  
By being a noble Soldier's Wife:  
Fair Ladies, it can't be new t'ye,  
That your Beauty spurs us to Duty;  
Admiring, desiring, Love firing,  
Inspiring the Brave too,  
Makes us defy a Grave too,  
For such a Reward hath a Soldier's Life.

## S O N G CCCLIII.

**T**H E Spring's a coming,  
All Nature is blooming,  
Each amorous Lover  
Does Vigour recover,  
The Birds are singing,  
And Flowers are springing;  
Here's Toys to be raffled for,  
Who makes one?

Bliss past Comparisons  
At Mr. *Harrison's*,  
Dices are ratt'ling,  
Beaus are pratt'ling,  
Ladies walking  
And wittily talking;  
Madam, the *Medley* is just begun.

## S O N G CCCLIV.

*He.* **L**OVE's an idle childish Passion,  
Only fit for Girls and Boys;  
Marriage is a cursed Fashion,  
Women are but foolish Toys.



Spight of all the tempting Evils,  
Still thy Liberty maintain ;  
Tell 'em, tell the pretty Devils,  
Man alone was made to reign.

*She.* Empty Boaster ! know thy Duty,  
Thou who dar'st my Pow'r defy ;  
Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,  
Tremble at my Feet and die.  
Wherefore does thy Colour leave thee ?  
Why these Cares upon thy Brow ?  
Did the Rebel, Pride, deceive thee ?  
Ask him, who's the Monarch now !

S O N G CCCLV.

**P**OOOR fighting *Damon* courts in vain  
The blooming *Sylvia's* Love ;  
To ev'ry Stream he tells his Pain,  
His Care to ev'ry Grove.

Whilst tender *Sylvia's* panting Breast  
For scornful *Acron* burns,  
Proud *Acron* slights her fond Request,  
And all her Favour scorns.

Let ev'ry Nymph that slights her Swain,  
Still meet with *Sylvia's* Fate ;  
And, when she feels her Lover's Pain,  
Her own Example hate.

S O N G CCCLVI.

**O**NCE I lov'd a charming Creature,  
But the Flame with which I burn  
Is not for each tender Feature,  
Nor for her Wit and sprightly Turn,  
But for her Down, down, derry down,  
But for her Down, down, derry down.

On the Grass I saw her lying,  
 Strait I seiz'd her tender Waist,  
 On her Back she lay complying,  
 With her lovely Body plac'd  
 Under my *Down*, &c.

But the Nymph being young and tender,  
 Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,  
 Still unwilling to surrender,  
 Call'd Mamma to take the Part  
 Of her *Down*, &c.

Out of Breath, Mamma came running,  
 To prevent poor *Nancy's* Fate;  
 But the Girl, now grown more cunning,  
 Cry'd, *Mamma*, you're come too late,  
 For I am *Down*, &c.

. S O N G CCCLVII.

**G**entle Air, thou Breath of Lovers,  
 Vapour from a secret Fire,  
 Which by thee itself discovers,  
 Ere yet daring to aspire.

Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,  
 Harmony's refined Part,  
 Striking, while thou seem'st to languish,  
 Full upon the Listner's Heart.

Safest Messenger of Passion,  
 Stealing thro' a Croud of Spies,  
 Who constrain the outward Fashion,  
 Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'r can show thee,  
 Form'd but to assault the Ear;  
 Yet, ere to their Cost they know thee,  
 Ev'ry Nymph may read thee—*here*.

## SONG CCCLVIII.

FROM fifteen Years fair *Chloe* wish'd,  
 She dreamt and sigh'd in vain;  
 And hardly knew her Virgin Thoughts  
 Were hankering after Man.

'Twas long'd before the harmless Maid  
 Guess'd whence her Passion grew,  
 But when she had her self survey'd,  
 The secret Cause she knew.

To *Jove* she thus her self address'd,  
 And humbly begg'd his Aid;  
 He kindly lent a list'ning Ear,  
 While thus the Prostrate said:

Grant me, great *Jove*, a Husband, rich,  
 Gay, vig'rous, kind and young,  
 A Churchman hot, a *Tory* true,  
 And to his Party strong.

No Grudge the God bore to the Maid,  
 He therefore thus did grant;  
 Be match'd, for Life, to an old *Whigg*  
 Of Merit and of Want.

Enrag'd, the Nymph to *Venus* fled,  
 Who eas'd the Devotee,  
 And yolk'd her to a jolly Swain,  
 From Want and Party free.

## SONG CCCLIX.

OLD MAN.

WHY so cold? and why so coy?  
 What I want in Youth and Fire,  
 I have in Love and in Desire:

To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;  
 Why so cold; and why so coy?

WOMAN.

'Tis Sympathy, perhaps, with you;  
 You are cold, and I'm so too,

## O L D M A N.

My Years alone have froze my Blood;  
 Youthful Heat in Female Charms,  
 Glowing in my aged Arms,  
 Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

## W O M A N.

Women, alas! like Flints, ne'er burn alone;  
 To make a Virgin know  
 There's Fire within the Stone,  
 Some manly Steel must boldly strike the Blow.

## O L D - M A N.

Affist me only with your Charms,  
 You'll find I'm Man, and still am bold;  
 You'll find I still can strike, tho' old:  
 I only want your Aid to raise my Arms.

## Y O U T H.

Who talks of Charms? who talks of Aid?  
 I bring an Arm  
 That wants no Charm;  
 To rouse the Fire that's in a flinty Maid.  
 Retire, old Age,  
 — Winter be gone:  
 Behold! the Youthful Springs comes gaily on.  
 Here, here's a Torch to light a Virgin's Fire:  
 To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;  
 When Women have what they desire,  
 They're neither cold nor coy.

## S O N G CCCLX:

**N**OT an Angel dwels above  
 Half so fair as her I love;  
 Heaven knows how she'll receive me:  
 If she smiles, I'm blest indeed;  
 If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;  
 Heav'n knows she ne'er can grieve me.

None can love her more than I,  
 Yet she ne'er shall make me die.  
 If my Flame can never warm her,  
 Lasting Beauty I'll adore,  
 I shall never love her more,  
 Cruelty will soon deform her.

## SONG CCCLXI.

TELL me, *Aurelia*, tell me, pray,  
 How long must *Damon* sue?  
 Prefix the Time, and I'll obey,  
 With Patience wait the happy Day  
 That makes me sure of you.

The Sails of Time my Sighs shall blow,  
 And make the Minutes glide;  
 My Tears shall make the Current flow,  
 And swell the hasting Tide.

The Wings of Love shall fly so fast,  
 My Hopes mount so sublime,  
 The Wings of Love shall make more haste  
 Than the swift Wings of Time.

## SONG CCCLXII.

THE Minute's past appointed by the Fair,  
 The Minute's fled,  
 And leaves me dead  
 With Anguish and Despair.

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make  
 With the appointed Hour;  
 None can the Minutes past o'ertake,  
 And nought my Hopes restore.

Cease your Complaints, and make no Moan,  
 Thou sad repining Swain;  
 Altho' the fleeting Hour be gone,  
 The Place does still remain.



The Place remains, and she may make  
Amends for all your Pain;  
Her Presence can past Time o'ertake,  
Her Love your Hopes regain.

## S O N G CCCLXIII.

**S**INCE, *Celia*, 'tis not in our Pow'r  
To tell how long our lives may last,  
Begin to love this very Hour,  
You've lost too much in what is past.

For since the Pow'r we all obey  
Has in your Breast my Heart confin'd,  
Let me my Body to it lay;  
In vain you part what Nature join'd.

## S O N G CCCLXIV.

**P**Rinces that rule, and Empire sway,  
How transitory is their State!  
Sorrows the Glories do allay,  
And richest Crowns have greatest Weight.

The mighty Monarch Treason fears,  
Ambitious Thoughts within him rave;  
His Life all Discontents and Cares;  
And he at best is but a Slave.

Vainly we think with fond Delight  
To cease the Burden of our Cares;  
Each Grief a second does invite,  
And Sorrows are each others Heirs.

For me, my Honour I'll maintain,  
Be gallant, generous, and brave;  
And when I Quietude would gain,  
At least, I find it in the Grave.

## S O N G CCCLXV.

**P**HOEBUS, now short'ning ev'ry Shade,  
Up to the Northern Tropic came,  
And thence beheld a lovely Maid  
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,  
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach,  
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays,  
Before he could the Nymph approach.

Under those sacred Leaves secure  
From common Light'ning of the Skies,  
He fondly thought he might endure  
The Flashes of *Ardelia's* Eyes.

The Nymph who oft had read in Books  
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,  
Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks,  
And guess'd his Bus'ness ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial Cant,  
Confess'd his Flame, and swore by *Styx*,  
Whate'er she would desire, to grant;  
But wise *Ardelia* knew his Tricks.

*Ovid* had warn'd her to beware  
Of stroling Gods, whose usual Trade is,  
Under Pretence of taking Air,  
To pick up Sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat Denial,  
As having Malice in her Heart;  
And was resolv'd upon a Trial  
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Request, the Virgin said,  
Let which I please of all the Nine  
Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,  
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,  
The God could not refuse her Prayer:  
He waw'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,  
Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

And now he thought to seize his Due,  
But she the Charm already try'd;

*Thalia* heard the Call, and flew  
To wait at bright *Ardelia's* Side.

On Sight of this celestial Prude,  
*Apollo* thought it vain to stay,  
Nor in her Presence durst be rude,  
But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky Hour,  
When on their Queen the Muses wait;  
But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* Pow'r,  
For Vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then full of Rage *Apollo* spoke,  
Deceitful Nymph, I see thy Art;  
And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,  
I'll disappoint its noble Part.

Let stubborn Pride possess thee long,  
And be thou negligent of Fame;  
With ev'ry Muse to grace thy Song,  
May'st thou despise a Poet's Name.

Of Modest Poets be thou first,  
To silent Shades repeat thy Verse,  
'Till *Fame* and *Echo* almost burst,  
Yet hardly dare one Line rehearse.

And last, my Vengeance to compleat,  
May you descend to take Renown,  
Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,  
A *Whig*, and one that wears a Gown.

## S O N G CCCLXVI.

AWAY, away,  
We've crown'd the Day;  
The Hounds are waiting for their Prey:  
The Huntsman's Call.  
Invites you all;  
Come in, Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn,  
 The roſie Morn,  
 With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds,  
 Theſe, theſe, my Boys,  
 Are heav'nly Joys,  
 A Sportsman's Pleaſure knows no Bounds.

The Horn ſhall be  
 The Husband's Fee,  
 And let him take it not in Scorn;  
 The brave, the Sage,  
 In ev'ry Age,  
 Have not diſdain'd to wear the Horn.

## SONG CCCLXVII.

**C**ÆLIA, hoard thy Charms no more,  
 Beauty's like the Miſer's Treafure,  
 Still the vain Poſſeſſor's poor,  
 What are Riches without Pleaſure?  
 Endleſs Pains the Miſer takes  
 To encreaſe his Heaps of Money;  
 Lab'ring Bees his Pattern makes,  
 Yet he fears to taſte his Honey.

Views, with aching Eyes, his Store,  
 Trembling, leſt he chance to loſe it,  
 Pining ſtill for want of more,  
 Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to uſe it.  
 Cælia thus, with endleſs Arts,  
 Spends her Days, her Charms improving,  
 Lab'ring ſtill to conquer Hearts,  
 Yet ne'er taſtes the Sweets of Loving:

Views, with Pride, her Shape, her Face,  
 Fancying ſtill ſhe's under Twenty;  
 Age brings Wrinkles on a-pace,  
 While ſhe ſtarves with all her Plenty.

Soon or late they both will find,  
 Time their Idol from them severe;  
 He must leave his Gold behind,  
 Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

*Calia's* Fate will still be worse,  
 When her fading Charms deceive her,  
 Vain Desire will be her Curse,  
 When no Mortal will relieve her.  
*Calia*, hoard thy Charms no more,  
 Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure:  
 Taste a little of thy Store;  
 What is Beauty without Pleasure?

## S O N G CCCLXVIII.

**F**OR many unsuccessful Years  
 At *Cynthia's* Feet I lay,  
 Bathing them often with my Tears;  
 I sigh'd, but durst not pray.  
 No prostrate Wretch, before the Shrine  
 Of some lov'd Saint above  
 E'er thought his Goddess more divine,  
 Or paid more awful Love.  
 Still the disdainful Nymph look'd down,  
 With coy insulting Pride,  
 Receiv'd my Passion with a Frown,  
 Or turn'd her Head aside.  
 Then *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,  
 Use more prevailing Charms,  
 You modest whining Fool, draw near,  
 And clasp her in your Arms.  
 With eager Kisses tempt the Maid,  
 From *Cynthia's* Feet depart,  
 The Lips he briskly must invade,  
 That wou'd possess the Heart.  
 With that, I shook off all the Slave,  
 My better Fortunes try'd,  
 When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave  
 What she for Years deny'd.

## SONG CCCLXIX.

**K**IND *Ariadne*, drown'd in Tears,  
 Upbraids the faithless *Grecian* Chief,  
 'Till *Bacchus*, jolly God, appears,  
 And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,  
 When Woman yields her Virgin Store.  
 Away the fated Lover flies,  
 New Mines of Pleasure to explore.

A while she tries each Female Snare,  
 The loud Reproach, the sullen Grief;  
 But tir'd at length with fruitless Care,  
 Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

## SONG CCCLXX.

**H**OW bliss'd he appears  
 That revels and loves out his happy  
 Years,

That fiercely spurs on till he finish his Race,  
 And, knowing Life's short, chuses living a-pace!  
 To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt  
 it;

Then love and rejoice, there's no living without  
 it.

Each Day we grow older,  
 But as Fate approaches, the Brave still are bolder;  
 The Joys of Love with our Youth slide away,  
 But yet there are Pleasures that never decay:  
 When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow  
 cold,  
 Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when  
 we're old.

## SONG CCCLXXI.

**T**HOU' envious Old Age seems in part to im-  
 pair me,  
 And makes me the Sport of the wanton and  
 gay,

Brisk Wine shall recruit, as Life's Winter shall wear me,

And I still have a Heart to do what I may.

Then, *Venus*, bestow me some Damsel of Beauty,  
As *Bacchus* shall lend me a cherishing Glass;  
To *Selena* the Great they shall both pay their Duty;

We'll first clasp the Bottle, and then clasp the Lads;

The Bottle, the Lads,

The Lads and the Bottle,

We'll first clasp the Bottle, and then clasp the Lads.

### S O N G CCCLXXII.

**S**AD *Mucidora*, all in Woe,  
A silent Grotto seeks;  
No more her self on Plains does show;  
But mourning, thus she speaks:  
Why was I born of high Degree?  
An humble Shepherdess  
Had been far happier for me,  
Than all this gaudy Dress.

A sumptuous Palace full of Joy,  
To me a Dungeon is;  
And all That Mirth does me annoy,  
Who know no Thought of Bliss:  
Then, wrapt in Grief, the lovely Maid  
Retir'd from all the Throng,  
And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,  
While Tears ran trickling, trickling down;

### S O N G CCCLXXIII.

**A** Lovely Lads to a Fryar came,  
To confess in a Morning early.  
In what, my Dear, are you to blame?  
Now tell to me sincerely.



I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,  
With a Man that loves me dearly.

The greatest Fault in my self I know  
Is what I now discover.

You for that Crime to *Rome* must go,  
And Discipline must suffer.

Lack-a-day, Sir, if it must be so,  
Pray send with me my Lover.

No, no, my dear, you do but dream,  
We'll have no double Dealing;

But if with me you'll repeat the same,  
I'll pardon your past Failing.

I must own, Sir (but I blush for Shame)  
That your Penance is prevailing.

## S O N G CCCLXXIV.

**A**s *Sparabella* pensive lay,  
In dreary Shade along,  
With woful Mood, the Love-lorn Maid  
Thus wail'd in plaining Song.  
The Tears forth streaming from her Eyes,  
Adown her Cheeks fast flow;  
Her Eyes, which now no longer shine,  
Her Cheeks no longer glow.

Ah, well-a-day! Does *Collin* then  
Make Mock of all my Smart?

Has he so soon forgot his Vows,  
Which won my Maiden Heart?

Ah, witlefs Damsel! why did I  
So soon my self resign?

Ah! why did'st thou, false Shepherd, say  
Thy Heart shou'd still be mine?

Oh! *Collin*, *Collin*, call to mind  
What you to me did say,

As we in yonder Field were laid  
 Beneath the cocking Hay;  
 Whilst tenderly I stroak'd thy Cheeks,  
 My Apron o'er thee spread,  
 Snatch'd hasty Kisses from thy Lips,  
 And lull'd thy leaning Head.

Did you not swear, that Hounds shou'd first  
 With tim'rous Hares unite;  
 The Fox with Geese, with Lambs, the Dog;  
 And with the Hen, the Kite:  
 The Moon (that roves like thee) shou'd fail;  
 The Stars, benighted prove;  
 The Sun (that burns like me) shou'd cease  
 To shine, ere thou to love?

Oh! then let wide Confusion reign,  
 The Hound with Hares unite;  
 The Fox with Geese; with Lambs, the Dog;  
 And with the Hen, the Kite:  
 Thou Sun, no more with Glory shine;  
 Ye Stars, extinguish'd be;  
 Drop down, thou Moon, and fall to Earth,  
 For *Collin's* false to me!

The Damsel thus, with Eyes brimful,  
 Rehears'd her piteous Woes;  
 When she perceiv'd her fading Life  
 Draw near, alas! its Close.  
 But first, forewarn'd by me, poor Maid!  
 Ah! Maid no more, she cry'd,  
 Ye Lasses all, shun flatt'ring Swains;  
 Then clos'd her Eyes and dy'd.

## S O N G CCCLXXV.

**A** H! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,  
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to  
 languish,

To bear the scornful Fair-one's Hate,  
Nor dare disclose his Anguish.

Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs  
My secret Soul discover,  
While Rapture trembling thro' mine Eyes,  
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender Glance, the red'ning Check,  
O'erspread with rising Blushes,  
A thousand various Ways they speak  
A thousand various Wishes.

For oh! that Form so heav'nly fair,  
Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling  
That artless Blush, and modest Air,  
So fatally beguiling.

Thy ev'ry Look, and ev'ry Grace,  
So charm whene'er I view thee;  
Till Death o'ertake me in the Chase,  
Still will my Hopes pursue thee.

Then when my tedious Hours are past,  
Be this last Blessing given,  
Low at thy Feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of Heaven.

S O N G CCCLXXVI.

CHLORIS farewell! I now must go:  
For if with thee I longer stay,  
Thy Eyes prevail upon me so,  
I shall prove blind, and lose my way:

Fame of thy Beauty, and thy Youth,  
Among the rest me hither brought:  
Finding this Fame fall short of Truth,  
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by Word and Oath,  
 A Servant to another's Will:  
 Yet, for thy Love, I'd forfeit both,  
 Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take?  
 When thou, foreknowing this Abuse,  
 For some more worthy Lover's sake,  
 May'st leave me with so just Excuse.

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy Fault;  
 That thou didst thus inconstant prove;  
 Being by my Example taught  
 To break thy Oath, to mend thy Love.

No, *Chloris*, no: I will return,  
 And raise thy Story to that height,  
 That Strangers shall at Distance burn;  
 And she distrust me reprobate.

### S O N G CCCLXXVII.

**S**AY, lovely Dream! where could'st thou find  
 Shades to counterfeit that Face?  
 Colours of this glorious kind  
 Come not from any mortal Place.

In Heav'n it self thou sure wer't dress'd  
 With that Angel-like disguise:  
 Thus deluded am I blest,  
 And see my Joy with closed Eyes.

But ah! this Image is too kind  
 To be other than a Dream:  
 Cruel *Sacharissa*'s Mind  
 Ne'er put on that sweet Extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me Grace,  
 Change that heav'nly Face of thine,  
 Paint despis'd Love in thy Face,  
 And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,  
 With a Pity-moving Shape;  
 Such as wander by the Brook  
 Of *Lethe*, or from Graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,  
 In whose Shape thou shinest so;  
 Softly in her sleeping Ear  
 With humble Words express my Woe.

Perhaps from Greatness, State, and Pride,  
 Thus surpris'd she may fall:  
 Sleep does Disproportion hide,  
 And, Death resembling, equals all.

SONG CCCLXXVIII.

STAY, *Phœbus*, stay!  
 The World to which you fly so fast,  
 Conveying Day  
 From us to them, can pay your haste  
 With no such Object, nor salute your Rise  
 With no such Wonder, as *de Mornay's Eyes*.

Well does this prove  
 The Tenor of those antique Books,  
 Which made you move  
 About the World: Her charming Looks  
 Would fix your Beams, and make it ever Day,  
 Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.

SONG CCCLXXIX

CHLORIS, 'twill be for either's Rest,  
 Truly to know each other's Breast:  
 I'll make th' obscurest Part of mine  
 Transparent as I would have thine.  
 If you will deal but so with me,  
 We soon shall part, or soon agree.

Know then, tho' you were twice as fair,  
 If it could be, as now you are ;  
 And tho' the Graces of your Mind  
 With resembling Lustre shin'd :

Yet if you love me not, you'll see  
 I'll value those as you do me.

Tho' I a thousand Times had sworn  
 My Passion should transcend your Scorn,  
 And that your bright triumphant Eyes  
 Create a Flame that never dies ;

Yet if to me you prove untrue,  
 Those Oaths should turn as false to you.

If I vow'd to pay Love for Hate,  
 'Twas I confess, a meer Deceit ;  
 Or that my Flame should deathless prove,  
 'Twas but to render so your Love :  
 I bragg'd as Cowards use to do  
 Of Dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my Tenets I have show'd,  
 If you think them too great a Load ;  
 T' attempt your Change, were but in vain,  
 The Conquest not being worth the Pain.  
 With them I'll other Nymphs subdue ;  
 'Tis too much to lose Time and you.

## S O N G CCCLXXX.

**I**mpatient with Desire, at last  
 I ventur'd to lay Forms aside,  
 'Twas I was Modest, not she Chast,  
 The Nymph, as soon as ask'd, comply'd.  
 With am'rous Awe a silent Fool,  
 I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear :  
 Speak, Love, how came your Slave so dull,  
 To read no better there ?

Thus to our selves the greatest Foes,  
 Altho' the Fair be well inclin'd;  
 For want of Courage to propose,  
 By our own Folly, she's unkind,

## S O N G CCCLXXXI.

**T**H O' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part,  
 And much inclin'd to Change;  
 Yet I must stop my wand'ring Heart,  
 When it desires to range.

I must indeed my *Calix* love:  
 Altho' I have enjoy'd,  
 And make that Bliss still pleasant prove,  
 With which I have been cloy'd.

I must that Fair one Justice do,  
 I must still constant be:  
 For 'twere unkind to be untrue,  
 While she is true to me.

Then, *Cupid*, I must teach you how  
 To make me still her Slave:  
 That Food to make me relish now,  
 Which once a Surfeit gave.

You must, to play this Game at first,  
 Some Jealousy contrive;  
 That she may vow I am the worst,  
 And falsest Man alive.

Let her in Anger persevere,  
 Be Jealous as before;  
 'Till I begin to huff, and swear  
 I'll never see her more.

Then let her use a little Art,  
 And lay aside her Frown;  
 Let her some am'rous Glances dart,  
 To bring my Passion down.



Thus whilst I am again on Fire,  
 Make me renew my Pain :  
 Make her consent to my Desire,  
 And me still hug my Chain.

## SONG CCCLXXXII.

I Sigh'd and I writ,  
 And employ'd all my Wit,  
 And still pretty *Sylvia* deny'd ;  
 'Twas Virtue I thought,  
 And became such a Sot,  
 I ador'd her the more for her Pride.  
 'Till mask'd in the Pit,  
 My coy *Lucrece* I met,  
 A Croud of gay Fops held her Play,  
 So brisk and so free,  
 With her smart Repartee,  
 I was cur'd, and went blushing away.

Poor Lovers mistake  
 The Addresses they make  
 With Vows to be Constant and True,  
 Tho' all the Nymphs hold  
 For the Sport that is old,  
 Yet their Play-mates must ever be new.

Each pretty new Toy  
 They would die to enjoy,  
 And then for a Newer they pine ;  
 But when they perceive  
 Others like what they leave,  
 They will cry for their Bauble again.

## SONG CCCLXXXIII.

A Maiden of late,  
 Whose Name was sweet *Kate*,  
 She dwelt in *London* near *Aldersgate* ;  
 Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,  
 She wou'd have a *Child* without help of a Man.

To a Doctor she came,  
A Man of great Fame,  
Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim:  
Quoth she, Mr. Doctor, shew me if you can,  
How I may Conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth he  
Since so it must be,  
This wondrous strange Med'cine I'll shew presently.

Take nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a  
Swan,  
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wood of a Frog,  
The Juice of a Log,  
Well parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,  
With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you can,  
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Love of false Harlots,  
The Faith of false Varlers,  
With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their  
Scarlets,  
With Feathers of Lobster well fry'd in a Pan.  
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Nine Drops of Rain  
Brought hither from *Spain*,  
With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,  
With eight Quarts of Brimstone brew'd in a  
Beer Can,  
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Six Pottles of Lard  
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,  
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,  
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in  
a Pan.  
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,  
 And approved have stood,  
 Well temper'd together with Pottle of Blood  
 Squeez'd from a Grasshopper and the Nail of a  
 Swan,  
 To make Maids Conceive without help of a  
 Man.

## S O N G CCCLXXXIV.

**I**N *Lancashire*, where I was born,  
 And many a Cuckold bred;  
 I had not been marry'd a Quarter of a Year,  
 But the Horns grew on my Head  
*With hei the Toe bent, and hei the Toe bent;*  
*Sir Piercy is under the Line;*  
*God save the Earl of Shrewsbury,*  
*For he's a good Friend of mine.*

*Doncaster* Mayor, he sits in a Chair,  
 His Mills they merrily go,  
 His Nose it doth shine, with drinking of Wine,  
 The Gout is in his great Toe.

But he that will fish for a *Lancaster* Lads,  
 At any Time or Tide,  
 Must bait his Hook with a good Egg Pie,  
 And an Apple with a red side.

He that Gallops his Horse on *Blackstone-edge*,  
 By chance may catch a Fall;  
 My Lord *Mounteagle's* Bears be dead,  
 His Jack-an-Apes and all.

At *Shipton* in *Craven* there's never a Haven,  
 Yet many a time foul Weather;  
 He that will not lye a fair Woman by,  
 I wish he were hang'd in a Leather.

My Lady has lost her left Leg Hose,  
 So has she done both her Shoon:

She'll learn her Breakfast before she rise,  
She'll lye else a Bed till Noon.

*Joane Maltone's* Croſe is of no force,  
Though many a Cuckold go by ;  
Let many a Man do all that he can,  
Yet a Cuckold he ſhall die.

The good Wife of the *Swan* has a Leg like a  
Man,  
Full well it becomes her Hoſe ;  
She jects it a-pace with a very good Grace,  
But falls back at the firſt Cloſe.

The Prior of *Cony-tree* made a great *Judding-pie*,  
His Monks cried Meat for a King ;  
If the Abbot of *Cheſter* do die before *Eaſter*,  
Then *Banbury* Bells muſt ring.

He that will a *Welchman* catch,  
Muſt watch when the Wind's i'th' South,  
And put in a Net a good Piece of roaſt Cheeſe,  
And hang it cloſe to his Mouth.

And *Lancaſhire*, if thou be true,  
As ever thou haſt been ;  
Go ſell thy old Whittle, and buy a new Fiddle,  
And cry God ſave the Queen.

## S O N G CCCLXXXV.

O F *Anna's* Charms let others tell,  
Or bright *Eliza's* Beauty :  
My Song ſhall be of *Blouzibel*,  
To ſing of her's my Duty :  
The Fair, who arm'd with *Cupid's* Darts,  
His Flames, and other Matters,  
Is all around behung with Hearts,  
As Beggars are with Tatters :  
To laſh Nature much ſhe owes,  
And much to Education :

The Girls and Foyes, and Belles and Beaux,  
 Are struck with Admiration;  
 For, blended in her Cheek, there lies  
 The Carrot and the Turnip,  
 And who beholds her blazing Eyes,  
 His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue,  
 Her Teeth all black and yellow!  
 Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!  
 Her Lips like any Tallow:  
 Her Voice so loud, and cke so shrill;  
 Far off it is admir'd!  
 Her Tongue! ——— which never yet lay still,  
 And yet was never tir'd!

Ten Thousand Wonders rise to view  
 All o'er the lovely Creature!  
 The pearly Sweat, like Morning Dew,  
 Gilds ev'ry shining Feature!  
 As *Isaac* of his *Espan* said,  
 She like a Forest favours;  
 Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid  
 Reserves her hidden Favours.

O *Bonzibel*! for Thee we pant,  
 To thee our Hopes aspire;  
 For Thou hast all which Lovers want  
 To quench their raging Fire.  
 Then kindly take us to thine Arms,  
 And in Compassion save us  
 From *Anna's* and *Eliza's* Charms,  
 Which cruelly enslave us.

## S O N G CCCLXXXVI.

**Y**E little Loves, that hourly wait,  
 To bring from *Celia's* Eyes my Fate,  
 Tell her my Pain in softest Sighs,  
 And gently whisper, *Strephon* dies.

But if she won't her Pity move,  
 And the coy Nymph disdains to Love,  
 Tell her again 'tis all a Lye,  
 And haughty *Strephon* scorns to die.

## SONG CCCLXXXVII.

AH *Phillis*! why are you less *tendre*,  
 To my despairing *Amore*!  
 Your Heart you have promis'd to *rendre*,  
 Do not deny the *Retour*:  
 My Passion I cannot *defendre*,  
 No, no, Torments encrease *tous les Jours*.  
 To forget your kind Slave is *cruelle*,  
 Can you expect my *Devoir*!  
 Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,  
 And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir*!  
 Those Eyes which were once *agreable*,  
 Now, now, are Fountains of black *Deseipoire*.

Adieu to my false *Esperance*,  
 Adieu les *Plaisirs des beaux Jours*;  
 My *Phillis* appears at *distance*,  
 And flights my unfeigned *Efforts*:  
 To return to her Vows *impossible*,  
 No, no, adieu to the Cheats of *Amours*.

## SONG CCCLXXXVIII.

AH! *Celia*, that I were but sure  
 Thy Love, like mine, cou'd still endure;  
 That Time and Absence, which destroy  
 The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,  
 Cou'd never rob me of that part  
 Which you have given me of your Heart:  
 Others unenvy'd might possess  
 Whole Hearts, and boast that Happiness;  
 'Twas nobler Fortune to divide,  
 The *Roman* Empire in her Pride,

Than on some low and barb'tous Throne,  
Obscurely plac'd, to rule alone.

Love only from thy Heart exacts  
The several Debts thy Face contracts,  
And by that new and juster way  
Secures thy Empire and his Sway:  
Fav'ring but one, he might compel  
The hopeless Lover to rebel.

But shou'd he other Hearts thus share,  
That in the whole so worthless are;  
Shou'd into several Squadrons draw  
That Strength, which kept entire wou'd awe;  
Men would his scatter'd Power deride,  
And conqu'ring him, those Spoils divide.

### S O N G CCCLXXXIX.

**C**ECILIA when with artful Note  
You charm th' attentive Ear;  
And warble from your tuneful Throat  
What Seraphims might hear.

My Soul in Raptures feels the Song,  
And dwells upon the Sound:  
So Syrens draw the list'ning Throng,  
And please them while they wound.

### S O N G CCCXC.

**W**HAT! put off with one Denial?  
And not make a second Tryal?  
You might see my Eyes consenting,  
All about me was relenting:  
Women, oblig'd to dwell in Forms,  
Forgive the Youth who boldly storms.

Lovers, when you sigh and languish,  
When you tell us of your Anguish;



To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,  
 When those Sorrows you are easing :  
 We love to try how far Men dare,  
 And never wish the Foe should spare.

## SONG CCCXCI.

**I**N good King *Charles's* Golden Days,  
 When Loyalty had no harm in't ;  
 A Zealous *High-Church* Man I was,  
 And so I got Preferment :  
 To teach my Flock I never mist,  
 Kings are by God Appointed ;  
 And those are damn'd that do resist,  
 And touch the Lord's Anointed.  
*And this is Law I will maintain,*  
*Until my dying Day, Sir,*  
*That whatsoever King shall Reign,*  
*I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.*

When Royal *James* obtain'd the Throne,  
 And Pop'ry came in Fashion,  
 The Penal Laws I hooted down,  
 And read the Declaration :  
 The Church of *Rome* I found would fit  
 Full well my Constitution ;  
 And had become a Jesuit,  
 But for the Revolution.  
*And this is Law, &c.*

When *William* was our King declar'd,  
 To ease the Nation's Grievance ;  
 With this new Wind about I steer'd,  
 And swore to him Allegiance :  
 Old Principles I did revoke,  
 Set Conscience at a Distance,  
 Passive-Obedience was a Joke,  
 And Pish was Non-resistance.  
*And this is Law, &c.*

When Gracious *Anne* ascends the Throne,  
 The Church of *England's* Glory;  
 Another Face of things was seen,  
 And I became a *Tory* :  
*Occasional-Conformists* base,  
 I damn'd their *Moderation*,  
 And thought the Church in Danger was,  
 By such *Prevarication*.  
*And this is Law, &c.*

When *George* in Pudding-time came o'er,  
 And *Moderate-Men* look'd big, Sir,  
 I turned a Cat-in-Pan once more,  
 And then became a *Whigg*, Sir;  
 And so *Preferment* I procur'd  
 By Our new Faith's Defender;  
 And always every Day abjur'd  
 The *Pope* and the *Pretender*.  
*And this is Law, &c.*

Th' *Illustrious House of Hanover*,  
 And *Protestant Succession*,  
 To these I do *Allegiance* swear,  
 While they can keep *Possession*;  
 For by my Faith and Loyalty  
 I never more will falter,  
 And *George* my lawful King shall be,  
 Until the Times shall alter.  
*And this is Law I will maintain,*  
*Until my dying Day, Sir,*  
*That whatsoever King shall reign,*  
*I will be Vicar of Bray, Sir.*

## S O N G CCCXCII.

**F**AIR and soft, and gay, and young,  
 All Charms, she play'd, she danc'd, she sung,  
 There was no way to 'scape the Dart,  
 No Care cou'd guard a Lover's Heart,

Ah why cry'd I, and dropt a Tear,  
 Adoring yet despairing e'er,  
 To have her to my self alone,  
 Was so much Sweetness made for one ?

But growing bolder, in her Ear  
 I in soft Numbers told my Care ;  
 She heard, and rais'd me from her Feet,  
 And seem'd to glow with equal Heat.  
 Like Heav'n's, too mighty to express,  
 My Joys could be but known by guess ;  
 Ah Fool, said I, what have I done,  
 To wish her made for more than one ?

But long I had not been in view,  
 Before her Eyes their Beams withdrew ;  
 E'er I had reckon'd half her Charms,  
 She sunk into another's Arms.  
 But she that once cou'd faithless be,  
 Will favour him no more than me ;  
 He too will find himself undone,  
 And that she was not made for one.

## S O N G CCCXCIII.

*Phil.* **T**ELL me, gentle *Strepson*, why  
 You from my Embraces fly,  
 Does my Love thy Love destroy ?  
 Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay ! and I will feign  
 (Tho' I break my Heart) Disdain ;  
 But lest I too unkind appear,  
 For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.

And if in vain I court thy Love,  
 Let mine, at least, thy Pity move :  
 And while I scorn, vouchsafe to wooe,  
 Methinks you may dissemble too.

*Strepb.* Ah! *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive  
A way to keep my Love alive;  
But all your other Charms must fail,  
When Kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas! no less than you I grieve,  
My dying Flame has no Reprieve;  
For I can never hope to find,  
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind,

One Beauty able to renew  
Those Pleasures I enjoy in you,  
When Love and Youth did both conspire,  
To fill our Breasts and Veins with Fire.

'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain  
That Heart which merits your Disdain;  
But second Love has still Allay,  
The Joys grow aged, and decay.

Then blame me not for losing more  
Than Love and Beauty can restore;  
And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,  
I would, but can no longer love.

### S O N G CCCXCIV.

**T**H E Collier has a Daughter,  
And, Oh! she's wond'rous bonny,  
A Laird he was that sought her,  
Baith rich in Land and Money.  
The Tutors watch'd the Motion  
Of this young honest Lover;  
But Love is like the Ocean:  
Who can its Depth discover?

He had the Art to please ye,  
And was by a' respected;  
His Airs sat round him easy,  
Genteel, but unaffected.

The Collier's bonny Lassie,  
Fair as the new-blown Lily,  
Ay sweet and never saucy,  
Secur'd the Heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond Expression  
The Charms that were about her,  
And panted for Possession,  
His Life was dull without her.  
After mature resolving,  
Close to his Breast he held her.  
In softest Flames dissolving,  
He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny Collier's Daughter,  
Let nathing discompose ye,  
'Tis no your scanty Tocher  
Shall ever gar me lose ye :  
For I have Gear in Plenty,  
And Love says, 'tis my Duty,  
To ware what Heaven has lent me  
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

## S O N G CCCXCV.

O Bell, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart,  
I pass the Day in Pain,  
When Night returns I feel the Smart,  
And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starv'ing cold, while thou art warm,  
Have Pity and incline,  
And grant me for that Hap, that charm-  
ing Petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze  
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,  
Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways  
Present thee to my Arms.

But, waking, think what I endure,  
 While cruel you decline  
 Those Pleasures that can only cure  
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,  
 Because you still deny  
 The just Reward that's due to Love,  
 And let true Passion die.  
 Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize  
 That lovely Breast of thine;  
 Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,  
 If Thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight  
 That beauteous Form of thine,  
 And thou'rt too good its Laws to slight,  
 By hind'ring the Design.  
 May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,  
 At length to make thee mine,  
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free  
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

## S O N G CCCXCVI.

**H** E A R me, ye Nymphs, and ev'ry Swain,  
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;  
 Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
 Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
 My Vows and Sighs, like silent Air,  
 Unheeded never move her;  
 At the bonny Bush aboon *Traquair*,  
 'Twas there I first did love her.  
 That Day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
 No Maid seem'd ever kinder;  
 I thought my self the luckiest La',  
 So sweetly there to find her.  
 I try'd to sooth my am'rous Flame,  
 In Words that I thought tender;

If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the Plain,  
The Fields we then frequented;  
If e'er we meet, she shews Disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.  
The bonny Bush bloom'd fair in May,  
Its Sweets I'll ay remember;  
But now her Frowns make it decay,  
It fades as in December.

Ye rural Pow'rs, who hear my Strains,  
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?  
Oh! make her Partner in my Pains,  
Then let her Smiles relieve me.  
If not, my Love will turn Despair,  
My Passion no more tender,  
I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,  
To lonely Wilds I'll wander.

## SONG CCCXCVII.

**Y**E Gales that gently wave the Sea,  
And please the canny Boat-man,  
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me  
My brave, my bonny Scot-man:  
In haly Bands  
We join'd our Hands,  
Yet may not this discover,  
While Parents rate  
A large Estate  
Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland Glens  
To herd the Kid, and Goat—Man,  
E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends  
Refuse my bonny Scot—Man.  
Wae worth the Man  
Wha first began



The base, ungenerous Fashion,  
 Frae greedy Views  
 Love's Art to use,  
 While Strangers to its Passion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,  
 Haste to thy longing Laffie,  
 Wha pants to press thy hawmy Mouth,  
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.

Love gives the Word,  
 Then haste on Board,  
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,  
 Waft o'er, waft o'er  
 Frae yonder Shore,  
 My blyth, my bonny Scot---Man.

## SONG CCCXCVIII.

**O** Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
 They were twa bonny Laffes,  
 They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn Brae,  
 And cheek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.  
 Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,  
 And thought I ne'er could alter;  
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky Een  
 They gar my Fancy falter.

Now Bessy's Hair's like a Lint-tap;  
 She smiles like a May Morning;  
 When Phæbus starts frae Thetis Lap;  
 The Hills with Rays adorning:  
 White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,  
 Her Waist and Feet's fu' genty;  
 With ilka Grace she can command;  
 Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's Locks are like a Crow,  
 Her Eyes like Di'mon's glances;  
 She's ay sae clean redd up and braw,  
 She kills whene'er she dances:

Blyth as a Kid, with Wit at Will,  
 She blooming tight and tall is;  
 And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,  
 O *Jove!* she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,  
 Ye unco sair oppress us;  
 Our Fancies jee between ye twa,  
 Ye are sic bonny Lasses:  
 Wae's me! for baith I canna get,  
 To ane by Law we're stented;  
 Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,  
 And be with ane contented.

S O N G CCCXCIX.

**B**LYTH *Jocky* young and gay  
 Is all my Heart's Delight;  
 He's all my Talk by Day,  
 And all my Dreams by Night.  
 Is from the Lad I be,  
 'Tis Winter then with me;  
 But when he tarries here,  
 'Tis Summer all the Year.

When I and *Jocky* met  
 First on the flow'ry Dale,  
 Right sweetly he me tret,  
 And Love was all his Tale.  
 You are the Lads, said he,  
 That staw my Heart frae me?  
 O ease me of my Pain,  
 And never shaw Disdain.

Well can my *Jocky* kyth  
 His Love and Courtesie,  
 He made my Heart full blyth  
 When he first spake to me.

His Suit I ill deny'd,  
 He kiss'd, and I comply'd:  
 Sae *Jocky* promis'd me,  
 That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jocky* comes,  
 Sad when he gangs away;  
 'Tis Night when *Jocky* glooms,  
 But when he smiles 'tis Day.  
 When our Eyes meet, I pant,  
 I colour sigh, and faint;  
 What Lais that wad be kind,  
 Can better tell her Mind?

## S O N G CCCC.

**A**S walking forth to view the Plain,  
 Upon a Morning early,  
 While *May's* sweet Scent did chear my Brain,  
 From Flowers which grew so rarely;  
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,  
 She shin'd, tho' it was fogie;  
 I ask'd her Name; Sweet Sir, she said,  
 My Name is *Katharine Ogie*.  
 I stood a while, and did admire  
 To see a Nymph so stately;  
 So brisk an Air there did appear  
 In a Country-maid so neatly:  
 Such natural Sweetness she display'd,  
 Like a Lily in a Bogie:  
*Diana's* self was ne'er array'd  
 Like this same *Katharine Ogie*.  
 Thou Flow'r of Females, Beauty's Queen;  
 Who sees thee, sure must prize thee:  
 Tho' thou art dress'd in Robes but mean,  
 Yet those cannot disguise thee:  
 Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look,  
 Far excels any clownish Rogue,  
 Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,  
 My charming *Katharine Ogie*.

O were I but some Shepherd-Swain!  
 To feed my Flock beside thee,  
 At Boughing time to leave the Plain,  
 In milking to abide thee;  
 I'd think my self a happier Man,  
 With *Kate*. my Club, and Dogie,  
 Than he that hugs his Thousands ten,  
 Had I but *Katharine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,  
 And Statesmens dangerous Stations:  
 I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,  
 I'd smile at conquering Nations:  
 Might I caress, and still possess  
 The Lads of whom I'm vogie;  
 For these are Toys, and still look less,  
 Compar'd with *Katharine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed  
 For me so fine a Creature,  
 Whose Beauty rare makes her exceed  
 All other Works in Nature;  
 Clouds of Despair surround my Love,  
 That are both dark and fogie:  
 Pity my Case, ye Pow'rs above,  
 Else I die for *Katharine Ogie*.

## S O N G C C C C I.

THE last Time I came o'er the Moor,  
 I left my Love behind me;  
 Ye Pow'rs! what Pain do I endure,  
 When soft Ideas mind me?  
 Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd  
 The beaming Day ensuing,  
 I met, betimes, my lovely Maid,  
 In fit Retreats for Wooing.  
 Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,  
 Gazing and chafly sporting;

We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,  
 Till Night spread her black Curtain.  
 I pitied all beneath the Skies,  
 Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me;  
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,  
 Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,  
 Where mortal Steel may wound me;  
 Or cast upon some foreign Shore,  
 Where Dangers may surround me:  
 Yet Hopes again to see my Love,  
 To feast on glowing Kisses,  
 Shall make my Cares at Distance move,  
 In Prospect of such Bliss.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,  
 To let a Rival enter:  
 Since she excels in ev'ry Grace,  
 In her my Love shall center.  
 Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,  
 Their Waves the *Alps* shall cover,  
 On *Greenland* Ice shall Roses grow,  
 Before I cease to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,  
 She shall a Lover find me;  
 And that my Faith is firm and pure,  
 Tho' I left her behind me:  
 Then *Hymen's* sacred Bonds shall chain  
 My Heart to her fair Bosom,  
 There, while my Being does remain,  
 My Love more fresh shall blossom.

## S O N G CCCCII.

**T**HE Lass of Peaty's Mill,  
 So bonny, blyth and gay,  
 In spite of all my Skill,  
 Hath stole my Heart away.

When tedding of the Hay  
 Bare-headed on the Green,  
 Love 'midst her Locks did play,  
 And wanton'd in her Ecn.

Her Arms, white, round and smooth,  
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,  
 To Age it would give Youth,  
 To press 'em with his Hand.  
 Thro' all my my Spirits ran  
 An Extasy of Bliss,  
 When I such Sweetness fand  
 Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.

Without the Help of Art,  
 Like Flow'rs which grace the Wild,  
 She did her Sweets impart,  
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.  
 Her Looks they were so mild,  
 Free from affected Pride,  
 She me to Love beguil'd,  
 I wish'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that Wealth  
 Hoptown's high Mountains fill,  
 Insur'd long Life and Health,  
 And Pleasures at my Will;  
 I'd promise and fulfil,  
 That none but bonny she,  
 The Lass of Peaty's Mill  
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

## S O N G CCCCIII.

THO' Beauty, like the Rose  
 That smiles on Polwarth Green,  
 In various Colours shows,  
 As 'tis by Fancy seen :

Y<sup>e</sup> t all its different Glories lye  
 United in thy Face,  
 And Virtue, like the Sun on high,  
 Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,  
 So smooth, so calm her Mind,  
 That to some Angel's Care  
 Each Motion seems assign'd:  
 But yet so chearful, sprightly, gay,  
 The joyful Moments fly,  
 As if for Wings they stole the Ray  
 She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while  
 With Tuneful Voice she sings,  
 Perfume her Breath and Smile,  
 And wave their Balmy Wings:  
 But as the tender Blushes rise,  
 Soft Innocence doth warin,  
 The Soul in blissful Extasies  
 Dissolveth in the Charm.

## S O N G CCCCIV.

**I**N April, when Primroses paint the sweet Plain,  
 And Summer approaching rejoiceth the  
 Swain;  
 The *Yellow-hair'd Laddie* would oftentimes go  
 To Wilds and deep Glens, where the Hawthorn  
 Trees grow.

There, under the Shade of an old sacred Thorn,  
 With Freedom he sung his Loves Ev'ning and  
 Morn:

He sang with so fast and enchanting a Sound,  
 That *Sylvars* and *Fairies* unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung, tho' young *Maja* be  
 fair,

Her Beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud Air;



But *Susie* was handsome, and sweetly could sing,  
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the  
Spring.

That *Madie* in all the gay Bloom of her Youth,  
Like the Moon was unconstant, and never spoke  
Truth:

But *Susie* was faithful, good-humour'd and free,  
And fair as the Goddess who sprung from the  
Sea.

That Mamma's fine Daughter, with all her great  
Dow'r:

Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:  
Then, sighing, he wished, would Parents agree,  
The witty sweet *Susie* his Mistress might be.

S O N G C C C C V.

**F** A I R, sweet and young, receive a Prize  
Reserv'd for your Victorious Eyes:  
From Crowds, whom at your Feet you see,  
O pity, and distinguish me;  
As I from thousand Beauties more  
Distinguish you, and only you adore.

Your Fate for Conquest was design'd,  
Your ev'ry Motion charms my Mind;  
Angels, when you your Silence break,  
Forget their Hymns, to hear you speak;  
But when at once they hear and view,  
Are loath to mount, and long to stay with you.

No Graces can your Form improve,  
But all are lost unless you love;  
While that sweet Passion you disdain,  
Your Veil and Beauty are in vain.  
In pity then prevent my Fate,  
For after dying all Reprieve's too late.

## SONG CCCCVI.

**P**hillis, the Fairest of Love's Foes,  
 Though fiercer than a Dragon,  
*Phillis*, that scorn'd the Powder'd Beaus,  
 What has she now to brag on?  
 So long she kept her Legs so close,  
 'Till they had scarce a Rag on.

Compell'd thro' Want, this wretched Maid  
 Did sad Complaints begin;  
 Which surly *Strepson* hearing, said,  
 It was both Shame and Sin,  
 To pity such a lazy Jade,  
 As will neither Kiss nor Spin.

## SONG CCCCVII.

**D**amon, if you will believe me,  
 'Tis not sighing round the Plain,  
 Song nor Sonnet can't relieve ye;  
 Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

Urge but home the fair Occasion,  
 And be Master of the Field;  
 To a pow'rful kind Invasion  
 'Twere a Madness not to yield.

Tho' she vows she'll ne'er permit ye,  
 Cries you're rude, and much to blame;  
 And with Tears implores your Pity;  
 Be not merciful to shame.

When the fierce Assault is over,  
*Chloris* time enough will find  
 This her cruel furious Lover  
 Much more gentle, not so kind.

## SONG CCCCVIII.

**D**istracted with Care  
 For *Phillis* the Fair;  
 Since nothing cou'd move her,  
 Poor *Damon* her Lover,

Resolves in Despair  
 No longer to languish ;  
 Nor bear so much Anguish ;  
 But, mad with his Love,  
 To a Precipice goes ;  
 Where a Leap from above  
 Wou'd soon finish his Woes.

When in Rage he came there,  
 Beholding how steep  
 The Sides did appear,  
 And the Bottom how deep ;  
 His Torments projecting,  
 And sadly reflecting,  
 That a Lover forsaken  
 A new Love may get ;  
 But a Neck when once broken,  
 Can never be set :

And, that he cou'd die  
 Whenever he wou'd ;  
 But, that he cou'd live  
 But as long as he cou'd :  
 How grievous soever  
 The Torment might grow,  
 He scorn'd to endeavour  
 To finish it so.  
 But Bold, Unconcern'd  
 At Thoughts of the Pain,  
 He calmly return'd  
 To his Cottage again.

## S O N G CCCCIX.

**W**HAT Beauties does *Flora* disclose ?  
 How sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed* ?  
 Yet *Mary's* still sweeter than those ;  
 Both Nature and Fancy exceed.

Nor Daisie, nor sweet blushing Rose,  
 Nor all the gay Flowers of the Field;  
 Nor *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,  
 Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,  
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,  
 The Black bird, and sweet cooing Dove,  
 With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.  
 Come, let us go forth to the Mead,  
 Let us see how the Primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some Village on *Tweed*,  
 And love where the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day;  
 Does *Mary* not tend a few Sheep;  
 Do they never carelessly stray,  
 While happily she lies asleep?  
*Tweed's* Murmurs should lull her to Rest;  
 Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,  
 To relieve the Soft Pains of my Breast,  
 I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excel,  
 No Beauty with her can compare;  
 Love's Graces around her do dwell,  
 She's fairest, where Thousands are fair.  
 Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?  
 Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;  
 Shall I seek them at sweet-winding *Tay*,  
 Or the pleasanter Banks of the *Tweed*.

## S O N G CCCCX.

**L**OVE's Goddess in a Martyle Grove,  
 Said, *Cupid*, bend thy Bow with Speed,  
 Nor let the Shaft at random rove,  
 For *Jeany's* haughty Heart must bleed,

The smiling Boy, with divine Art,  
From *Paphos* shot an Arrow keen,  
Which flew, unerring, to the Heart,  
And kill'd the Pride of bony *Jean*.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,  
Refuses *Willv's* kind Address;  
Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,  
But too much Fondness to suppress.

No more the Youth is sullen now,  
But looks the gayest on the Green,  
Whilst every Day he spies some new  
Surprising Charms in bony *Jean*.

A thousand Transports crowd his Breast,  
He moves as light as fleeting Wind,  
His former Sorrows seem a Jest,  
Now when his *Jeany* is turn'd kind.

Riches he looks on with Disdain,  
The glorious Fields of War look mean;  
The cheerful Hounds and Horn give Pain,  
If absent from his bony *Jean*.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,  
Which even in Summer shorten'd seems;  
When sunk in Down, with glad Amaze,  
He wonders at her in his Dreams.

All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright  
Than *Troy's* Prize, the *Spartan* Queen,  
With breaking Day he lifts his Sight,  
And pants to be with bony *Jean*.

## SONG CCCCXI.

NOW God alone that made all things,  
Heaven and Earth and all therein,  
The Ships that in the Sea do swim  
To keep our *Poes* from coming in,

Then every one does what he can  
All for the good Uſe of Man.

*And I wiſh in Heaven his Soul may dwell  
That firſt invented the Leather Bottel.*

Now what d'ye ſay of Cans of Wood ?  
Faith they are naught, they cannot be good ;  
For when a Man for Beer doth ſend,  
To have them full he doth intend ;  
The Bearer ſtumbles by the way,  
And on the Ground the Beer doth lay ;  
Then doth the Man begin to ban,  
And ſwears 'twas long o' th' Wooden Can ;  
But had it been a Leather Bottel,  
It had not been ſo, for all had been well,  
And ſafe therein the Drink would remain,  
Until the Man got up again.

*Then I wiſh, &c.*

What do you ſay to Glaſſes fine ;  
Faith they ſhall have no Praise of mine ;  
For when a Man's at Table ſet,  
And by him ſeveral ſorts of Meat,  
The one loves Fleſh, the other Fiſh ;  
Then with your Hand remove a Diſh,  
Touch but the Glaſs upon the brim,  
The Glaſs is broke and naught left in.  
The Table Cloath, tho' ne'er ſo fine,  
Is ſully'd with Beer, or Ale, or Wine ;  
And doubtleſs for ſo ſmall Abufe  
A Servant may his Maſter loſe,

*Then I wiſh, &c.*

What ſay you to the the handled Pot ?  
No Praise of mine ſhall be his Lot,  
For when a Man and Wife's at Strife,  
( As many have been in their Life )  
They lay their Hands upon it both,  
And break the ſame, although they're loth ;

But woe to them shall bear the Guilt,  
 Between them both the Liquor's spilt;  
 For which they shall answer another Day;  
 For casting their Liquor so vainly away;  
 But if it had been Leather-bottell'd,  
 One might have tugg'd, the other have held,  
 Both might have tugg'd, till their Heart should  
 break;

No Harm the *Leather Bottel* could take.

*Then I wish, &c.*

What say you to Flagons of Silver fine?  
 Why faith, they shall have no Praise of mine;  
 For when a Lord for Sack doth send,  
 To have them fill'd he doth intend;  
 The Man with the Flagon runs away,  
 And never is seen after that Day;  
 The Lord then begins to Swear and Ban,  
 For having lost both Flagon and Man;  
 But had it been either Page or Groom,  
 With a *Leather-Bottel*, it had come home.

*Then I wish, &c.*

And when this Bottel is grown old,  
 And that it will no longer hold,  
 Out of the Side you may cut a Clout  
 To mend your Shoes when they're worn out;  
 Then hang the rest upon a Pin,  
 'Twill serve to put odd Trifles in;  
 As Candles-ends, and Awls and Rings,  
 For young Beginners need such things.

*Then I wish his Soul in Heaven may dwell,  
 That first devis'd the Leather-Bottel.*

### S O N G CCCCXII.

**W**ITH an old Song made by an old an-  
 cient Pate  
 Of an old worshipful Gentleman, that had a great  
 Estate,



Which kept an old House at a bountiful Rate,  
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his  
Gate ;

*Like an old Courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's old Courtier.*

With an old Lady whose Anger a good Word  
allwages,

Who every Quarter pays her old Servants their  
Wages,

Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen,  
Footmen nor Pages ;

But kept twenty old Fellows with blue Coats and  
Badges.

*Like an old Courtier, &c.*

With an old Study fill'd full of Learned old  
Books,

With an old reverend Parson, you may judge  
by his Looks,

With an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the  
Hooks,

And an old Kitchen, that maintains half a  
Dozen old Cooks,

*Like an old, &c.*

With an old Hall hung about with Guns, Pikes  
and Bows,

With old Swords and Bucklers that have borne  
many shrewd Blows,

And an old Frize Coat to cover his Worship's  
trunk Hose,

And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper  
Nose.

*Like an old, &c.*

With an old Fashion, when *Christmas* is come,  
To call in his Neighbours with Bagpipe and  
Drum ;

And good Chear enough to furnish every old  
Room,

And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak and a  
Man dumb :

*Like an old, &c.*

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer and a Ken-  
nel of Hounds,

Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own  
Grounds ;

Who like an old wife Man kept himself within  
his Bounds :

And when he dy'd, gave every Child a thousand  
old Pounds.

*Like an old, &c.*

But to his eldest Son, his House and Land too  
he assign'd ;

Charging him in his Will to keep the old boun-  
tiful Mind ;

To love his good old Servants, and to his Neigh-  
bours be kind ;

But in the ensuing Ditty you shall hear how he  
was inclin'd.

*Like a young Courtier, &c.*

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,  
That keeps a Brace of Whores at his Command,  
And takes up a thousand Pound upon his own  
Land ;

And lies drunk in a new Tavern, 'till he can  
neither go nor stand ;

*Like a young, &c.*

With a neat Lady that is brisk and fair,  
That never knew what belong'd to good House-  
keeping or Care ;

But buys several Fans to play with the wanton  
Air;

And seventeen or eighteen Dressings of other  
Men's Hair;

*Like a young, &c.*

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,  
Wherein is burned neither Coal nor Wood;  
And a Shovel-board Table smooth and red as  
Blood,

Hung round with Pictures that do the Poor no  
good.

*Like a young, &c.*

With a new Study stuff with Pamphlets and  
Plays;

With a new Chaplain that swears faster than he  
prays:

With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in  
four or five Days,

With a new *French* Cook to make Kickshaws  
and Toys.

*Like a young, &c.*

With a new Fashion when *Christmas* is come,

With a new Journey up to *London* we must be  
gone,

And leave no body at Home but our new Porter  
*John*,

Who relieves the Poor with a Thump on the  
Back with a Stone.

*Like a young, &c.*

With a Gentleman-Usher whose Carriage is com-  
pleat;

With a Footman, Coachman, and Page to carry  
Meat;

With a Waiting Gentlewoman whose Dressing is  
very neat ;

Who when the Master has din'd, lets the Ser-  
vants not eat.

*Like a young, &c.*

With a new Honour bought with the old Gold ;  
That many of his Father's old Manors had sold ;  
And this is the Occasion that most Men do hold  
That good House-keeping is now grown so cold.

*Like a young Courtier of the King's,  
Or the King's young Courtier.*

### S O N G CCCCXIII.

**A** L L the Materials are the same,  
Of Beauty and Desire ;  
In a fair Woman's goodly Frame,  
No Brightness is without a Flame,  
No Flame without a Fire.

*Then tell me what those Creatures are,  
Who wou'd be thought both chaste and fair.*

If on her Neck her Hair be spread,  
With many a curious Ring ;  
That Heat which serves to curl her Head,  
Will make her mad to be a-bed,  
And do another Thing.

*Then tell me, &c.*

If Modesty itself appears  
With Blushes in her Face ;  
Think you the Blood that dances there,  
Can revel it no other where,  
Or warm no other Place ?

*Then tell me, &c.*

Ask but of her Philosophy,  
What gives her Lips the Balm,

What makes her Breast to heave so high,  
 What Spir'ts give Motion to her Eye,  
 And Moisture to her Palm?

*Then tell me, &c.*

Then, *Celia*, be not coy, for that  
 Betrays thy Self and thee:  
 There's not a Beauty nor a Grace,  
 Bedecks thy Body or thy Face,  
 But plead within for me.

*Then tell me what those Women are,  
 Who won'd be thought both chaste and fair.*

### S O N G CCCCXIV.

**I**F I live to grow old, as I find I go down,  
 Let this be my Fate in a Country Town?  
 May I have a warm House, with a Stone at my  
 Gate,

And a cleanly young Girl to rub my bald Pate.  
*May I govern my Passion with an absolute Sway,  
 And grow wiser and better as my Strength wears  
 away,  
 Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.*

In a Country Town, by a murmuring Brook,  
 With the Ocean at distance on which I may  
 look;  
 With a spacious Plain without Hedge or Stile,  
 And an easy Pad-Nag to ride out a Mile.  
*May I govern, &c.*

With *Horace* and *Plutarch*, and one or two more  
 Of the best Wits that liv'd in the Ages before;  
 With a Dish of Roast Mutton, not Ven'son nor  
 Teal,  
 And clean, tho' coarse Linnen, at ev'ry Meal.  
*May I govern, &c.*

With a Pudding on *Sunday*, and stout humming  
 Liquor,  
 And a Remnant of *Latin* to puzzle the Vicar;  
 With a hidden Reserve of *Burgundy* Wine,  
 To drink the King's Health as oft as we dine.  
*May I govern, &c.*

With a Courage undaunted may I face my last  
 Day;  
 And when I am dead may the better sort say,  
 In the Morning when sober, in the Ev'ning when  
 mellow,  
 He is gone, and han't left behind him his Fel-  
 low.

*For he govern'd his Passion with an absolute  
 Sway,  
 And grew wiser and better as his Strength wore  
 away,  
 Without Gout or Stone, by a gentle Decay.*

## S O N G CCCCXV.

**H** Arken and I will tell you how,  
 Young Muirland Willie came here to woo,  
 Tho' he could neither say nor do;  
 The Truth I tell to you.  
 But ay he cries, Whate'er betide,  
 Maggy, I'll ha'e her to be my Bride,  
*With a fal dal, &c.*

On his Gray Yod as he did ride,  
 With Durk and Pistol by his Side,  
 He prick'd her on wi' mickle Pride,  
 Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee.  
 Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Muir,  
 Till he came to her Daddie's Door,  
*With a fal, &c.*

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,  
 I'm come your Doughter's Love to win,

I care no for making meikle Din ;  
 What Answer gi' ye me ?  
 Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,  
 I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win,  
*With a fal, &c.*

Now, Woer, sin ye are lighted down,  
 Where do ye win, or in what Town ?  
 I think my Doghter winna gloom  
 On sick a Lad as ye.

T' Woer he stepp'd up the House,  
 A wou but he was wond'rous crouse !  
*With a fal, &c.*

I have three Owsen in a Plough,  
 'Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,  
 The Place they ca' it *Cadenuough* ;  
 I scorn to tell a Lie :  
 Besides, I had frae the great Laird  
 A Peat-pat and a Long-Kail Yard,  
*With a fal, &c.*

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,  
 She was the brawest in a' the Town ;  
 I wat on him she did na gloom,  
 But blinkit bonnilie.

The Lover he stended up in Haste,  
 And gript her hard about the Waist,  
*With a fal, &c.*

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,  
 I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear ;  
 And for my self ye need nae fear,  
 Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet, and spat in his Chew,  
 He dighted his Gab, and pri'd her Mou',  
*With a fal, &c.*

The Maiden blusht, and bing'd fu law,  
 She had nae Will to say him na,



But to her Dadie she left it a',  
As they twa cou'd agree.  
The Lover he ga't her the tither Kifs,  
Syn' ran to her Daddie, and tell'd him this,  
*With a fal, &c.*

Your Doghter wad no say me na,  
But to your sell she has left it a',  
As we cou'd agree between us twa ;  
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her ?  
Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,  
But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle,  
*With a fal, &c.*

A Kinfu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,  
Three Souns of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,  
Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free ;  
Troth, I dow do na mair.  
Content quo' he, a Bargain be't,  
I'm far frae hame, mak haste, let's do't,  
*With a fal, &c.*

The Bridal Day it came to pass,  
Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lass ;  
But sicken a Day there never was,  
Sic Mirth was never seen.  
This winsome Couple straked Hands,  
Mels John ty'd up the Marriage Bands,  
*With a fal, &c.*

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,  
Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blue,  
Frae Tap to Tac they were braw new,  
And blinkit bonnilie.  
Their Toys and Mutchies were sae clean,  
They glanced in our Ladses Een,  
*With a fal, &c.*

Sic Hirdum Dirdum, and sic Din,  
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;

The Minstrels they did never blin,  
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.  
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,  
 And ay their Wames together met,  
*With a fal, &c.*

## S O N G CCCCXVI.

**S**YLVIA the Fair, in the Bloom of Fif-  
 teen,  
 Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the  
 Green,  
 She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she  
 gu-  
 By the towzing and tumbling and touching her  
 Breast;  
 She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing  
 so close;  
 By their praying and whining,  
 And clasping and twining,  
 And panting and wishing,  
 And sighing and kissing,  
 And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah! she cry'd; ah! for a languishing Maid  
 In a Country of Christians to die without Aid:  
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,  
 Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,  
 To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,  
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing  
 so close;  
 By their praying and whining,  
 And clasping and twining,  
 And panting and wishing,  
 And sighing and kissing,  
 And sighing and kissing so close.

*Cupid* in Shape of a Swain did appear,  
 He saw the sad Wound, and in Pity drew near,  
 Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,  
 For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may  
 bear;

When the Balm was infus'd she was not at a  
 Loss,

What they meant by their sighing, and kissing  
 so close;

By their praying and whining,  
 And clasping and twining,  
 And panting and wishing,  
 And sighing and kissing,  
 And sighing and kissing so close.

## S O N G CCCCXVII.

**I**N a dark silent shady Grove,  
 Fit for the Delights of Love,  
 As on *Corinna's* Breast I panting lay,  
 My right Hand playing with *& cat va.*

A thousand Words and amorous Kisses,  
 Prepar'd us both for more substantial Blissess;  
 And thus the hasty Moments slipt away,  
 Lost in the Transports of *& Cetera.*

She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,  
 And the small Opposition that she made,  
 Yet hugg'd me close, and with a Sigh did say,  
 Once more, my Dear, once more *& cetera.*

But O the Power to please this Nymph was past,  
 Too violent a Flame can never last;  
 So we remitted to another Day  
 The Prosecution of *& cetera.*

## S O N G CCCCXVIII.

**B**eauty and Love once fell at odds,  
 And thus revil'd each other:  
 Quoth Love, I am one of the Gods,  
 And thou wait'st on my Mother:  
 Thou hadst no Power on Man at all,  
 But what I gave to thee;  
 Nor are you longer Sweet or Fair,  
 Than Men acknowledge me.

Away, fond Boy, then Beauty cry'd,  
 We know that thou art blind:  
 And Men of noble Parts they can  
 Our Graces better find:  
 'Twas I begot the mortal Snow,  
 And kindled Mens Desires,  
 I made thy Quiver and thy Bow,  
 And Wings to fan thy Fires.

*Cupid* in Anger flung away,  
 And thus to *Vulcan* pray'd,  
 That he would tip his Shaft with Scorn;  
 To punish this proud Maid;  
 So ever since Beauty has been  
 But courted for an Hour,  
 To love a Day is held a Sin  
 'Gainst *Cupid* and his Power.

## S O N G CCCCXIX.

**I**F Wealth a Man cou'd keep alive,  
 I'd study only how to thrive:  
 That having got a mighty Mass,  
 I might bribe the Fates to let me pass.  
 But since we can't prolong our Years,  
 Why spend we Time in needless Sighs and  
 Tears;

For since Destiny  
Has decreed us to die,  
And all must pass o'er the old Ferry,  
Hang Riches and Cares,  
Since we han't many Years,  
We'll have a short Life and a merry.

Time keeps its Round, and Destiny  
Regards not whether we laugh or cry;  
And Fortune never does bestow  
A Look on what we do below.

But Men with equal swiftness run  
To play on others, or be play'd upon.

Since we can take no Course  
For the better or the worse;  
Let none be a melancholy Thinker;  
Let the Times the Round go,  
So the Cups do so too,  
Ne'er blush at the Name of a Drinker.

S O N G CCCCXX.

A Silly Shepherd woo'd, but wist not  
How he might his Mistress' Favour gain,  
On a time they met, but kist not,  
Ever after that he su'd in vain:  
Blame her not, alas! tho' she said nay  
To him that might, but fled away.

Time perpetually is changing,  
Every Moment Alteration brings,  
Love and Beauty still estranging,  
Women are, alas! but wanton things.  
He that will his Mistress' Favour gain,  
Must take her in a merry Vein.

A Woman's Fancy's like a Fever,  
Or an Ague that doth come by Fits,  
Hot and cold, but constant never,  
Even as the pleasant Humour hits:

Sick, and well again, and well and sick,  
In Love it is a Woman's Trick.

Now she will, and then she will not,  
Put her to the Trial if once she smile;  
Silly Youth, thy Fortune spill not,  
Lingring Labours oft themselves beguile.  
He that knocks, and can't get in,  
His Pick-lock is not worth a Pin.

A Woman's Nay is no Denial,  
Silly Youths of Love are served so;  
Put her to a further Trial,  
Haply she'll take it, and say no;  
For it is a Trick which Women use,  
What they love they will refuse.

Silly Youth, why dost thou dally?  
Having got Time and Season fit,  
Then never stand, Sweet, shall I? shall I?  
Nor too much commend an After-wit;  
For he that will not when he may,  
When he will, he shall have nay.

## SONG CCCCXXI.

**W**HENCE comes it, Neighbour Dick,  
That you, with Youth uncommon,  
Have serv'd the Girls this Trick,  
And wedded an old Woman,

*Happy Dick!*

Each Belle condemns the Choice  
Of a Youth so gay and sprightly;  
But we your Friends rejoice,  
That you have judg'd so rightly:

*Happy Dick!*

Tho' odd to some it sounds,  
That on Threescore you ventur'd;  
Yet in Ten Thousand Pounds  
Ten Thousand Charms are center'd:

*Happy Dick!*

Beauty, we know, will fade,  
As doth the short-liv'd Flower;  
Nor can the fairest Maid  
Insure her Bloom an Hour:

*Happy Dick!*

Then wisely you resign,  
For Sixty, Charms so transient;  
As the Curious value Coin  
The more for being Ancient:

*Happy Dick!*

With Joy your Spouse shall see  
The fading Beauties round her,  
And she her-self still be  
The same that first you found her:

*Happy Dick!*

Oft is the Married State  
With Jealousies attended;  
And hence, thro' foul Debate,  
Are Nuptial Joys suspended:

*Happy Dick!*

But you, with such a Wife,  
No jealous Fears are under;  
She's yours alone, for Life,  
Or much we all shall wonder:

*Happy Dick!*

Her Death wou'd grieve you sore,  
But let not that torment you;  
My Life! she'll see Fourscore,  
If that will but content you:

*Happy Dick!*

On this you may relie,  
For the Pains you took to win her,  
She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,  
Unless the D—l's in her:

*Happy Dick!*

R



Some have the Name of *Heil*  
 To Matrimony given;  
 How falsely, you can tell,  
 Who find it such a *Heaven*:

*Happy Dick!*

With you, each Day and Night  
 Is crown'd with Joy and Gladness;  
 While envious Virgins bite  
 The hated Sheets for Madness;

*Happy Dick!*

With Spouse, long share the Bliss  
 Y'had miss'd in any other;  
 And when you've bury'd this,  
 May you have such another:

*Happy Dick!*

Observing hence, by you,  
 In Marriage such *Decorum*,  
 Our wiser Youth shall do,  
 As you have done before 'em:

*Happy Dick!*

### S O N G CCCCXXII.

**O**FT on the troubled Ocean's Face  
 Loud stormy Winds arise:  
 The murm'ring Surges swell apace,  
 And Clouds obscure the Skies:  
 But when the Tempest's Rage is o'er,  
 Soft Breezes smooth the Main;  
 The Billows cease to lash the Shore,  
 And all is calm again.

Not so, in fond and am'rous Souls,  
 If Tyrant Love once reigns,  
 There one eternal Tempest rous,  
 And yields unceasing Pains:

Ah! cruel God! our Peace restore,  
Or wound us with thy Shafts no more.  
Ah! cruel God! &c.

## SONG CCCCXXIII.

**A**S musing I rang'd in the *Meads* all alone,  
A beautiful Creature was making her  
Moan,  
Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her  
Eyes,  
And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart  
with her Cries.  
Oh! the Tears they did trickle full fast from her  
Eyes,  
And she pierc'd both the Air and my Heart, with  
her Cries.

I gently requested the Cause of her Moan,  
She told me her sweet *Senesino* was flown,  
And in that sad Posture she'd ever remain,  
Unless the dear *Charmer* would come back  
again.  
Oh! the Tears, &c.

Why, who is this *Mortal*, so cruel, said I,  
That draws such a Stream from so lovely an  
Eye,  
To Beauty so blooming what *Man* can be blind,  
To Passion so tender what *Monster* unkind?  
Oh! the Tears, &c.

'Tis neither for *Man* nor for *Woman*, said she,  
That thus in lamenting I water the Lee;  
My Warb'ler *Celestial* sweet Darling of Fame,  
Is a Shadow of something, a Sex without  
Name.  
Oh! the Tears, &c.

R a

Perhaps 'tis some *Linnet*, some *Blackbird* said I,  
Perhaps 'tis your *Lark* that has soar'd to the  
Skie.

Come dry up your Tears, and abandon your  
Grief,

I'll bring you another to give you Relief.  
*Ob! the Tears, &c.*

No *Linnet*, no *Blackbird*, no *Skye-lark*, said she;  
But one much more tuneful by far than all  
Three:

My sweet *Senesino*, for whom I thus cry,  
Is sweeter than all the wing'd *Songsters* that  
fly.

*Ob! the Tears, &c.*

Adieu *Farinello*, *Cuzzoni* likewise,  
Whom *Stars* and whom *Garters* extol to the  
Skies:

Adieu to the *Op'ra*, adieu to the *Ball*,  
My *Darling* is gone, and a *Fig* for them all.  
*Ob! the Tears, &c.*

### S O N G CCCCXXIV.

ONE Ev'ning having lost my Way,  
By chance I came into a Wood,  
Sol had been very hot that Day,  
I under a Covert stood:

Long time I had not tarry'd there,  
Before I heard a rustling nigh,  
A Female Voice said, stay my Dear,  
The Man cry'd, Zoons, not I.

Don't offer to hold me, but let go my Hand,  
Thou'st tore off a Button, and rumpl'd my  
Band,

Don't squeeze me, let me goo, for I wanna be  
fool'd by thee.

These Words, I own, did make me stare,  
No Person being to be seen ;  
When thro' the Leaves a Damsel fair  
I spy'd lying on the Green.  
A lusty Clown did by her stand,  
Endeavouring for to get away ;  
The Lass as strongly held his hand,  
And thus to him did say.  
My dearest sweet *Dickie*, why wilt thou be  
So cross and, so cruel unto me,  
When thou know'st I love, I languish, I sigh, I  
die for thee.

And then the Tears did trickle down  
From her bright Eyes exceeding fast :  
The Sight of which so mov'd the Clown,  
He stood like one aghast.  
Why wilt thou *Jean* tempt me soo,  
Mayhaps we may a young one get,  
Then I must for a Soldier goo,  
And thou know'st I hate to fight.  
My dearest, my *Dickie*, be ruled by me,  
They n'either shall press thee by Land nor by  
Sea,  
But love me, dearest *Dickie*, and I'll save thee  
from the Wars.

At this the Clown began to grin,  
And learingly on her did look,  
And after having wip'd his Chin  
From her a Kiss he took.  
And wilt thou then, my dearest *Jean*,  
Secure me that I shan't be preit,  
If so, I wish we two were one ;  
Ah *Dickie* ! then I am blest.  
She pull'd him down by her, saying, be not  
afraid.  
Gods ! who cou'd deny so charming a Maid ?

Such Breasts, such Lips, such Eyes, wou'd charm  
a modern Saint.

Had you but seen with how much Art  
She manag'd him in Love's Contest,  
And how well *Dickie* plaid his part,  
You'd swear that each lov'd best.  
Now both agree to rest a while,  
Being tired with extream Delight;  
She soon reviv'd him with a Smile,  
And *Dickie* renew'd the Fight.

She hugg'd him, she kiss'd him from Head to  
Heel,  
Such Joy and such Transport the Clown did  
ne'er feel,  
My Dear, my *Joan*, he cry'd, I never can from  
thee part.  
They toy'd while they cou'd, and they both  
consent,  
'To meet the next Ev'ning, so home they went,  
*Dick* Fears no pressing now, and *Joan* has her  
Longing sav'd.

## S O N G CCCCXXV.

**O** NE Night when all the Village slept,  
*Myrtillo's* sad Despair  
The wand'ring Shepherd waking kept,  
To tell the Woods his Care.  
Be gone, said he, fond Thought, be gone;  
Eyes, give your Sorrows o'er:  
Why shou'd you waste your Tears for one  
That thinks on you no more?  
Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Pow'rs,  
That dwell within the Grove,  
Can tell how many tender Hours  
We here have pass'd in Love.

You Stars above (my cruel Foes)  
Have heard how she has sworn  
A thousand Times, that like to those  
Her Flame shou'd ever burn.

But, since she's lost, Oh! let me have  
My Wish, and quickly die:  
In this cold Bank I'll make a Grave,  
And there for ever lie.  
Sad Nightingales the Watch shall keep,  
And kindly here complain:  
Then down the Shepherd lay to sleep,  
But never wak'd again.

## S O N G CCCCXXVI.

S A W you the Nymph whom I adore,  
Saw you the Goddess of my Heart?  
And can you bid me love no more,  
Or can you think I feel no Smart?

So many Charms around her shine,  
Who can the dear Temptation fly!  
'Spite of her Scorn she's so divine,  
That I must love her, tho' I die.

## S O N G CCCCXXVII.

C Upid! Instruct an am'rous Swain,  
Some Way to tell the Nymph his Pain,  
To common Youths unknown:  
To talk of Sighs, of Flames, of Darts;  
Of bleeding Wounds and burning Hearts;  
Are Methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell? (the God reply'd)  
That Love the Shepherd cannot hide  
The Nymph will quickly find:  
When *Phæbus* does his Beams display,  
To tell Me<sup>r</sup> ravelly that 'tis Day,  
Is to suppose 'em blind.

## S O N G CCCCXXVIII.

**L**ET *Jug* in smiles be ever seen,  
 And kind as when our Loves begun;  
 And be my Pastures ever green,  
 And new Crops spring when Harvest's done  
 My Catle thrive and still be fat,  
 And I my Wish shall find in that.

O let my Table furnish'd be  
 With good fat Beef and Bacon too,  
 And nappy Ale be ever free  
 To Strangers that do come and go.  
 My Yards with Poultry and with Swine  
 Well stor'd, and eke my Ponds with Fish,  
 My Barns well cramm'd with Hay and Grain,  
 And I shall have my Wish in this.

Let me in Peace and Quiet live,  
 Free from all Discontent and Strife;  
 And know from what I all receive,  
 And lead a homely harmless Life.  
 Be neat in home-spun Cloathing clad;  
 And still to add to all my Bliss,  
 My Children train i'th' fear of God:  
 And this is all on Earth I wish.

## S O N G CCCCXXIX.

**Y**OUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's  
 Window, *Thumpaty, thumpaty thump*;  
 He begg'd for Admittance, she answer'd him no,  
*G'umpaty, glumpaty, glump.*  
 My Dolly, my Dear, your true Love is here, *Dum-*  
*paty, dumpaty, dump.*  
 No, no, *Reg-r*, no, as you come you may go;  
*Stumpaty, slumpaty, slump.*



Oh! what is the Reason, dear *Dolly*, he cry'd,  
*Humpaty, &c.*

That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd.  
*Trumpaty, &c.*

Some Rival more dear, I guess has been here,  
*Crumpty, &c.*

Suppose there's been two Sir, pray what's that  
 to you, *Numpaty, &c.*

Oh! then with a Sigh, his sad Farewel he took,  
*Humpaty, &c.*

And all in Despair, he leap'd into the Brook,  
*Plumpaty, &c.*

His Courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd,  
*Mumpaty, &c.*

He swam to the Shore, and saw *Dolly* no more,  
*Dumpaty, &c.*

Oh! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,  
*Numpaty, &c.*

Whilst he, like a Mad-Man, ran over the Plain,  
*Stumpaty, &c.*

Determin'd to find a Dam'sel more kind,  
*Plumpaty, &c.*

While *Dolly's* afraid, she must die an old Maid.  
*Mumpaty, &c.*

## S O N G CCCCXXX.

**R**emember, *Damon*, you did tell,  
 In Chastity you lov'd me well;

But now, alas! I am undone,

And here am left to make my Moan.

*Ho, ho, rah, in Amburab,*

*Ho, and ho, berry,*

*Hi, and hi, derry,*

*Ho—— derry, derry, derry, derry, Amburab.*

To doleful Shades I will remove,

Since I'm despis'd by him I love,

Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,  
In lonely Walks of Willow green.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue,  
Such soft persuasive Language hung,  
That when his Words had Silence broke,  
You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

Too happy Nymph, whoe'er she be,  
That now enjoys my charming He;  
For, oh! I fear it to my Cost,  
Sh'as found the Heart that I have lost.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

Beneath the fairest Flow'r on Earth,  
A Snake may hide, or take its Birth;  
So his false Breast conceal it did,  
His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

'Tis false, who says we happy are,  
Since Men delight our Hearts t'ensnare:  
In Man no Woman can be blest,  
Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jest.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,  
Send me my *Damon*, or Relief;  
Return that wild delicious Boy,  
Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

But, whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,  
Methinks I hear you answer this;  
Whom *Damon* has enjoy'd, he flies,  
Who sees him, loves, who loves him, dies.

*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,  
But is a Witness of my Love ;  
*Echo* repeats my plaintive Moans,  
The Waters imitate my Groans ;  
The Trees their bending Boughs recline,  
And drop their Heads, as I do mine.  
*Ho, ho, rah, &c.*

F I N I S.





